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1 Woman: - Suffrage Fiction  
2 Fiction (American)

# BANNER BEARERS

Tales of the Suffrage Campaigns

BY

OREOLA WILLIAMS HASKELL

Author of "Put to the Test," "A Stubborn Will," etc.

*with an Introduction by*

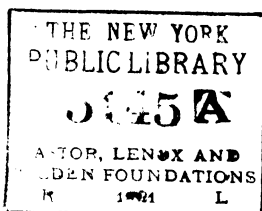
IDA HUSTED HARPER

Historian of National American Woman Suffrage Association



GENEVA, N. Y.  
W. F. HUMPHREY  
1920

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## FOREWORD

THE little world of the suffrage worker was one of hard application and intense living. It had its saints and its sinners, its clear-visioned leaders and its devoted disciples, its silver-tongued orators, its poets and its artists. It had its humor, its pathos and its passion. It developed a new loyalty—that of woman to woman; a new romance—the love of woman for the woman leader; a new faith—that of the woman in the greatness of her sex and the possibilities of her womanhood.

To understand the little world of suffrage, one should have entered it when being there provoked the look askance, the sneer, and the witless laugh; one should bear the scars of the campaigns that were its bloodless battles; one should have worked and laughed and sorrowed with its inhabitants; have felt the elation of success, the bitterness of defeat, the courage that springs dauntless and daring to make a new fight.

I who have been of this world, who love, understand and admire it, here aim to give some sketches, however inadequate, of those who have waged its battles and won its victories; hope to show that once of its circle, life was forever deeper and different; that for all the drain on heart and mind and soul, the constant call for work and sacrifice, there were



rich compensations in an unfailing interest in life, in the development that comes from serving a great cause and in a devotion to that highest of all things—an ideal.

Those who lead the great processions of humanity, carrying its standards on which are emblazoned letters of liberty and progress, are the BANNER BEARERS of the race, and in this advance guard suffragists hold an honored place. To them, the humblest as well as the highest, this little book is a sincere tribute. To the many who have given themselves to the work of suffrage may these pages seem like the diary they have never had time to write, or like the portfolio of old photographs that, though faded, make the once vivid past live again.

THE AUTHOR.

## INTRODUCTION

The last word about woman suffrage was not spoken when Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby issued a proclamation declaring that henceforth for all time it was a part of the Federal Constitution of the United States. The record of the long struggle for the final victory will be told in history, in poetry and romance, as the years come and go, and already this volume of short stories entitled **BANNER BEARERS** marks the beginning. The author, Mrs. Oreola Williams Haskell, is one of the best and most modest of the suffrage writers, keeping aloof from publicity and leaving the limelight to others, but she has been "a chiel amang them takin' notes" during the years her pen was busy in the New York City and National headquarters. She has seen the movement in all its varying phases and the fictitious names in these sketches camouflage the real workers during the two greatest campaigns ever made for the enfranchisement of women. They will be easily recognized by those who lived through this strenuous period, and to others they will stand as symbols of the thousands of women who were a part of this supreme and sacred cause.

There are twenty-two of these sketches, each embodying one special feature of the many-sided efforts to win the vote and all expressed in narrative style, a number of them with

a love story interwoven. They show the devoted, self-sacrificing spirit of the workers and the complete absorption of their thought, feeling and aspiration by this vast reform. They picture it as has never been done before, not as a matter of political right only but also as having the force of a religion. The writer speaks as one who through years of experience behind the scenes has witnessed the unfolding of a drama and realized its world significance.

*Ida Husted Harper.*

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## THE INVADER.

PEMBROKE CLARKE happened to be at the Brinsmead depot when the Clayton Local came in, and lingered on the small platform to watch the passengers alight. As it was an early morning train, these were few in number, consisting of Mr. Colver, the druggist, tall and cadaverous, who bestowed upon Clarke an absent-minded bow; Mrs. Enders, old and sweet-faced, who favored him with a smile and a pleasant word; her maid, who gave him a furtive scrutiny; and a strange, young woman, very pretty and with a face full of character, who distinguished herself from the others by utterly ignoring him.

Vaguely surprised at this latter treatment, since six feet of athletic, city-tailored manhood is quite conspicuous among a group of country-breds in a village station, Clarke followed the newcomer at a discreet distance into the stuffy waiting-room. There he watched her walk up to Joel Baxter, the station agent, and engage him in an animated conversation. Judging from much waving of arms and naming of streets and a hasty writing of some memoranda on a slip of paper, Baxter was politely and profusely giving her directions to guide her about the town. Out of pure idleness, Clarke strolled up to Baxter at the conclusion of the interview as the stranger was disappearing through the door that led village-ward.

"Takes some hustling to handle the crowds that come in on the Clayton Local," he observed facetiously.

Baxter smiled broadly.

"Say, Mr. Clarke, if there wa'n't much of a multitude this morning, there was something new struck town I reckon. Fust young lady sales-agent I ever see in Brinsmead. We're kinder behind the times as a general thing. Leastways, I guess she was a saleslady. When she opened her suitcase there was some considerable blaze of yellow and I guess females aint took yit to wearing orange longerie. And she wanted to know the names and addresses of our ministers and leading ladies. Guess she's got her satchel chuck full of circulars about "Boosts for the Bible," five dollars down and fifty cents a week. She was a peachy one, smiley and gabby and yit kinder sensible-seeming too."

This reply, while it gave the information desired, rather dashed Clarke's interest by its commonplace surmise. Even if Brinsmead was small and extremely dull, and his visit to his aunt in a sense compulsory, he was not so bored as to be capable of feeling prolonged admiration for "a commercial lady," who, his narrow experience told him, would be either showily aggressive or brusquely staid. So he talked for some time with Baxter and considered the incident that had attracted him closed. And afterward he went out into the summer morning, in leisurely fashion making his way to Elm avenue, the finest residential street in Brinsmead, where among the homes of old families and the Queen Annes of some few fashionable newcomers stood the large colonial mansion of the Pembrokes. Here his aunt, Mrs. Abigail Pembroke, reigned in the assurance that the leadership of local society gave her.

On the way to his abiding place, he passed the Methodist church and parsonage. As he neared the latter, a door was shut with loud and hasty emphasis and an evidently unwelcome visitor turned away and walked slowly down the graveled path. It was Baxter's "young lady sales-agent." Clarke passed close enough to her to look into her face,

where he expected to find chagrin and possibly anger. Instead he saw surprise and a little amusement, altho' a heightened color bespoke a natural resentment at the rudeness that had been accorded her. The color so enhanced the comeliness of her dark eyes, black hair and delicate features that in spite of himself Clarke's interest in her revived. Judged by her clothes, her carriage, her expression, her face, she was unmistakably a lady. He followed her respectfully and admiringly until there came a parting of the ways and she went down a side street in the direction of the Baptist steeple. Remembering Baxter's remark that Brinsmead's "leading ladies" were on her list, Clarke went staidly home, convinced that Mrs. Pembroke would certainly be favored with a call. In anticipation of this, he settled himself comfortably on the deep porch to wait, reading a newspaper with an absorbed air.

And although the time seemed long, it was in reality barely an hour when the gate creaked, and light, quick steps sounded on the stone walk and the stoop and the bell rang briskly. Clarke with eyes still lowered waited until the maid's drawling voice proclaimed Mrs. Pembroke "aout" and until the visitor turned to depart. Then he emerged from behind his paper, rose, came forward and said with a deferential air:

"Won't you be persuaded to wait for my aunt? I know that she expects to return soon;" and he pushed forward a low chair with comfortable, yawning arms.

The Pembroke porch was dim and cool in the shade of its awnings. It was cozy with pale chintz-covered chairs and small tables piled with magazines and books. Outside the summer sun was hot and the street breezeless and dusty. The visitor hesitated a moment, was visibly tempted, then with a murmured word of thanks sank into the proffered seat.



Propriety now demanded the unobtrusive withdrawal of the strange young man, but Clarke chose to consider the lady a public character and so he remained. Nor was he silent.

"The day promises to be a sizzler," he announced inanely, "And possibly there will be showers later."

"Oh, I hope not," returned the newcomer with quick emphasis. "Rain interferes with so many plans."

This was a general remark with an obvious personal application. Clarke wondered if she referred to her canvassing. He looked at her pityingly. What a hard lot for a young and refined woman to be forced to earn her living plodding from door to door in strange and often unfriendly places. He speculated as to the probability of her endeavoring to sell some books to him and covertly eyed the suitcase wherein reposed the yellow circulars. But evidently she did business with women only, as she made no move of a business nature.

"Was that your public park I saw in the center of the town?" she asked, and when he nodded acquiescence, she added, "I saw a bandstand there. Do you have afternoon concerts?"

"No," returned Clarke. "The band is not only musical, but also mechanical and agricultural. During the day the players devote themselves to the gross pursuits by means of which they earn their livings. Once in about two weeks they unite to rend the evening quiet with harrowing renditions of "The Merry Widow" and "The Lost Chord With Variations."

"I'm very glad the music doesn't take up attention afternoons," she rejoined in a relieved tone. "Because that's evidently your only public square. We planned to use it to-day."

Clarke looked at her in poorly disguised astonishment. Did she contemplate mounting a drygoods box as he had seen patent medicine men do and shout the excellence of her wares abroad? She read surprise in his dilated eyes.

"Oh I forgot," she said, and a roughish dimple or two came into sudden play. "That seems strange to you perhaps. Allow me to present my card."

With a mumbled word of thanks, Clarke took the square of pasteboard that she produced from a neat handbag. He hardly dared read it. She looked too attractive, too interesting to be labeled "Miss Mary Smith, Representing Smerl and Company, Religious Tracts." But with her dark glance fixed upon him, he was compelled to glance at the card. Then he saw the script, "Leslie Draycote, Field Organizer, N. Y. Woman Suffrage Party."

"Field Organizer," he repeated vaguely. "You organize—"

"Clubs," she answered airily. "Suffrage clubs and arrange for public meetings. This is my tenth town within two weeks. I'm asking aid of the ministers' wives and the prominent women in those places where we have few or no enrolled members. I go to all the weak spots. This is one of them, and I can see why all right. Sentiment is dead. Your ministers' wives here are not keen on human rights but they are good door-slammers. The society women I hope will be better. I've seen only one, but she had some manners. She advised me to see Mrs. Pembroke at once and enlist her help. I'm glad to know she's a Quaker. They're brought up with the idea of equality of the sexes. And it's a good omen that her name's Abigail. It seems promising to me because of our first Abigail." Then, seeing his helpless look, she explained hastily, "Abigail Adams, you know, who

wrote to John to remember the ladies when he and his friends were preparing the Constitution

"Oh," commented Clarke softly, gazing with genuine interest at this new type of femininity. "And so you consider Brinsmead merely in its aspect of being a Weak Spot. And you hope Aunt Abigail will help you to brace it up. Just what can she do?"

"For one thing, she can help me plan my meeting for to-morrow night. She can get me a public hall. I hoped to get a church. I often do, when the ministers' wives are interested. You see the others come in the auto and they hold their meeting in the afternoon in the Square. They catch the radicals. But I go by train and hold my meetings at night. And I catch the conservatives. They're the 'gettes' and I'm the 'gist'."

"What?" queried Clarke once more bewildered. "You're a 'gist' you say?"

Miss Draycote laughed a fresh girlish laugh.

"Suffragist," she explained, "and suffragette—'gist' and 'gette' for short. Don't you read the newspapers? I hope," she added thoughtfully, "that you're a believer in The Cause."

"Most assuredly," returned Clarke promptly. "At this moment I am. I'm like the chap who said that when he's with a beautiful 'gist,' he's a suffragist, and when he's with a beautiful anti, he's against everything she's against."

"A human weathervane," commented the organizer calmly. "I've met men like that. But we don't take them any more seriously than they take us. Did you ever attend one of our meetings?"

"Once by mistake I poked my head into a hall where a convention was going on," admitted Clarke. "But as those dames within my range of vision didn't look good to me, I promptly withdrew."

"Oh," said the girl sarcastically, "they were homely, I suppose, and therefore any ideas they had were either uninteresting or wrong. A choice bit of masculine reasoning. If we judged men's minds or ideas according to the looks of their backers, we'd still be at the cave period. When will men ever learn to think of a woman aside from her looks? I maintain that a woman has as much right to be homely as a man."

"You don't try to illustrate your theory then," declared Clarke, gazing at her animated face with fresh admiration. The compliment passed unheeded. There came a musical toot, a cloud of dust rose in the road and a black and yellow automobile whirled into sight. From it waved tiny American and yellow flags, across its back a yellow banner was draped which flaunted in large black letters the words "Votes for Women." In the tonneau there were three women clad in white and beside the chauffeur sat another in the same spotless attire.

Leslie Draycote gave an enthusiastic and friendly halloo. She waved her handbag joyously and ran down the walk, to the gate. The auto stopped. Two young and two middle-aged faces broke into delighted smiles.

"Oh, there you are," called a voice. "Well, what luck?" "Town full of fossils?"

"Has a few," declared Miss Draycote. "The religious bodies here repudiate us. Society bids fair to be more lenient. The common, however, is yours. There will be no competition with the band. So, so long you wild and unsexed females. I'll see you at the Union Hotel later."

There was a chorus of "All right," "Thanks," "Heaven help us," and "Don't forget the circulars. Ours are running low," some laughter, and the machine went whizzing on its way. Leslie Draycote returned lingeringly to the porch,

the light of the friendly encounter still in her eyes. Clarke looked at her whimsically.

"After all it seems to be a frolic," he said, "an excuse to do something different. Not such a bad way to pass a summer—to be whirled from town to town, past green fields, to see constantly new scenes and to meet new people."

At the words, the dark eyes before him flashed with sudden fire.

"I can imagine many pleasanter ways of having a frolic," she said, "than to visit one stupid little town after another, expend much energy afternoon and evening speaking with all the love and eloquence one has for justice to inane, indifferent, and sometimes hostile, people; to be ridiculed more often than praised in the country papers by men who never understand anything abstract or spiritual, who don't know the first principles of our cause; to work through hot and enervating weather when one is tired and even sick; to get choked with dust on endless roads; to meet strangers all the time; to put up at a succession of homely and uncomfortable hotels where the food is always poor; to be criticised by women or pitied by them, and to be joked about by men; to be homesick six evenings a week, especially on moonlight nights; in fact to live anything but a pleasurable existence and to form anything but a triumphal procession."

"Oh," said Clarke contritely. "That's the way it is—"

"Yes," returned the girl warmly. "Everywhere we go we meet our two foes, Ignorance and Prejudice. Ignorance goes to sleep and Prejudice fights. Curiosity fills the hall, however, so we really get a chance to do good. And of course the believers are everywhere now, a constantly increasing army, and oh how they leaven the big public lump of apathy! It is often the thought of their thousands of friendly faces

that supports me through trying episodes. Does Mrs. Pembroke believe?"

"I'm afraid—I guess—there, I know that she does," answered Clarke hastily. "You see she has two daughters out in the world—they're doing settlement work in New York—and she says she's got to keep up-to-date with them. That's her excuse, but I fancy she's always had a tendency to strong-mindedness and I suppose toward what you would call progress."

Such a pleased light came into the girl's eyes that Clarke was inspired to deflect a part of the radiance toward himself.

"Of course," he said gravely, "all joking aside, liberal-minded people are open to conviction. I count myself among the number."

"Till the beautiful anti comes," replied Miss Draycote quickly. "As the latter is bound to live here and I am only passing, I can't very well compete with her. Let us hope I'll be able to find a beautiful and permanent 'suff' to hold your fluttering allegiance." And then unheeding his exclamation of protest, she cried,

"Oh, is she coming? Do tell me is this your aunt?"

"Yes," returned Clarke, and for the moment he sympathized with the open admiration in the visitor's eyes. For Mrs. Abigail Pembroke, opening her own gate and coming down her own walk, was a picture to please anyone's eyes. She wore a pale-gray gown with discreet touches of rose color and this harmonized with her white hair and pink cheeks in a most satisfactory way. She carried her head high, and keen intelligence flashed from her dark eyes and a benevolent kindness sat upon her brow.

Leslie Draycote did not wait for her hostess to mount the steps. Impulsively she ran down the walk to meet her and

introduced herself with a blending of girlish appeal and of dignified deference that took Mrs. Pembroke quite by storm.

"So you've come at last, you suffragists," she said genially. "I've waited a good while for you. I really was beginning to feel that I'd have to get at Brinsmead myself, in a public way as I have been at it privately for years. But it happens that I wage a continual fight with a foe called rheumatism and I never know when he will cripple me. I hardly like to rise to address my fellow citizens on the subject of woman's ability to stand alone politically when I myself cannot stand alone physically but must often be upheld by canes. But now I see all I'll have to do is to shine as a patron while you do the work. That's easy. But why my dear did they send the kindergarten first?"

The girl flushed for a moment, bit her lip, but answered sturdily:

"We've all ages at hand. The others are in the auto. But I fit better in a hall, so I'm the inner and the others are the outers. But will you really help me?"

"Most assuredly," returned Mrs. Pembroke as they both gained the porch. "What can I do?"

"Persuade someone to lend me a hall for a meeting to-morrow night. Then I can spend the rest of the day advertising the event."

"Well, we've only one such article in town, Sievers Hall over the drugstore. And it just happens that its owner Mr. Benjamin Sievers, is our good friend. By the way, Pem, I just met him on the street; so you see he has returned from Lansingburg. He sent word that it is good to hear of your residence among the Abodes of the Slow and that he hopes that he and you may foregather soon."

"Oh then if he is a personal friend," said Leslie Draycote eagerly, "we'll have no difficulty about the hall. Of course

I can pay for it, if it is necessary, but the Party is not made of money and I try to be as economical as possible. Could your friend be reached by telephone? I hope you'll pardon me, but the time is so short to make arrangements and I never feel comfortable 'till I know everything's ready."

"Then we can soon put you at your ease," said Mrs. Pembroke. "Come to the library and let us get the question settled. It is of course, merely a matter of form, for, of course, Ben will be glad to consent. I have never asked him point-blank about his opinions, and I suppose, in fact, that he really is not interested in suffrage, but Ben will do anything for a lady."

She led the way to the big, old-fashioned library and to the telephone, Clarke trailing along after Leslie Draycote. Sievers responded promptly to the call and Miss Draycote held her dark head close to Mrs. Pembroke's to enjoy the colloquy. This was unnecessary, however, as the voice that came over the wire was so full and strident as to make its message distinctly audible to all of them.

"Will I lend my hall to a suffragist for a meeting tomorrow evening? My dear Mrs. Pembroke, this cannot be you asking me such a question. Will I? No I will not—not even for my dearest and best friend on earth. We've had Grangers and Masons and Foresters and Eastern Stars and Daughters of Rebecca, but nothing as wild as vote chasers. Oh, say Mrs. Pembroke, don't really beg a fellow—you know I adore you. It isn't fair for you to work on my emotions in order to upset my principles. We men have to show we belong to the sterner sex. It really isn't fair for you to make a personal matter of it. Isn't the woman a stranger to you? Just met her to-day? Oh come, Mrs. Pembroke, you're too soft-hearted to let her get around you this way. Send her flying to the next town. I can't—do



you want me to be the laughing stock of the town? No I never met one—don't want to. But I've read about them I can't—well then I won't—though I hate to say it to you. Still you must be temporarily unbalanced to advocate it. No—no—no—and, dear lady, even if it rends my heart, it's final."

"You see," said Mrs. Pembroke, half vexed, half amused. "I wouldn't have thought it of Ben Sievers."

"Let me try," said Leslie Draycote gently, and in a moment her flute like tones were assailing Mr. Sievers's ears. But he remained obdurate.

"Sorry, Madame," he said firmly. "I respect your gray hairs and all that, but I can't go against life-long convictions. There are loads of women beside the hearthside quite content without the vote. I represent these, and so I must decline to let my hall be invaded by destructive forces. After all we all had mothers. The next town—if I might suggest it—might prove more lax—er—more hospitable to a suffrage invader. Why not pass on?"

"Let me get at the idiot," cried Clarke with exasperation, but Leslie had already hung up the receiver.

The three looked helplessly at each other and then they laughed.

"Behold the Invader," said Miss Graycote grandiloquently. "It has quite a noble, crusading sound. I have been called many things both complimentary and the reverse, but it has been left to your friend to force upon me the most pompous title of all."

"I'd hate to state what title he deserves," said Clarke wrathfully. "Ben must have mental dyspepsia to-day."

"I'll have to go and see the old fellow," said Miss Draycote. "Sometimes an interview with a chance to state more

reasons than are possible over the telephone produces good results."

"Old?" echoed Clarke. "Sievers is not so very ancient. In fact he and I are twins, belonging to different families."

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Draycote in obvious disappointment. "Then I'm afraid the case is hopeless. When they are young and opposed they are the hardest to deal with—so much—conceit mixed up with the prejudice. There I beg your pardons. I didn't mean to speak so about your friend."

"Go as far as you like, so far as I am concerned," said Clarke indifferently. "And judging from Aunt's expression, Ben's virtues do not shine very radiantly just at present."

"Well, we shall have to make other plans. I have lost all hope so long as he is not some poor old fossil."

"You can be thankful he's not," commented Mrs. Pembroke. "I don't agree with what you say about their hopelessness as young opponents. Under present conditions a call might be very effective, according to my experience of human nature. I see now, my dear, why they send the kindergarten. Mr. Clarke will escort you to Mr. Siever's office and then when everything's settled I'll rely upon him to bring you home for lunch."

"Mr. Clarke," protested Leslie. "Oh that would never do. He's liable to change into an anti at any moment and then he'd egg Mr. Sievers on to do his worst."

"That isn't fair," protested Clarke. "I'll stay outside and I won't utter a peep if you give the command. But a good raking over the coals might humble him a bit and make things easier for you. Come, let us go so that I can show you what a noble champion you have in my aunt's nephew."

And so in a brief space of time Pembroke Clarke found himself walking rather rapturously beside a young lady of whose

existence he had been ignorant that morning, whose acquaintance a few hours before had seemed only problematically desirable and at best to be regarded as a light adventure to help pass a dull day.

"I shall smuggle you down the back streets," he warned her gaily. "There are several society as well as ministerial antis in town. In fact the society general's mansion is on our very block. If Mrs. Stone once beheld you, there would be a conflict with casualties."

"Is the lady so astute than as to recognize the foe altho' the latter be buttonless and bannerless?" queried Leslie.

Clarke pretended that she was and insisted on a right-angled skirmish to less dangerous ground. At the end of the second street into which they turned, they were approached by a young lady in blue who presented such a radiant picture as to attract Miss Draycote's attention. She was about to question Clarke as to the picture's identity when she saw the deep flush that mounted to his cheeks.

"Oh," she cried in mock despair. "The beautiful anti. My champion will be lost now."

And, indeed, Mary Wynne accosted Clarke with such an air of proprietorship as to give decided color to this view. They stopped to greet her on the sun-dappled walk and Clarke, introducing the two, studied them furtively. For years back Mary Wynne and Brinsmead had been bracketed together in his thoughts. But hitherto all had been pleasant and aimless drifting for them both, though perhaps the danger of at last making for the port of love had added a little exhilaration to their social intercourse. Now, as Clarke contrasted his old friend with his new acquaintance, a vague understanding of why he had never felt carried away by his feelings for the former flitted thro' his mind. There were weak lines in Mary's face for which even her exquisite blond

coloring did not atone. Her vivacity was that of the shallows, not the sparkle on deep waters, and all at once she seemed to him a creature light as thistledown.

"Just got back from the Pratt's week end," she said gaily. "Came home on the same train as Ben Sievers. Suppose you'll be around to-night. Don't fail me. You're the only excitement here."

"No, I'm not," returned Clarke heedlessly. "There's been an invasion this morning. The suffragists have struck town. Some are to discourse in the public square this P. M. and to-morrow evening the Principal Invader will hold forth in Sievers Hall. They're all aided and abetted by Aunt Abigail and I'm her acting lieutenant. Will you come now with us to Ben and persuade him to loan that wooden sarcophagus he calls a hall?"

"No thanks," replied Mary Wynne. "I'm more apt to urge him to lock it up. My sympathies are not with the er—invaders."

Leslie Draycote looked at her with frank earnestness.

"Have you really studied the question?" she asked.

"What need is there of that?" returned Miss Wynne coldly. "The whole thing is ridiculous on the face of it—women deserting the home to run for office and jostle men at the polls. Any woman with a husband and sons can influence politics indirectly by making her men vote as she wishes them to. I fancy my brother would do as I asked him. Tho' I've never been interested in elections and things like that. Heaven forbid I should devote my mind to anything so dull."

"Women don't need to desert the home much to vote once a year," said Leslie Draycote laughing. "And I imagine there is more jostling of the sexes in the New York subways every day than there ever will be at the polls. And all

women don't have husbands and sons to boss around. And perhaps men like to express their own opinions when they go to vote—not some woman's. The men of one's family might not always agree with the woman Boss. The whole thing goes much deeper than running for office. All men who vote don't run for office, so why should women? If you really thought you could help solve some of the vital problems of the day and help the community in which you live, I'm sure you'd want to vote."

"Not I," said Mary Wynne lightly. "The community would lean on a weak thing if it leaned on me. The vital problems will have to get along without me. When I line up with old frumps who worry about the water supply, and pure, food and factory inspection, and schools for the peanut vender's children and such things, I—"

"Old frumps like Aunt Abigail." said Clarke rather tartly. "Thanks Mary."

"Now, Pem, don't be ridiculous—you know I didn't mean that."

"You simply don't understand the question," said Leslie Draycote hastily, to prevent friction, "You can't just consult your prejudices and pass judgment off hand. It's such a big question. Won't you come to our meeting and get a real insight into the matter? For instance, your good sense will tell you that women who pay taxes ought to have something to say as to how their money is to be expended, that women who have to obey the laws ought to have a voice in their making—"

"I won't need to come if you keep on," broke in Mary Wynne flippantly. "I'll get my own private lecture now. In fact, I think I have gotten quite a dose. But try your best you won't land me. I'm too foxy. It's easier and pleasanter to keep things as they are. And really, Miss Invader, why

do you go about looking for work and trouble? Why not let men run all the stupid things and then if anything goes wrong we can blame them and not be blamed ourselves? And, anyway," she added with an evident desire to clear up Clarke's clouded face, "I believe the men have the best brains, are quite competent to handle everything, and have done wonders. It is presumptuous for women, who are a lot of sap heads anyway, to think they can do any better. But don't let me keep you two—"

"It's not a question of women doing better," answered Leslie quickly, "Men and women can do better together on any line of work than either sex can do alone. Good-bye. I hope you'll think things over and come to a better decision."

"Never," said Mary Wynne and left them with a half contemptuous toss of her head.

"One of the Sleeping Princesses," said Leslie Draycote lightly. "Some day she'll wake up to what real life is. She's been kept in cotton wool, of course, and is hardly to blame for her attitude toward things. Woman suffrage, though, is a revolt against woman's attitude of irresponsibility, the attitude that makes her frivolous, indifferent, self-centered, selfish and weak. You see it is our dream to have a strong mother for the race and we have to make her strong through participation in all the work of the world, through an understanding of all the big problems. But there I'm giving you a private lecture and you'll turn on me as Miss Wynne did."

"You yourself look like a Sleeping Princess" said Clarke abruptly. "That is you have what I suppose you would call the protected, cotton-wool look—not the one that comes to those who have battled with the world. I wonder then why you don't live up to your looks? Is it environment, training or just perversity?"

"Perhaps all three, Sir Weathervane. I was born, as the novelist says, of liberal-minded parents, educated in co-educational institutions and for a while earned my own living—teaching. Education and wage-earning or wage-earning and poverty seem to breed suffragists just as naturally as downy nests, money and leisure produce antis. But there is a drugstore yonder. Is that where Mr. Sievers is to be found?"

"It is—that is, he has a coop above it where he supposedly practices law."

They crossed the street and mounted a long flight of uncarpeted stairs, entered a dingy passageway and traversing this, found themselves in a small office confronting a rather stout young man, who was seated at a desk leisurely looking over a paper.

"Howdy, Pem," he called out jovially, and came forward to shake hands warmly with Clarke.

"Let me present my ancient suffrage friend," said Clarke airily, "She to whom you spoke so cuttingly over the 'phone."

"Yes, it was good of you, if a trifle premature, to respect my gray hairs," chimed in Leslie solemnly.

Sievers gazed at her in surprise and consternation.

"Of course it's a joke," he said. "One so fair as you would have nothing to do with anything so foolish as suffrage."

"It is a foolish something to which I am at present giving all my time and energy as I hope to do for some years to come," said Leslie Draycote a little shortly.

"Then—it was you—you—," gasped Sievers looking at her in mingled dismay and admiration. "If I had known—I would have—I regret exceedingly—"

"There I knew you would," said Clarke approvingly, "As soon as you saw Miss Draycote. Besides that, you ought to have some local pride. She looks upon Brinsmead as a

WEAK SPOT. We must show that, though it may be a<sup>r</sup> her  
it is not weak—" She

At that moment the telephone rang insistently. hut

Sievers reached mechanically for the receiver. he

"Yes, Mrs. Stone," they heard him say. "Yes—it w<sup>to</sup>  
what I myself thought at first. But now—well Mrs. Pen<sup>k</sup>  
broke is interested—quite an old friend—I would like—oh  
of course I want to please—everybody—and you especially—  
But I can't really see the harm—Of course few will come—  
oh, you think so?—now I am sorry about that—Still there is  
progress to consider—it isn't progress—degeneration? Oh,  
come, that's pretty strong—some of them seem very respect-  
able—misguided perhaps, but refined and pretty—oh, yes,  
I am a man—, but still—well, of course, I don't want to  
offend—but perhaps you'll reconsider—You won't? Life-  
long convictions—Yes I had them too—You insist—well of  
course, if you do—You make a point of it? Well, of course—  
I suppose I must—oh yes, whatever you say goes with me—  
But still in this case—if you should change your mind call  
up—till then I will refuse—"

The detached phrases and the sound of the excited voice  
that came over the phone told Clarke a story.

"All is lost," he said to Leslie Draycote. "It's the anti  
general—and worse than that she's Ben's one and only client  
—a rich one—good for years—all his business—"

Sievers hung up the receiver and turned toward them a  
shamed and scarlet face.

"There drat it—I'm tied hand and foot—Why did you tell  
Mary Wynne anything—of course she phoned Mrs. Stone—  
and now bedlam will be loose—She's fiendishly opposed to  
any suffrage propaganda—And I—why I'm situated so that  
when she pulls a string I have to dance—I would like to let  
you have the hall but now—well of course no matter how



"Pleasant one is one has to live—and so—my own inclinations—my own desires count as nothing—I am sorry—believe me—sincerely—"

Sievers's talk bade fair to degenerate into a stammering tumble, but genuine regret and chagrin were visible in his face. Leslie laughed.

"Oh I see it's quite complicated. Well never mind. Of course I'm disappointed but I've been disappointed lots of times. I'll speak on the square to-night, instead and perhaps Monday a woman's meeting can be arranged at Mrs. Pembroke's and I can organize. After all it is more important than a public appearance. I hope you'll come when I do speak Mr. Sievers,, and bring your life-long convictions with you. I'd like to get a chance to riddle them with verbal shot."

"Oh—I'll come—I'll come—" promised Sievers with more eagerness Clarke thought than the occasion demanded, and in consequence he took a secret delight in thwarting his friend's obvious desire to prolong the interview by rising and saying:

"Well Miss Draycote, let us leave the enemy and go back to the camp of friendship, Pembroke Hall."

Mrs. Pembroke who met them at the door was all sympathy.

"I don't need your disappointed faces to tell me the trip was in vain," she said to Leslie. "Susan Stone has called and expostulated with me over my backing of a pack of unsexed, notoriety-seeking home-destroying females. Susan has a good vocabulary. We had quite a polite scrap with acrimonious remarks on both sides and parted with expressions of mutual contempt. Susan is my oldest friend and a relic mentally of the Dark Ages. If she had two modern, brainy girls as I have instead of being childless, she would

be a bit up-to-date. But although I have no respect for her views, I have for her fighting abilities. She is raging. She told me about the hall and how she has ordered Ben to shut you out. After Ben was settled she naturally went for the minister and, poor man, what could he do but succumb to one of the two biggest contributors he's got. But thank goodness, I'm the other one, so I phoned Mr. Morse and suggested that he straightway depart to polish up souls in Rutling. A few moments ago I saw him frantically making for the station. You see Susan wanted him to run an opposition meeting, which I straightway forbade. Miss Draycote, you and yours have stirred up our old town in a wonderfully short time."

"Well, opposition is better than apathy," declared Leslie stoutly.

But Mrs. Pembroke had grown grave.

"Susan Stone preaches womanly gentleness and submission," she said, "and fights as fiercely as a man. She says she believes that women are incapable of managing things and she tries to run everything in sight. She says that women are deficient mentally, are emotional and untrustworthy, and she excludes herself from all the rest of the sex, in true anti fashion. For if anyone said these things about her she would promptly commit murder. She is vindictive and very resourceful. She won't be satisfied with the little she has done to oppose you. There will be something more and it may be very disagreeable."

And all through the lunch that Clarke and Leslie Draycote made lively with a gay badinage through which they grew better and better acquainted, and unconsciously more and more attracted to each other, Mrs. Pembroke devoted much silent thought to speculating as to what the immediate suffrage history of Brinsmead would be.

## II

The little square sacred to band concerts was crowded with people and gay with sunshine and many colors, as the Pembroke auto whirled into its confines. Along its edge, innumerable farm wagons, buggies and cars of all colors, sizes, and present conditions of servitude were parked, while their owners mingled with the throng eddying about the suffrage auto already in evidence.

It did not take Leslie Draycote long to make her excuses and escape from polite inactivity. With her arms full of yellow circulars, she hastened to skirt about the rim of the crowd, to make her way by a long detour to her suffrage associates. On the way her eyes were keenly observant, for Mrs. Pembroke's predictions had not fallen on heedless ears. There was nothing, however, to arouse suspicion until she came to a thick hedge that skirted the square and that had at one time evidently separated it from a village house now removed. Leslie gazed idly at this as she was about to pass it, until all at once she caught the glint of sunlight on a bit of brass protruding through a gap in the hedge. Nearer inspection showed that this object was the end of a cornet.

Non-plussed for a second, she gazed at it stupidly, then hearing subdued voices, she hurried on and from the safe vantage of a tree, cautiously investigated the other side of the hedge. There seated on the ground, in full regalia, with their instruments sprawled across their knees or on the grass beside them, was the band, supposed at this hour to be far from the scene engaged in daily labor. This was passing strange unless influence had been brought to bear by a local authority to have music on the suffrage program. Leslie hastened to Mrs. Coates, the official chairman of the occasion.

"So we're to sing as well as to speak," she said. "And you corralled the band."

"I did not," replied Mrs. Coates decidedly. "Somebody has been deceiving you, woman."

Leslie did some quick thinking and acting. With some speed she went through the crowd handing out her yellow circulars and small additional leaflets on which were printed the words of a few well-known songs.

"Be ready to sing, everybody," she said, "when I give the signal."

She had scarcely done this and climbed into the suffrage car, when Mrs. Coates rose and opened the meeting. During her brief remarks, Leslie saw a large green limousine whirl into view and station itself beside the hedge that screened the band. In the tonneau was one figure, that of a tall woman stylishly dressed and with white hair showing beneath the brim of her hat. Excitement flushed Leslie Draycote's cheeks and put a flash into her eyes.

Emma De Mar was scheduled to be the first speaker, Emma De Mar who had a reputation for speaking appropriately and pleasingly to rural folk. But scarcely had Emma arisen with dignity and opened her lips, when loud upon the summer air rang forth the music of a band in strident strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

"Sing—sing—everybody," shouted Leslie, waving her white song sheet and carolling out the words. Surprised for a moment, the audience struck into its singing rather belatedly and got through the first verse in a lame fashion. But it was ready for the second stanza, reading it from the leaflet, and it innocently sang it with a lusty enthusiasm under the impression that this had been planned as a part of the program, and that either the chairman or the band had made a mistake about the time of its rendition since it had been unannounced. Thus Leslie Draycote's quick wit made the band at first an ally and not an opponent. Through "March-

ing Through Georgia," "Auld Lang Syne," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and two popular songs, Leslie resolutely led her singing assemblage. Good naturedly and with evident enjoyment, the crowd gave voice through six musical numbers. Then the thing began to pall. Leslie watching sharply, saw Mrs. Stone give an order, and when the seventh selection came, it turned out to be a waltz then in vogue. This was rendered in galloping time and slightly off key. The people listened a while and then grew restive.

"When are you going to speak?" shouted a voice. "We can hear the band any time."

"Anti tactics," whispered Leslie Draycote to Mrs. Coates, who had just accused her of collusion with the gentlemen behind the hedge. "The woman in the green limousine—Mrs. Stone—has ordered the band to drown us out."

When this news spread through the little group of suffragists, there was some indignation.

"The idea," said Emma De Mar. "Not to give us a ghost of a chance. I wish Maggie Hickey was here. She could talk down forty bands. The Lord ought to give suffragists fifty-horse power lungs."

In a tiny interlude between selections, a nearby man shouted.

"Too much music, girls, We're getting tired. Why don't you speak?"

And Leslie Draycote answered promptly,

"We're not allowed. Ask Mrs. Stone," and pointed toward the green limousine. The band drowned the last words, but the first carried to the questioner. His look of surprise and displeasure gave Leslie an idea. Hastily she scribbled a note to him on the back of a leaflet.

"We have come a long way to speak to you and would like to do it. But your fellow townswoman, Mrs. Stone, who

is directing the band to keep playing, means to prevent us from giving you our message. She must own this place. We shall have to move on to the next town. Tell this to your neighbors."

When the note had been read and passed on, there began to be an uneasy movement among the people. During a long and loud rendition of "The Lost Chord," Leslie wrote more notes and passed them to the crowd. Then she dropped from the auto, and slowly passed from group to group, giving out her information briefly but distinctly.

"If the town stands for this, we are helpless," she thought. "But will it stand for it?"

Every now and then her words were received with such ejaculations as "It's a shame"—"Some nerve"—"Who's our boss?"—"What do you think of that?"—which seemed to indicate that there were some high-spirited souls present who might prove rebellious. Even then there might have been no open expressions of opinions had not the band, prompted by some indiscreet impulse, come out of its concealment and ranged itself in full view of its audience. Its members were all stalwart, sunburned men and by contrast, the little band of suffragists in their white dresses looked appealingly frail and defenseless, outweighed and outnumbered as they were by the enemy. Chivalry at once rose to the occasion through the voice of a young farmer who shouted:

"Give the women a chance, you big boobs. Aint you got nothing better to do than to spend the day drowning out their speeches? Fair play for the suffs."

"Yes, that's right," shouted another voice. "We took the trouble to come here—let's hear about votes for women—" "Who's doing this anyway," queried one who had not been informed.

"Mrs. Stone," shouted a chorus, "Mrs. Stone—thinks she can run the town—treats us like a pack of children. This is a free country and Brinsmead believes in free speech. Push along home Susan Stone, and leave us alone. Go on— Go on—"

In a moment there was a surge of figures about the green limousine, in a moment the music died with a discordant crash as men and women seized the musical instruments and jostled the players. The little square became a scene of wild disorder, while the air was filled with shouts, hisses and derisive yells. The band was utterly routed, its members frankly taking to their heels, much the worse for some rough handling.

Leslie Draycote, pushed hither and yon in the struggle, found herself forced against the green limousine. It was empty. At the first suggestion of trouble, Susan Stone had slipped quietly away and had been taken home in the car of a friend. Leslie Draycote, seized with a whimsical desire, climbed into the limousine and in a moment her clear ringing voice drew the attention of those nearest her and gradually the attention of all present.

"Your fellow townswoman, Mrs. Stone, has tried to keep us from speaking," she said. "But I see that you are more hospitably inclined than she. We have come a long way to bring our message to you and I am sure that it is one you want to receive. For this question we discuss is no longer a purely academic one, not a mere argument for abstract justice—it is one every man of you will be called upon to consider and weigh and vote upon this fall. You ought to decide upon it after an intelligent study of its arguments.

"Mrs. Stone has called us invaders, and while I was at first rather taken back at the title, meant to be far from complimentary, a little thought has convinced me that it is a good

one and one of which we should be proud. We are invaders, in the best sense of the word. We are invading the old sphere of action where woman has been content to stay with her eyes fixed on a narrow circle of human beings, her attention riveted on what went on within the four walls of a house, heedless of all the world forces outside that are at work threatening the purity, the well being, the safety of everything she holds dear. We are urging her to heed the call that comes for her to help with the great problems that concern the race.

"We are invading the region where women sit surrounded by luxuries, indifferent to everything but their own pleasures, and we are asking them to measure up to new standards that will make them of some use in the world. We are invading the fields of labor where thousands of women are exploited by unscrupulous employers and we are teaching women how to protect their own interests. We want to invade the realm of politics where men hold sway who look upon running the government as a kind of game and not as social service. We seek to teach them better things.

"We want to invade the places where the careless, indifferent or sheep-like voters gather to mechanically tread the old paths. We wish to help them to find the way to better conditions. We want to invade woman's irresponsibility, her indifference, her sense of slavish dependence. We want to make her strong and wise, a fit mother for the race.

"We want to invade the outside world where man holds sway and to show him that his age-long policy of pugnacity and force carried into government, religion, society and politics is no longer adapted to an industrial era and to a growing democracy, but must be modified and softened by the working of the maternal instinct of woman, which builds rather than demolishes, prevents rather than punishes,



fosters and protects rather than destroys, and places the supreme value on human life rather than on property.

"Oh yes, we are invaders. Invaders of the old and the outgrown. And we are crusaders that lead the way to a new order of things, a higher, better and nobler society."

This was just a prelude to the other speakers, whom Leslie promptly introduced, but her fire, her earnestness and her force had an electric effect upon the crowd. With frequent applause and shouts, they listened with rapt attention to her and her associates. The meeting went off with a snap that was inspiring and left both speakers and audience glowing with enthusiasm.

When Leslie Draycote returned to the Pembroke car, she was greeted, although she did not know it, with a new look of respect and interest by Clarke.

"The meeting was fine," said Mrs. Pembroke softly, as she patted Leslie's hand. "It is for me like a dream come true. I shall always remember it because it is the first one in Brinsmead."

"And I, because I gave a suffrage speech from an anti's car," said Leslie, and laughed with hearty enjoyment.

But three days later when she went to the station to leave for her next professional call on a weak suffrage spot, she found that her usual gaiety had deserted her and that a vague feeling of regret and sorrow filled her mind and heart. This was strange, for she had much for which to be thankful. For she had seen in the *Fulham County Register* several letters signed by "Constant Reader," "Vox Populi" and other world-known and sweetly familiar correspondents, in all of which the outrageous conduct of one Susan Stone was denounced.

"We thought Mrs. Stone had only bought the members of the band their uniforms and their instruments. It looks

now as though she had bought their souls," read one missive, while another contained this choice gem:

"She may pay taxes but she can't run free Americans, nor in a town like Brinsmead down free speech."

It had been highly gratifying to send these things, deeply underlined, to suffrage headquarters in New York.

Then, too, Leslie had organized a suffrage club of goodly proportions and with distinguished officers, able in every way to contend with the Fulham County Anti Suffrage Association that blossomed forth in a night under the tutelage of Susan Stone. And beside this, she had been entertained royally in a real home for several days, waited upon adoringly by a young man who boasted openly of his conversion, and petted by a white-haired lady for whom she had conceived a strong affection. And as if this were not enough, she had the recollection of two wonderful night meetings, when, standing like a young dryad in the moonlight in the little public square, she had poured out her soul in impassioned speech for the cause, with half the countryside listening in mute attention. There had been many converts, among them a stout young man with remorse in his heart who at the end of the meeting had come to her hollow-voiced but determined:

"Am I a man or a manikin?" he had demanded of her with startling abruptness, and before she could reply, he had thundered, "From this time forth, I am a suff—and my own boss. I may starve, and I probably will, but I'll die like a human and not like a jellyfish."

"But then we all had mothers," quoted Leslie meanly. "Whatever you mean by that."

"Once we did," asserted the young convert gallantly. "But it won't happen again." And with a glare at Leslie which she forgave him, realizing that she stood for a moment

as the personification of feminine domination, he strode heroically away.

And truly with the consciousness of good work accomplished and many friends made for the cause, Leslie Draycote should have left Brinsmead in a jubilant frame of mind. And she tried to speak happily to Mrs. Pembroke and to young Clarke, who kindly accompanied her to the station.

"You certainly must come again," Mrs. Pembroke said several times, adding to it many conversational trifles to hide the absolute speechlessness of a nephew whose ready tongue had never before failed him.

"Oh, I shall," replied Leslie wistfully, "to see how the club progresses. But of course you will write—"

"Often," said Mrs. Pembroke hopefully. And then the train came slowly into the station. Mrs. Pembroke kissed Leslie heartily and Clarke took her limply by the hand.

"I have enjoyed your society," he said stiffly, and then stopped, overcome by a flood of misery.

"Yes, thank you," said Leslie vaguely, "So have I—"

"All aboard," shouted a heartless conductor, and in a few seconds it was all over. Clarke stood staring after the train until his aunt took him firmly by the arm and led him away. He did not know that whereas the young lady just departed had failed to see him upon her arrival in the Clayton Local some days before, when she left upon the same train she had seen nothing but his six feet of athletic, city-tailored manhood.

"Love comes to some men like a bugle call," thought Mrs. Pembroke as Clarke and she went home in a dead silence. "Thank God it has come thus to him. I wonder how it will all end."

And if she had been able to look ahead to the end of the summer and to see in the last light of a dying day a little

public square in a faraway village, and to hear two suffrage speeches that were to be given there—one in the flutelike voice of a young woman and the other in the mellow bass of a young man,—and to note the way the two speakers left the meeting hand in hand, she would have had the answer to her question, and two young souls writhing in the agonies of a deep and ardent love might have been spared much anxiety and might have given themselves at once to the golden hopes that only lovers know.

## SIZING UP A BOSS.

MISS MARTIN of the *Morning Mirror* left the office of the managing editor in a high state of wrath tinged with despair. She had had many a Sunday special suggested to her with a mandatory tail to the suggestion, but this, the latest, was the worst of all.

"I would like a new thing done in a new way," the managing editor had said in his suavest tone, which he always assumed when about to do his worst by a member of the staff. "There's Mary Genston Hale who's so much in the public eye, leading the suffrage fight in this city. She's been written up from various viewpoints which are like the facets of a gem. Why don't you find out what she really is—size her up after a study—get at the real kernel of the woman. This you can do by finding out what people say about her—people in different ranks in life.—and then verifying it by your own observation. Give her to us in a few clear, strong lines. Make her more real than life. Take a week or two and reel off a Sunday story that 'll make 'em sit up and take notice."

"I suppose I've got to plunge down to the bottom of her soul like a deep-sea diver and yank up the pearls no one else has discovered—all in a fortnight," wailed Miss Martin disconsolately to Miss Elgin of *The Woman's Page*.

"And it's like trying to see the Czar of Russia to get near her now, too," commented Miss Elgin heartlessly. "You see with the campaign at its height, the whole town's calling on the Big Boss as they dub her. And self preservation is still the first instinct, even of suffragists."

"Oh I suppose so," said Meta Martin bitterly, yet straightway departed with dogged determination to make good on an impossible task.

First, she decided to hover about on the outskirts before she stormed the citadel, making observations and stirring up innocent people to garrulous revelations.

"Miss Hale?" queried Mrs. Marna Gordon Praeter at a meeting of The Astericks. "What do I think of her? Why, my dear, I thought everyone knew that she's the slickest politician extant. A regular female Tom Platt. Clever, quiet, great on gum-shoe methods. Never know where to find her. Manipulates everything and everybody. Always gets what she wants. Shrewd's her middle name. I guess there aren't many candidates in this club get into office without her O.K.-ing them. Or in any other club that's under her iron hand. Nobody's a match for her. Has the woods full of her henchmen—her doormats. Pulls wires and everybody dances like puppets at a penny puppet show. Dangerous? Very. Yes, I've known her since the year one."

Quite elated at such a frank divulging of opinion, Meta Martin went home and wrote under "Politician" a number of striking thoughts that made her feel complacently brilliant and capable. If she had stayed at home she might have enjoyed this feeling longer, but the next day she went to the annual "Follies" of the Theater Club and there she met Mrs. Lenwood Staples.

"Mary Genston Hale," said Mrs. Staples. "Of course I know her intimately. One of these easy-going women always ready to joke and smile. As I often tell her, as a suffrage leader she won't get anywhere because she isn't strict enough. Why, you know, now right in the heat of the campaign, the office staff at headquarters often stop work and have a party, mind you, on somebody's birthday, or

somebody's arrival in town. Ice cream and cake and decorations and speeches. She insists that it refreshes them and sends them back to the daily grind rejuvenated. But that's nonsense, perfect foolishness with the whole City of New York to be lambasted with suffrage arguments. But what can you expect of such a Miss Easy Mark? They all get around her, she's too soft, too jolly, too tolerant of other people's ways and opinions, too quick to give in—those are her faults."

With her mind full of the scheming politician idea, Meta Martin felt her head whirl a little. And in the hope of confirming one or the other of these views, she called that same day at suffrage headquarters. She was decidedly late and encountered no one save a young woman just going out who upon inquiry proved to be quite a find, being one of Miss Hale's stenographers.

"Here's where I get some first-hand information and straighten it all out," thought Meta Martin, and would have chortled with glee if she had known how.

"Miss Hale is a wonderful woman," said the stenographer over the chocolate sundae Meta enticed her into the nearest confectioner's to enjoy. "Such a clear thinker—so methodical and businesslike. I often think with all that she has on her mind she will forget a certain letter or paper, But I never get a chance to remind her because she's all ready with the question: 'Where's that letter to B or that paper for X, Miss Smith? We'd better see to those first. You know they have to go out to-day.' She's down at headquarters every day—keeps office hours like a man—and I'd just like to see any captain of industry who's more capable and does the routine work better."

This vision of a quiet, methodical business machine made Meta Martin, trying to make it gibe with her other charac-

terizations, emit many soul-felt ejaculations, such as "Ye gods," and "Great Caesar's ghost," in the privacy of her own boudoir, a hall bedroom in the lower Sixties.

Finally she was driven forth to find other choice bits for the character mosaic she was building. The next one was furnished by no less a personage than Norah O'Brien, Maid, who let Meta Martin into Miss Hale's apartment for a few minutes. A woman's home reveals much to keen eyes, as does a woman's maid to a clever questioner.

"No, ma'am, Miss Hale aint in now and I dunno just when she'll show up. She's coming home a bit earlier to-night, though. There's the fancy sauce to be made for the pudding we're going to have for dinner and, bless you, she aint going to miss making that. She mixed the stuffing for the fowl before she left this morning. Very particular, ma'am, and uses recipes she got from her mother and grandmother, kinder fambly heirloomses they is. Cook can't suit her on some things, as she is bound and possessed to do them herself. Very domestic critter, Miss Hale, likes to do things with her own hands. And it's me often tells Lizzie, 'Sure aint it the devil she can't be leaved in peace to cook and bake calm like and aisy and not go suffragetting all over the map?'"

To make the methodical office worker, the scheming politician, the easy mark, and the placid cook fit well together gave Miss Martin of the *Mirror* a severe headache and it was with a chastened feeling that she went forth on her next quest for material. Two opportunities presented themselves to her in the persons of James, the care-taker at head-quarters, with his co-worker, Minnie, the cleaning woman, whom she found in the suffrage domain engaged in some light tasks to make the place presentable for an evening meeting.

"Aint she got the big heart, though," said Minnie gartulously when the subject of Miss Hale was broached. "Why,



Lord love us, she's all heart. When my sister was took sick it was her seen I got more money, that my hours was shortened and that victuals was sent from the restaurant, and her with a campaign on that's fit to bust the strongest. And she's that kind and mushy regular you'd never believe it. Mornings when I aint got her office dusted before she comes in, and she's that early you gotter get up at sunrise to beat her to it, she often says, says she, when I'm trying to spit out excuses: "There—never mind Minnie—ain't I got a duster right here in my desk. One slide over things and we'll look spick and span enough for the President.' Now aint that jest grand?"

"The biggest and the best heart, barring none, in the city and state of New York," chimed in James with due impressiveness. "Now as to me. On every St. Patrick's Day, I give her one of them little shamrocks in a pot. I jest step in kinder soft after she's come and lay it on her desk. And she aint never too busy to look up and smile and say, 'Thank you James. You don't forget that you and I are Irish'."

"Sentiment, more sentiment, most sentimental," mused Meta Martin after these confidences. "Never thought a suffragist was just that kind."

That she was not alone in this opinion she learned as she talked with a politician that evening at a ball of the West Side Voters.

"All this howl about the ballot for women's rotten stuff," he said with genuine disgust. "A lot of befuddled female idiots are doing it led by such women as Mary Genston Hale. A hardheaded, cold-hearted proposition that. Thinks things out like a man, not a spark of feeling. Too masculine for the likes of me, I can tell you. If women aint got a little emotion who's going to keep the feelings on tap for the next generation, I ask you?"

Miss Martin confessed that she could not answer and went thoughtfully on her way. Another man, whom she encountered in a lecture hall, added somewhat to said thoughtfulness by expressing his opinion on the one subject that was getting to be her obsession.

"I would certainly be in favor of giving all the women the vote if they were only like some of the women leaders of the suffrage movement. Now there's that Mary Genston Hale; heard her speak the other night. There's where you get deep emotion held in restraint. Got it in her system but doesn't let it run away with her. The trouble with the majority of women is that they are eternally seething with feeling and their thoughts float on it like corks on a swollen river."

Rather dazed at the diversities with which she had to contend, Miss Martin wrote to the Press Chairman of the Party for a biographical sketch of "Your Boss." From a manuscript which she promptly received she learned that Miss Hale was a Westerner, that she had learned suffrage propaganda by rising from the ranks, beginning as a suffrage organizer, and passing through many intermediate offices to be the head of an organization under whose emblem five hundred thousand women were enrolled. She also found that Miss Hale was "strong," "energetic," "practical," "genial," "breezy," "brilliant," "broad," and "brave," having in fact most of the best qualities of the human race united to some of those that might be possessed by an angel of the first magnitude.

"Help—help," cried Meta Martin and groaned prodigiously. It was time, she felt, to storm the citadel, so she began her attempts to get an interview with the object of all her endeavors and found it as Miss Elgin had predicted a matter that called for much finesse and persistence. Yet there

were hopes that an unoccupied quarter of an hour could be found when Miss Hale's secretary promised "to slide her" into the presence of one of the busiest women in New York. While she was waiting, she could not forbear adding to her collection of opinions.

"Like all the rest of the prominent suffs," said a cynical Anti caustically, "Miss Hale's all wrapped up in herself. Think's she's the whole female sex and three-fourths of the population. Like the others, she's only in suffrage for the notoriety she gets and the power she wields."

"It makes me perfectly distracted to see her waste herself so," commented an ardent suffragist within the next two hours as she wiped away a surreptitious tear. "She doesn't think enough of herself, it's all the cause. Why, if she up and dies, what will become of the cause in New York City, I ask you. It will collapse like a balloon. And so I tell her, but she won't listen. At it morning, noon and night. Of course sacrifice is necessary, within reason. But she approaches suicide."

"Too bossy to hold her following well," commented a member of a rival suffrage organization of the militant order. "I hear that if it wasn't for the other officers and for Charlotte Chester Cleeves putting a spoke in her wheel once in a while her whole society would go up."

"The easiest person in the world to work with," cried a minor chairman of the Party enthusiastically. "Tells you what she wants done and then lets you do your work in your own way. No fussing, no interfering, no ordering round. Picks out people she can trust and then trusts them implicitly. Once you work with her you never forget it. You ought to see the organizers weep who have to leave her."

Poor Miss Martin, trying to reconcile these conflicting viewpoints, experienced a mental dizziness that was far from

agreeable and fell to dreaming sanguinary dreams about the managing editor, contriving to kill him in five perfectly satisfactory ways in as many nights.

"A mass of contradictions," she groaned whenever she thought of Miss Hale. "And how in the world I'm ever going to sketch her in a few clear, bold lines is beyond my befuddled intellect."

And remembering a line in an old English poem that had vastly amused her as a child,

"My nowl is totty of the must."

she adopted it as descriptive of a headpiece that had once been her secret pride.

Feeling the need of a bit of diversion to change the current of her thoughts, she called very early one evening upon friends of her family in a street in the lower eighties. Scarcely had the first greetings been exchanged when the telephone rang with loud insistence. Mrs. Stewart, the lady of the house, exchanged a few breathless remarks with someone at the other end of the line and then faced her family with a surprised and slightly excited air.

"It's Mrs. Praill across the hall," she said. "She wants me to come right over to her apartment. She is being canvassed suffragistically and by whom do you think? By Mary Genston Hale, the suffrage leader. She told Miss Hale she knew me so well she was sure that I wouldn't mind coming over to be interviewed and spare Miss Hale the trip here. Well, who wants to come with me?"

There were eager cries of volunteer companionship from the three daughters and from Meta Martin, who felt that the gods in Olympus must have interested themselves in her affairs. Pater familias refused to budge from an easy chair and the evening paper, but gave large and generous orders to all present to report his favorable sentiments on

the subject to be discussed, and to assure the distinguished canvasser of his firm intention to vote "yes" on the suffrage amendment at the next election.

"And that's all she wants to know anyway," he said with lordly complacency. "The rest of you, being voteless, don't count in the least. So why should a whole pack of you invade Mrs. Prail's apartment? She'll know it's just to gape at her visitor. Send a committee, women, send a committee."

While this was recognized as good advice, it was hard to follow, since everyone insisted on serving on the committee. A compromise was finally affected by which all the women present started off en masse for Mrs. Prail's quarters, and arrived there in a guilty, if pleased, state of mind.

"All the girls just would come," explained Mrs. Stewart to Mrs. Prail. "They admire Miss Hale so much that it is a frightful temptation to get a chance to see her at close range."

"She's worth seeing," said Mrs. Prail briefly, and led the way into the room where Miss Hale was sitting. In Meta Martin's opinion she made quite a picture, ensconced in a large blue velvet chair whose wide upholstered sides set off her snow-white hair, faultless complexion and dark-blue eyes to perfection.

"Which will she be," Meta Martin queried of her own thoughts, "the scheming politician, the easy mark, the business machine, the particular cook, the sentimentalist, the cold intellectual, the self-seeker, the suffrage sacrificer, the restrained emotionalist—which one of the forty-eleven personalities given her by the surrounding multitude will she assume?"

"The reason I am calling on you all," Miss Hale said in mellow tones, "is that I'm captain of my election district, and like any other captain in the Suffrage Party I am pledged to canvass my voters. The chairman of the State Party,"

Mrs. Whiting, is also a captain and she is doing her canvassing in person also. We learn quite a bit from doing some of the practical work we ask the other captains to do. Mr. Praill assures me that he is on the right side of the question. It is kind of you, Mrs. Stewart, to come over here to be interviewed. As I have almost three hundred voters to see. I appreciate any help. Now what does Mr. Stewart think of suffrage for women?"

"Oh, Dad's strong for suffrage," chimed in the three Stewart girls with unconscious rudeness. "He says he can't be anything else with his sons all daughters. He says that as daughters are generally supposed to inherit from their fathers both their looks and their brains, he couldn't give himself such a backhanded insult as to say that we are not capable of voting. Put a big 'yes' after Dad's name."

Miss Hale laughed and took out of her bag a small white slip of paper.

"If one of you would be so kind as to ask him to attach his signature to this, I would be thankful. You see my word is not taken for anything. I have to have it down in black and white."

"I'll go," cried Alice Stewart, and hurried off with an important air.

"Stewart's reasons are not so bad," said Mr. Praill feeling called upon to uphold masculine logic. "Mine are somewhat similar. I'd hate to acknowledge that I had picked out a wife so stupid that she could not vote a little better than the average callow youth of twenty-one, or the immigrant who's been naturalized so fast he hasn't had time to get it straight in his mind whether we are ruled by a king or a kaiser. I should think most men in this election district, a silk stocking district, would have sense enough to be with you, Miss Hale. All except the politicians."

"They weren't with me in the last campaign," returned Miss Hale soberly. "Of course there has been a noticeable change in public sentiment since then. But sometimes, even after circularizing a whole district, sending each man literature, talking to him in person, we are not sure of results. This time, of course, I am sure we will win. And besides carrying the city as a whole I am going to give myself a real treat and carry my election district."

At this point Alice Stewart returned, waving the signed slip in triumph.

"Well, I must hurry along," said Miss Hale. "I am doing what canvassing I can. But I speak at the Ocenus Club at nine to-night and I haven't much time to spare."

She rose and walked toward the door. Then Meta Martin had her inspiration.

"Do let me go with you, Miss Hale," she implored. "I understand canvassing. At Radcliffe, I belonged to the college suffrage club and I learned all the arguments. I did some canvassing, too, in my home town for our local leader before I came to New York. Of course, I am a comparative newcomer in this big burg but I guess human nature is the same all over the world."

Miss Hale looked at her with cordial interest.

"All right, my dear," she said smilingly. "You take the apartments opposite mine and meet me in the hall after each interview and we'll compare notes. In that way we'll find out which method is preferable, yours or mine. We have time only for two or three more calls."

It was an ecstatic Meta who interviewed a fat, bald-headed man in the apartment to the rear, and a small nervous one in the apartment to the right, all under the vigilant and virtuous eyes of their respective wives. After she had inquired at the left apartment for the "man of the house,"

only to be told that he was "out as usual," she found that time was up, since Miss Hale's interviews had been somewhat protracted.

In the street, where a car waited for the suffrage leader, they discovered that it was raining.

"Let me take you on your way a bit," said Miss Hale, "as a reward for your services. You must look us up at headquarters and do some more volunteering. We need every woman who will work."

With a prayer of thankfulness to Jupiter Pluvius, Meta Martin entered the big touring car, and was whirled away in the company of a woman whom she had tried for over a week to see professionally.

"I appreciate this opportunity to meet you," she said. "I have heard you described by so many people, and each one has given you different qualities from the other. It is hard to tell just what you are—by hearsay."

Miss Hale laughed. She had settled herself back in her seat, a tired look had come across her face, and Meta sensed in a moment that she was off guard, disposed to be herself without reservations.

"It is not hard to tell what I am," she said musingly. "Just an ordinary woman trying to do her best—often with a prayer in her heart—for a great cause. I am myself so insignificant compared with the job I have to do that I hardly think of myself—only hope that I will be given the strength and the power to do it well. I am just a cog in a big machine, needed but not absolutely necessary. Did you ever think what we in New York have to do to carry the city for suffrage? We have to take our arguments into the hearts and minds of the majority of six million human souls. We have to present our truths so that they will appeal to the dwellers in fine residential districts where wealth and exclu-



siveness often make one indifferent to outside interests; to the crowded denizens of swarming tenement sections, where the naked facts of life are the most pressing; to the inhabitants of numberless middle class sections where a quiet adherence to the present order of things prevails; to those who live on the long green streets of suburban places; and even to those who spend their days on lonely farms. We have to conquer their different points of view, overcome their prejudices, learn to understand their outlook on life, win them through appeals to their reasons and to their hearts. Not only do we have to deal with a thousand diversities of opinion, but we have to leap over the barriers of race and speak in their own languages to the foreign peoples—French—German—Greek—Italian—Polish—Armenian—Russian—and many others who have found refuge within the boundaries of our big city. To win out, we have to enlist the interest of millions of the busiest men in the world, to make them take a decided stand against the political bosses who have ruled them for generations, and to line them up on the side of justice and fair play. We have to win out in the face of the Old World idea of woman's inferiority brought to us by our foreign born; against the idea of her complete well being under present conditions, fostered by the indulgent American; against the idea of her tendency to push the man to the wall industrially, passionately believed in by many workmen. And when I think of the odds we have to face, the obstacles we have to overcome, the tasks we have to do, the victories we have to gain—all through the devoted work of women,—I can only work and pray, and dream and tremble, and hope, and aspire, from day to day, losing myself in the cause as in a great and surging sea."

There was a minor tone in her voice, which she seemed to realize, for presently, after a silence, the irrepressible and

indomitable optimism that was characteristic of her, and her strongest quality, rose triumphant.

"But nothing can keep us from winning," she said and her voice rang out clear and thrilling, "Neither prejudice nor ignorance, nor conservatism, nor injustice, nor selfishness, nor greed, nor powerful interests. We have on our side the mightiest thing of all,—right. And all the dreams of liberty of all the peoples of the world are with us, and all the hopes for democracy of the human race. We cannot lose. We are bound to triumph."

Meta Martin, feeling that she was looking straight into the mind and heart of the woman before her, felt a sense of awe that struggled with a boundless admiration. For a few moments she tried to express it, and then the auto stopped suddenly, as it seemed to her, before the brilliantly lighted facade of the Ocenus Club.

"There, I am afraid we have taken you out of your way," said Miss Hale contritely. "I have talked too much. But perhaps you would like to attend the meeting. I will take you in."

"I would love it," replied Meta Martin enthusiastically. "But oh, Miss Hale, I have a confession to make. I am from the *Morning Mirror* and I am commissioned to make a sketch of you—a word picture. I have been trying to see you for a week. This talk with you, which I never dreamed I would get, will give me the very inspiration I need. You can trust me to do the thing right—now. I really didn't get here by a trick—the gods were good to me—it all just happened. But I want you to know—"

For an instant Mary Genston Hale looked rather taken aback. Then she recovered her usual poise.

"I can usually trust the newspaper girls," she said heartily. "They are all good suffragists and they play fair. I believe

you will do what is right, but I wonder whether you will let me see your story before you hand it in. I am not used to being interviewed—'unconsciously'."

Meta promised, as she followed her up the steps of the Ocenus Club. And all through the meeting that followed, when she saw Miss Hale the cynosure of all eyes in a large and splendid assemblage, when she beheld her side by side on the platform with noted men speakers, and when she participated in the thunderous applause that rose at the close of her simple, direct and forceful address, she kept saying to herself in blissful relief:

"Now I can do it—now I can do it—in clear, strong, simple lines—and it will be the best thing I ever did—the very best."

And it was—making the reputation of Meta Martin reach par in the circles of Park Row. But though she received much adulation from friends, and gratifying if scathing criticisms from jealous fellow scribes, and though the managing editor made her feel quite remorseful for having killed him so many times in her dreams, by heaping upon her praise and a substantial salary increase, the thing that Meta Martin most valued was a simple note which ran:

"You were rather complimentary to me in your article, too much in fact. But what I liked was the way you played up the cause, made it the greatest thing there is, for women, and the best, and showed that though the fight is hard and calls for all our powers, we are bound to win. Such words bring us a thousand converts. For this I thank you.

MARY GENSTON HALE."

## TENEMENTS AND TEACUPS.

PALE AND WEARY, the Squad came, one by one, into Headquarters. It was not only the last canvassing day before the Weekly Meeting, a day of heroic efforts to round out the week's record, but it was also the day for making up reports. Yellow slips must be counted, voters' lists checked off and neat typewritten statements made to meet the appraising eyes of the Powers That Were. Each canvasser dropped down into a seat near a desk and set herself to work, scribbling on a sheet of paper. Out of bulging handbags came leaflets and yellow slips on which the lordly voters had graciously affirmed their intention of voting "Yes" on the suffrage amendment. These were varied by the blue slips devoted to haughty negatives, and the white ones on which the doubters were duly registered. All these were sorted and piled in neat heaps for ready reference.

"Beauty" Norris, scorning pen preliminaries, seated herself at a typewriter, and with two fingers laboriously hammered out her report. Except for the jerky noise of her machine and continuous echoes of Bronx traffic that floated into the room, silence prevailed. Then Eleanor Grail who was the first to finish her labors, her reports being as terse as her speeches, which were noted for their bullet-like directness, threw down her pen, savagely blotted her sheets and rose crying:

"Who says finis isn't the best word in the English language?"

"Quiet," thundered the Squad in unison.

Eleanor Grail was about to make a fitting retort, when the door opened, and Little Croley, her arms full of small packages entered the room followed by two more workers.

"I met the Mouse and Mrs. Prasion on the corner tottering home from a street meeting," she said. "Judging by them I knew you'd all be a fine fagged-out crew. So I turned myself into a commissariat department, and behold I have the wherewithal for an afternoon bite."

She threw down her packages, and pushed back a screen from the corner of the room, disclosing a tiny gas stove on which an equally tiny tea-kettle was perched sending up clouds of steam. At the cheery sight, the Squad gave vent to a faint cheer.

"It is always touching to see how oolong formosa affects the female of the species," said Little Croley complacently, and busied herself with her packages which, opened, filled the room with delicatessen odors.

"Any news?" queried the Mouse of the assembled forces, seizing a pad and preparing to grind out her daily story for the press.

"Three truckmen and one barber are with us; so all is not yet lost," said "Beauty" Norris readily. "I slipped on a banana peel in No. 789, my 17th Walk Up Apartment De Luxe. How about 'Thrown by a Peel She Slips With a Peel of Sardonic Laughter. Noted Suff Falls in Murky Hallway During Touching Interview with Subway Digger?'"

"Plenty of peel but with no appeal," said the Mouse drily.

"A woman, interviewed, bade me begone and wash and darn my hose." said Eleanor Grail. "She had such lynx eyes, I feared that she could see even through shoe leather how neatly I fix mine with adhesive tape."

"A good morsel for a Sunday write-up," commented the Mouse, "but I need something in my business right now."

"Let it wait, do," admonished Little Croley. "This is a Company of Famished Females. As office secretary, I rule that all business save that of stoking up be suspended. Move up to the domestic shrine, everybody, and partake of the cup that cheers."

It was but a matter of moments when all chairs were pulled up to the cooking corner, the tea and its solid accompaniments were served, and weariness vanished in a geniality that smoothed dispositions and loosened tongues.

"How did you come out with your Latest, Steffie?" inquired Eleanor Grail, sipping tea elegantly from a tooth mug. "Two weeks of breaking in new canvassers, which had been Steffie's lot, would wear me to a frazzle. To have everything that thinks it can walk and talk switched on to one is no joke. Last night when I was at the B. C.'s (Borough Chairman's) what should come over the wire but a wail from Steffie about the Latest who was quite impossible. The B. C. was relentless, so I wondered how you came out."

Laura Steff looked up from her tea-cup quickly and a little flush rose in her cheeks.

"It was rather queer how it came out," she said hesitatingly. "It's given my disposition rather a jolt. Last night when I found I had to take Mrs. Loring on a trial trip, I called it 'The Tale of the Fit and the Unfit.' I guess the title still holds with the roles reversed. You see when I came here, and found her waiting, I took one look at her and a mighty disgust welled up in my breast. I thought of the tenements—dingy halls, long flights of stairs, odors of stale air, cooking, dirt, small crowded rooms, sons and daughters of toil always facing sordid realities, and I could not make these go in my mind with white fox furs, lengths of shining velvet, perfume de luxe and grand opera plumes."

"Dressed for a soiree in the slums?" I asked her sarcastically.

"‘Oh my dear,’ she said eagerly. ‘Don’t you think they’d rather like things—er—nice? Why not be at one’s best sartorially as well as suffragistically?’

"Of course, then, I seized her up as gawds and gush, and I acknowledge the combination made me bitter. When you’ve worked like a slave for weeks and you’re tired clear through to your soul, and the campaign’s gripped you on account of its bigness, and you’re full of the earnestness and thrill of a battle to the finish, why you’ve no patience with frivels and froth. So I called up the B. C. and learned the worst and we started out. Duty lashed me into telling her my canvassing rules.

"‘Rules,’ she said vaguely. ‘Oh my dear, I could never learn rules. I am so hit and miss. You say there are all kinds of the foreign born where we’re going, Irish—Italian—Russian—Swedish—Perhaps I can’t give them good arguments, but I’ve travelled in all their countries and I can talk to them about that.’

"‘If we have time for travelogues,’ I said curtly, and suppressed a groan. You’d better let me do the talking at first and learn my methods.’

"So when we entered our first hall with its one dim gas jet its dingy oilcloth, and painted walls, it was I who knocked on the first door and faced the man who threw it open.

"‘Good evening,’ I said in my best canvassing voice; ‘May I ask whether you are going to vote at the next election?’

"‘Sure, I am,’ he said with a rich brogue. ‘As often as they’ll lave me.’ and he tossed back a shock of red hair. He was a big workman standing in his stocking feet, and in his shirt sleeves, with a reeking pipe in the corner of his mouth.

"‘Then will you vote for the suffrage amendment, vote to give the ballot to women?’ I asked.

"The good humor went out of his face and voice.

" 'So you're one of them suffragettes,' he said. 'I hear yese gallivantin round nagging the min into voting yere way. Will I vote as yese want? Well I'm thinking that's telling. Me ould woman aint got no use for yous and I dunno why I—'

" 'It isn't for me personally—' I began, when another voice broke in:

" 'Thomas Regan, don't you promise the likes of her nothin,' and a small and disheveled woman pushed her way into the hallway, and faced us in a hostile fashion.

" 'I don't believe you really understand,' I said, and then stopped, for all eyes instantly left me and were fastened upon Mrs. Loring who had stepped impulsively forward and laid her hand on the woman's arm.

" 'Oh my dear,' she gushed, 'You're from Ireland aren't you? What part?'

" 'From Dublin way,' stammered the woman taken by surprise.

" 'Why I've been to Dublin, bless your heart. Isn't it the finest city? Don't you get lonesome for it sometimes?'

" 'And before I could stop her, she launched forth into a eulogy of the beauties of the Emerald Isle. At each description of some familiar landmark, the two Regans, with their faces growing brighter and brighter, interjected voluble affirmations and comments, until the hall was full of enthusiastic voices and laughter. In the dim light, Mrs. Loring looked like a picture, with her white furs and sleek velvet, and as they talked I saw Mrs. Regan's toilworn hand steal out surreptitiously and smooth the shining texture. On and on they went, ejaculating and exchanging compliments, until, at length, I pulled my canvassing partner away. As she followed me reluctantly, the Regan opinion was thrown dulcetly after her.



"'Sure and it's a foine lady yeze are entirely, and as handsome as they make 'em, wid the iligant clothes ye aint afraid to wear to see the likes of us. And I hope you'll come again and lave us talk some more.' This from Mrs. Regan, once hostile and now hospitable.

"'And I'll sure think over thim suffragette things ye min-tion. 'Tis as ye say, the Irish is always for liberty ivery time, none more.' This from Mr. Regan, the epitome of affability.

"'Oh I know I talked too long," apologized Mrs. Loring hurriedly. 'But somehow we all enjoyed it. Canvassing is great. Do let me manage the next call.' And before I could prevent her, she had knocked vigorously on the second door. As it opened, I was amazed to hear her voice ring out:

"'Oh have you heard the good news? You haven't? Why just think, our suffrage bill has passed the legislature, and now we're coming round to get all you good people to help us out.'

"'Oh I admit it, it took, her enthusiasm, her cheerfulness, her smiling face, her flushed cheeks. The young Italian and his still younger wife who crowded out of their tiny hall to see and hear the radiant stranger were all eyes and ears. He was a musician, with a fine face, and the little wife was sweet, and you should have seen them when she spoke of Florence, the Beloved City. There were tears as well as smiles. Even I, loth to accept this new method of doing things, felt a change come over me. Disapproval died. New ideas stirred in my breast. A suspicion dawned in my mind. Wasn't it possible to do a thing so much that it became perfunctory? lacked soul? An awful humility seized me. I, who had complacently accepted my title of the 'Best of Canvassers,' meekly tossed it aside. I had to,—for she got the suffrage in, all mixed up with scenery, and patriotism, and homesickness, and the dear old country,

but it was there, and because of the attractive wrapper they noticed the goods.

"After that call, I resigned as the chief rooter, and trailed along after her, self-effacingly giving out the leaflet needed, whether printed in Yiddish, Italian, German, French, or any other language we had on hand, the leaflet I knew they would read because she gave it. And we had variety enough, for they came thick and fast, men and women of all races from their rooms into the halls to listen to their unexpected visitor. I heard of Russia, of England, of Spain, of Germany, of France, even of Norway and Sweden, for she has been everywhere, and finally I began to feel that we were public benefactors not interlopers. For it is a fine thing to stir up people through their memories and to make them happy as she did. We went through several houses and finally when we came to a big new-type tenement, and her popularity on each floor made it seem probable that we would have to stay all night, I got my only bright idea.

" 'We'll have a little meeting on the first floor,' I whispered to each group. And so we ended the evening with an impromptu talk that was the best I've heard. For she dropped all the foreign lands then, and gave them plain America, told them we had all descended from immigrants, what our democratic ideals were and how votes for women fitted in with these. It was simple, brief and strong, yet she says she isn't a speaker. Well, I learned a lot. I learned one thing above all others, that she took something with her into the tenements that must be taken by all of us, and that's love, love for the common people. I've heard it said, a lot, but I never saw it illustrated before. They tell me she makes a splendid flag bearer, carries the big borough banner of gold and white in all the parades. Of course she has the tall, vigorous figure. Well, she'll look very handsome in the

next parade and pass for most just as a beauty. But not with me. There'll be one spectator standing on the curb that will bow her head in silent tribute as the corps she leads goes by, and it won't be for the banner she carries either."

Laura Steff's voice broke a little. She looked round her little circle for the furtive smiles she feared, but there were none. The Squad understood. There was a little silence, then Margaret Main drawled: "And the greatest of all are those who lead out of the beaten paths."

"Your story about someone who took a priceless thing into the tenements, reminds me by contrast of someone who took something out," she added slowly. "I call it 'The Cure of the Tenements'—when I give the story a title in my own mind. I met her when I was on the Route of the Rich, when I had gone to mansion after mansion, and never got any nearer the master and the mistress than the butler or the second houseman. Lots of the little Servants of the Rich signed our yellow slips and some refused them superciliously but I did long to storm one brownstone height and get a real plutocrat. In one house, I had been admitted to the presence of the mistress, and found her a peroxide chorus girl, married to the son of the house, and in deadly fear that a plot was on foot to dispose of her through the divorce courts. She clung to me and begged my help and suffrage talk was impossible. I gave her the name of a good lawyer and went on, and after some hours, footsore and weary, I came to Mrs. Brent's residence. It had so much real architecture that I was afraid to tackle it, and all but went on. Then some obscure impulse prompted me to climb its high stoop and pull the bell. An old family retainer style of butler opened the door and astonished me by breaking all the precedents of his calling and acting human.

"‘I was wishing someone would come,’ he muttered. ‘She is that bad to-day. I don’t rightly understand your suffragette talk, miss, but you’re young, pleasant-looking and lively. Maybe you’d rouse her up a bit. Come in—come in—and I’ll see—’

“Rather dubious as to what kind of ‘she’ needed to be roused by me or my conversation, I entered a gorgeous hall, and was conducted with some ceremony up stately stairs to an upper floor where a trim maid ushered me into the presence of my first canvassing plute. She was a tall, fine-looking woman in deep mourning with a face both sorrowful and peevish. Not really knowing how to address aristocracy caught in captivity, I began my usual canvasser’s explanation and plea. It was so exciting to have really gotten to one of the central figures in a big Fifth Avenue mansion that I forgot all about being tired, all about my long afternoon of weary trudging, all about everything but the fact that I had a chance to talk with her. I suppose we suffragists don’t realize how fervent and enthusiastic we are compared with the general run of people who aren’t doing anything but just drifting with the tide. Anyway the first thing she said to me was:

“‘Why girl how alive you are.’

“‘It’s because I have a live cause to advocate,’ I answered, and launched forth breathlessly on some of our good arguments. She let me talk, and talk, until I had gone over our work, told her our hopes, our plans, even our dreams, and she led me on by listening, as I thought, with eagerness and interest. Then at last when I paused exhausted, she said:

“‘You are just the person I’ve been looking for. Most of them one can hire are so lifeless, so ugly to look at, so devoid of ideas. But you are quite different. How would you like to come and live with me as my companion?’

"Live with you," I said dazed and disappointed. 'Live with you and leave the Cause? Never.'

"And I started on a rush to the door. It was the trim maid who intercepted me.

"'But Miss,' she implored. 'Madame is so alone, and so sad. She have lost her husband—and her son—and she have no friends in this such big city. You will listen then, it is a compliment she give you. The work—it will be small—just to read and ride—and shop and gossip over the tea—and wipe her tears when she weep.'

"'Me,' I cried aghast at such a program. 'Me—why I'd go crazy, living a life like that.'

"'But the pay—' she urged. 'it will be big—very big—Madame is generous when she want something.'

"'But she can't have me,' I insisted, and tried to break away, for she had actually taken hold of me by the shoulders.

"'But you will stay and have tea—to please Madame so lonely,' coaxed the maid, and just then a wonder tea was served on a big silver salver. I was tired and a little ashamed for the moment, of my vehemence. It was probably, after all, a mere fleeting thought going through an idle brain. For people, outside of fiction, don't hire unknown women, suddenly, and without investigation.

"'So I stayed, and had tea, and 'Madame' talked to me. Oh yes, it was true she'd had sorrows, but she'd taken them all the wrong way, had sat brooding in darkened rooms days at a time, doing nothing but feeding on her grief. And she'd gotten the idea, as you always do when you go off by yourself, that she and her affairs were unique, that no one had suffered like herself, that she was entitled to all the pity and consideration there was. So self-centered was she that for a few minutes she actually made me feel that I would be a monster of selfishness if I did not immediately devote my days, at her gracious bidding, to making the world less dark for

her. It was only for a while, however. I managed to get hold of commonsense and I didn't let go again. Well—we argued and argued—not suffrage as I'd fondly hoped we would—but the question of giving her what she wanted. In spite of her desire to put things in a good light her peevishness at length shone out conspicuously.

“‘What's the use of money—if you don't get what you want with it,’ she said. ‘I buy your cheerfulness—so foolish to waste it on a cause. I want you and I will have you.’

“I left then, and suddenly, and I was glad to get out into the fresh air, to feel free and full of the cause again. And I thought that would be the last of it, but it wasn't. She looked me up at headquarters and in all kinds of ways, and when she found out I was respectable, though poor, she pursued me. Were you ever haunted by a plutocrat in a limousine? Well every day almost I met her—now at headquarters—now near my home—and I was forced to take rides and drink tea. I could'nt be quite a brute. And every day I got more tired of it. So, finally, I decided I would end it. I told her I would go and live with her if she would let me keep up my canvassing and would help me. It was a strange condition, but she jumped at it. And being sternly resolved to disgust her I took her into the tenements that very evening.

“I picked out the most lugubrious cases I could find, for I was determined to let her see that far from getting someone cheerful in me, she would get someone associated with all the saddest things in life and the most disagreeable personalities. So I took her to see the milkman's wife who had lost her baby, and old Mrs. Poltz who is crippled, and the blind daughter of the old-clothes man, and a widow with five children that I help to feed. For the disagreeable element I threw in the old German who tenaciously refuses to take his mental picture of woman out of the kitchen frame, a cheap

sporty gentleman who promises to do anything 'to please the girls,' a long-haired socialist who attacked us with polite ferocity, and a saddened individual who knew we were going to wreck home and society by taking woman from her baking board to the ballot-box. It was an evening without a bright spot, and when I left her she was silent and thoughtful. I was not only convinced that she would have none of me but also that I would never get her into the tenements again. But strange to say, the next night she met me again, and went the rounds. This time we met a longshoreman with a broken arm, no money but a sense of humor; a broken-down school teacher; and a few more sad cases mixed up with commonplace people and very foreign ones. I was imagining how disgusted she must feel, how bored, how depressed, yet rather admiring her keeping at it, when we came to a forlorn little seamstress who said there were no men in her family to vote, as she lived all alone, and who added with, to me, gratifying pathos: 'But I'm so glad you came. I never have any callers. The only letter I've had since I came to New York was the one from your Party and I just keep it hung where I can see it for company.' And right here I got a terrible shock. For my annoying plutocrat, who, to my mind, was just encrusted with egotism and selfishness, all at once threw her elegantly clad arms about the shrinking, shabby little figure and said with a real sob in her voice:

'Why, my dear, we're just alike.'

"And before she got through with the work, that went on for weeks and weeks, she was cured—cured of all the sorrow and self-centered thinking and peevishness. She got a kind of humanness out of the tenements that's just transformed her. I gasp whenever I think of it and what I tried to do. Steffie has no monopoly on humility. I'm her twin in that."

Margaret Main stopped with a little laugh in which some of the Squad joined.

"It's funny and yet it isn't," summed up Little Croley lucidly.

"Those who go into the tenements may be interesting, but my best tale is of one who came out with all that implies," said Mary Bradley. "You remember when the order went forth that we were not only to canvass but also to pick up workers, finding them one to a house, one to a block or one to a district, to set them like sentries on suffrage duty. For a long time I couldn't find fit material; then one evening I came across a group of work-girls on a corner, clustered about one of their number who was exhorting them to form a union. I didn't wonder at their tense expressions, for I never heard a better speech, full of fire yet logical, and to the point. Then and there I made up my mind I needed her and must have her. So I followed her home into the tenements, and up five flights of stairs, and when at the top I spoke to her and told what I represented, she turned and denounced me and my kind, went into her flat and slammed the door.

"This, of course, made her pursuit rather an adventure, so the next evening, taking leaflets in one hand and my life in the other, I called again. A lame girl with a sullen face admitted me reluctantly, and said her sister was out but would return shortly. Ushered into a room that served for kitchen, dining room and parlor, I found it flooded with great piles of brilliantly colored garments whose silken softness was relieved by cascades of foamy lace. These were kimonas that her deft fingers cut and that she sewed up on the machine. A home sweatshop of the higher order, clean, neat and with but one worker, but that worker sullen, suspicious and rebellious.

"Before I could speak to her, her sister came in, greeted me curtly, and threw her hat and coat on a chair. Seeing the



suspicion and unfriendliness in her face, my opening remarks were addressed to the sewer who was pulling long basting threads from the seams:

“‘What beautiful things,’ I said, taking up some of the brightest fabrics. ‘You are lucky to be able to riot all the time in lovely colors. They must remind you of the dainty feminine creatures who will wear them, for, of course, such exquisite things are for the rich. Do you ever let your fancy follow your handiwork into the homes where it goes, and imagine the luxurious surroundings, and the women whose setting they are, women who are like shimmering silk but who have the same thoughts and feelings that you and I have?’”

“She looked at me with a scornful wonder.

“‘Rich women,’ she said. ‘Yes, I think of them often and with all my heart I hate them—’

“‘Hate them,’ I said. ‘Why?’

“‘Because they live on such as you and me, suck the heart’s blood from us, grow fat and soft while we grow lean. For them pleasure and fine things—for us long hours of toil, loneliness, small pay.’

“‘But why hate them?’ I asked sturdily. ‘Hate the system perhaps that makes this possible—of which they are the victims as much as you.’

“‘Hear her, Rea,’ she said bitterly, turning to my orator of the streets. “She calls them victims—the rich women who have everything—bah.’

“‘Indeed they don’t have everything,’ I said with emphasis. ‘Everything has its price. The price for luxury and idle ease is often flabbiness of fibre, weakness of will, and one often pays for gifts by subserviency to the giver. And I for one would rather be strong and resourceful and free than flaunt a thousand silken kimonas.’

"'Excuses,' said the sewer sullenly. 'Nonsense and worse.'

"'But at this, Rea, the Orator, broke in.

"'There is truth in what she says Rose—you think too much of the flesh and of things as things. The spirit is more.'

"'Spirit,' said Rose bitterly; 'worse and worse—How do the rich feel towards us—as hateful as—'

"'That is just a part of the general hatred felt by women toward women,' said Rea, assuming a judicial tone.

"'Which is being supplanted by a new feeling,' I hastened to add. 'When women were kept isolated in lonely homes, when the few prizes of life they could try for must be won in competition with other women, they naturally viewed other members of their sex as competitors always do with distrust, jealousy and suspicion. But to-day, a new sex loyalty is being slowly but surely developed, as women are learning to co-operate for impersonal work in large organizations, a new loyalty that will bind them together. After all men were antagonistic until they learned to work together—'

"'Loyalty—' sneered Rose. 'Well, those who are in the same class may be bound together but there is nothing that binds together the women of all classes—nothing.'

"'And then I saw my opportunity and was quick to seize upon it.

"'There is something,' I said softly. 'Something in your very town, a big democratic organization in which the women of all classes unite to work side by side with the kindest feelings and for a common purpose; the society woman beside the shop girl; the college bred beside the woman who has learned all her lessons from life; the professional worker beside the one from the factory; the country woman beside her city sister; the old beside the young; the housewife beside the business woman; the mother beside the

spinster. In one respect, they have found that they are all alike, that there is one thing they all need equally, that one object is so great that for its sake they can forget all differences of opinion, all divergent tastes, all their various stations in life—It is wonderful—'

"Rose looked at me with poorly concealed incredulity, while Rea laughed unbelievably.

"'You have been dreaming,' they said in unison. 'Who told you such nonsense?'

"'Nobody,' I declared. 'I found this out for myself by becoming one of the company I have described. Last night I made a speech in one of the most beautiful mansions in the city to an assemblage of the richest kind; this noon I helped a girl who has all her working days toiled in a laundry, I distributing leaflets while she spoke; to-morrow I shall assist the wife of a millionaire, a girl from a clothing factory, a woman lawyer and a housewife run a meeting; and I know from experience that the million-dollar lady will have no feeling in her heart after she leaves the meeting but one of envy toward the factory girl because the latter is the better speaker.'

"In spite of themselves they seemed affected by my words.

"'The one great wrong that makes these women sisters is their disfranchisement,' I continued. 'Their inability to vote, to put into office those who will do as the women want when it comes to the inspection and handling of the food supply, the supervision of places of public amusement, the cleaning of the streets, the running of the schools, the spending of the public funds, the giving of adequate police protection—all the duties that are part of the work of public officials elected by the votes of the people.'

"'Woman suffrage,' cried Rea contemptuously. 'A fad of the rich—'

“‘Woman suffrage,’ I repeated soberly. ‘The hope of the poor. It is the woman wage earner who has the most need of it to back up her demands for remedial legislation, to bring to herself the shorter hours, better pay, more sanitary surroundings that will make her life a pleasanter one, herself a more efficient worker. You are trying to organize women into unions,’ I said to Rea; ‘that is well and good—but each union will be more effective if all women belong to the one great union that can influence our lawmakers—the voting union. Now we are political scabs and looked upon as such.’

“‘But— but—’ she stammered. ‘What can women do—’

“‘What other women voters have done. Haven’t you heard of the first political action taken by the women of Spokane, Washington, after they got the vote in 1911? It was to form a non-partisan Women’s Political League and work for an eight-hour law for women wage earners. They were enfranchised in November and the law went into effect in June—quick work, hey?’”

“By this time, Rose had dropped her sewing and was looking at me with the wide eyes of a child. Rea came over to me and caught me by the shoulder.

“‘Do you mean this?’ she asked tensely. ‘Can you prove it?’

“‘I can prove everything,’ I said enthusiastically. ‘You two need to be introduced to our party—more you need to work for it. It will knock the bitterness out of you—give you hope, encouragement—make the world a different place. —You need to be linked up to the big woman suffrage army—thousands of the rank and file all over the city and the state. Then you will understand, women feel one with them, know your lot is cast in with them. Come to the meeting to-morrow night and make a start.’”

"It took a little persuasion, but when I left, I left exultingly, for I had awakened their curiosity and I had their promises. That Rea would be an addition to our ranks, I saw plainly, for she was of the order of the Eastside Reader and Student whose knowledge and culture have made many a college woman look to her laurels.

" 'The meeting will clinch it,' I thought complacently, and congratulated myself on my oratorical find.

"But, as you all know, it is usually the unexpected that happens. The two sisters came to the meeting, and sat down in the front seats, with curious faces. From my seat on the platform I watched their expressions, as rich Mrs. Walling discussed suffrage from the standpoint of her own class, as Miss Matrix the lawyer droned out a long discourse on the laws that discriminate against our sex, as Maggie Hickey shouted for the rights of the working women, and as Mrs. Stevens showed at what a disadvantage disfranchised women kept house. The speeches were all good, I thought, convincing and fairly well put. In an intermission devoted to music I slipped to Rea's side.

" 'You can see they are all sincere and earnest,' I said. 'You can see that it is as I said—'

" 'Yes,' she admitted reluctantly. 'Yes they are sincere—they are earnest—it is true—but—but—' and then she burst forth with words that evidently rose from a full heart. 'They don't see the bigness of the thing—I have been thinking—it is all so large—so full of possibilities—oh if I could speak—could tell—'

"For a moment I thought I had not heard aright. Was this creature whom I had dragged to the meeting not set on fire by our oratory but flaming with thoughts because we had failed to say all that she wished? It was a little startling. But I recover quickly from startling things.

"'You shall speak,' I said and I went at once to see that she had her chance.

"'Oh yes, she spoke. Mrs. Walling said it was like having the storm cloud burst apart to show the dazzling, flaming region where lightning is born. Miss Matrix said it was eloquence worthy of the highest courts; Maggie Hickey said she felt as though 'the pipes had burst'; and Mrs. Stevens that 'the city was flooded with righteousness.' As for me I saw what a vivid imagination, deep emotions, natural oratory and the power of quick thinking can be when merged together. And what we liked was the new standpoint, the fresh vision, the unstudied attitude.

"At the close, when Mrs. Walling stepped into her ten thousand-dollar limousine, and wrapped a costly coat about her, I was secretly amused to hear her say with resigned envy:

"'It is strange how some people have everything,' and her eyes were on Rea's retreating figure.

"Oh yes, after that she came out of the tenements—her tenements of thought—as I call them—the shabby, dingy, hopeless mental house where she had dwelt for so long, and Rose with her. And it was splendid, of course—save for one thing."

"And what was that?" asked Little Croley as Mary Bradley paused too long.

"Why," said Mary Bradley in a disgruntled tone, "You don't suppose they let me have her do you? Not a bit of it. She was snatched up to the pinnacle of suffrage oratory where the Cleeves, the Hales, and the Storrses speech and spout. And I—I had to seek another sentry and find another worker."

"And you did?"

"Oh there was Rose—she was tired of rainbow kimonas."

The Squad laughed, and having consumed all the viands, and disposed of all fluid refreshment, its members, rested and joyous, went back to work.

## MRS. RENSLING TAKES A REST.

FAGGED FROM MUCH SPEECH MAKING, worn from sultry hours spent in hot offices presiding over conferences, weary of interviews and of written controversies, Mrs. P. M. Rensling (whose initials were interpreted by her intimates to stand for Perpetual Motion) announced to her family that she would take a rest. Each member of her home circle took the news in characteristic fashion. Sixteen-year-old Esther gasped, saying with some wonder,

"Why Mother, you have some sense after all."

Eighteen-year-old John Jr. chanted humorously,

"She's the one that yanked the rest from restless."

While John Rensling, Sr., after quivering from the unexpected blow, announced with businesslike crispness:

"We'll take the four-thirty to-morrow for Hanging Rock."

Hanging Rock was distant from the city, high in the air, far from places and people, an ideal spot as John, Jr., expressed it "to make a suffrage top stop whirling even in the midst of a suffrage campaign."

If Pauline Rensling felt any qualms at abandoning her desk, cancelling a number of engagements, and leaving a distracted secretary in charge of her voluminous correspondence, she resolutely suppressed all signs of agitation. This surprised her family so thoroughly as to make them feel awestruck. Although she perceived this, she thought it a better emotion than any produced by worry, and so did not apprise them of the true facts of the case, namely, that the family physician consulted for a supposedly slight ailment

that had persisted through some weeks, had in no uncertain terms called a halt in the campaigning, threatening dire consequences if his orders were disregarded. This was warranted to reconcile even a suffrage enthusiast to a temporary cessation of activities.

In due time, the Hanging Rock Hostelry, quaintly rustic, set atop a lofty hill above a sun-swept valley, and engirdled with mountains, received the Renslings,—Mrs. Rensling enveloped psychologically with a dreamy languor, and the remainder of the family a little puzzled, highly elated, and determined by fair means or foul to prolong the first united vacation they had known for two years.

In pursuance of this object, a meeting of two young conspirators was held surreptitiously in an arbor while the unconscious heroine of their plot lounged in a hammock on the porch and gazed spellbound down 2000 feet into the depths of a verdant valley.

"There must be no New York papers," said Esther decisively. "They're full of it and she's always worse after reading them."

"And no letters," added John; "they are the very deuce. We've got somehow to keep them from coming or censor them. I have already written Miss Stead that even if she is secretary and has been given orders she must disregard them now and suppress all troubles and all urgings to return. It is doctor's orders, I said, not to disturb Mother now, and by hinting at a fatal disease I got Miss Stead on our side."

"Oh John," replied Esther half admiring, half protesting. "It was smart of you to think of it, but when Mother finds out she will be furious at such deception."

"I'm not so sure it is deception," returned John coolly. "If you use your mind at all, you'll realize that there must be something the matter with mater familias or she wouldn't



give up like this. I know Dad thinks the same from the way he acts, so polite you'd never imagine they were married. More than that, I've got him on the job, too. He's to head people off. If anyone afflicted with the suffrage microbe bolts this way, there'll be a collision with Dad. There, I know it's all perfectly awful, but monomaniacs and high-handed methods have to go chummily together. And comfort yourself, Sis, with this thought. If we're unholy, she's uncanny. To give up like this when she had her teeth as tight on suffrage as a bull-dog on a bone—how's that to be accounted for but by disease, or death or some other blighting thing?"

Naturally this idea, new to Esther, was received by her with consternation. Nor was her worry appeased as she secretly watched her maternal parent. From being a lady who rose early and retired late, Mrs. Rensling reversed the process. From being a person who was indifferent to food, sandwiching her meals in between engagements or airily going without them, she suddenly showed an interest in the question of nutrition and answered the dinner bell promptly. She who had never found time to walk farther than from her house to her car and from her car to her office now indulged in long, slow strolls through fragrant pine woods and across balmy meadows. Her face lost its strained, eager look, became relaxed and tinged with a faint color.

"If she has something, she's bound to get well quick here," whispered Esther pessimistically to John, as the golden days flew by, and the object of their solicitude drank and slept and exercised and talked like people who knew naught of the rights of woman, and who care but little for the strenuous activities that attend the agitation of a Cause.

"It just shows what can be done," commented John Sr. complacently to his offspring as the vacation lengthened into

a month and a half. "It was the right idea to get away quick from civilization, to taboo the papers, to cut out visitors and to go in heavy for nature—an ideal plan. Yes—it's only knowing how to manage things."

And the children, quite as delighted as he, acquiesced. To be sure there had been several alarms. Rensling Sr., apprised by the intercepting of a telegram on the way to his wife that "Anna S. Palbert" would "stop off for a few hours on her way to Maine to campaign," had rushed madly to the station, all agog with explanations and apologies to account for his wife's "unavoidable absence." He winced now whenever he thought of the frank disappointment in Anna S. Palbert's eyes, and yet thanked his lucky stars after listening to her logical and fiery discourse that he had providentially "headed her off." It had cost him something in uneasiness as well as in time, for the visitor had been obliged to wait some hours for the next train, and Rensling, determined not to let her out of his sight, had resolutely treated her to dinner and to a ride. Aware of the gossiping tendencies of Hanging Rock, he had participated in these festivities with a strange woman with many inward misgivings. Nor was this visit the only alarming thing that had happened. There had been an occasion when the proprietor had kindly loaned the New York Sunday papers to Mrs. Rensling "as a treat" and in the absence of her family guardians. After this she had been restless for days and had been diverted from suffragistical broodings only at some cost to the family ingenuity and persistence. There had, also, been a time when a letter had gotten past the vigilant John, thanks to an over-attentive chambermaid, and this had seemed temporarily to work extreme havoc. But John Jr., seized with a bright, if ungodly idea, suddenly developed an illness attended with much pain and groaning, and the mother spirit had risen

triumphant over that of the reformer. So all went well with plots and counterplots.

Rides soon became the order of the day with the Renslings, and they found so many beautiful roads that they soon developed a mania for exploring the whole region. It seemed a safe enough pastime from the standpoint of the conspirators, to drive by quiet and isolated farms, where the people, when seen, stared at one bovinely, and to occasionally glide through a sleepy little village with one straggling business street and a choice dozen residential bypaths.

The few carriages and the one Ford that the Hanging Rock Hostelry could commandeer soon proved a supply inadequate to the demand. It was then Pauline Rensling suggested sending for their own car, and John Sr. genially consented, his caution lulled to rest after seven weeks of normal vacationing with a wife who smiled at his jokes and really listened to his reminiscences without her attention wandering obviously to other subjects.

The day after the car came, Nature put on her most alluring aspect and the Renslings entered their Bentick prepared for an all day jaunt and enchanted with the thought of abandoning themselves for hours to motion, color, perfume and fresh air. Mrs. Rensling, rosy and rollicking, used the mellow voice noted for speech making in long poetic quotations that seemed to fit the passing scenes.

It was just four o'clock when the Renslings whirled into the shadowy main street of Fallowfalls. They noted more than the usual number of country stores, a post-office of larger proportion than was customary, many side streets radiating from the central thoroughfares, two or three schools, and at last, as explanatory of the whole, two large factories.

"Only twenty-five miles from Hanging Rock," said John Jr. with mock solemnity. "And behold we strike a metropolis."

"With a real opry house," lisped Esther. "as well as a movie Turn round Dad and make for the cornfields before the New York fever seizes us."

"We're safe for a bit," said John Sr. "I'll keep to the by-paths. I hear the blare of music. If it's a country band, a little will go a great way. Still let us investigate."

Into a pretty avenue went the Bentick and straight for the center of the town. In a few minutes it whirled itself to a standstill into a mass of carriages and wagons of all kinds, and the music, more patriotic than pure toned, struck forcibly upon their ear drums.

"Wow," wailed Esther, "list to the din."

Then her glance lighted on her mother's face, and she stopped aghast. For into the big brown eyes of that erstwhile languid lady leaped the familiar light of battle that Esther had seen through too many months to be mistaken in its meaning.

Amazed, the girl looked toward the small common where the band was still resonantly occupied. She saw crowds of people, a few seated on the benches provided, many standing, more packed in buggies, and rough farm wagons, with an occasional car to give a more modern touch. But it was not the crowd which had affected Mrs. Rensling nor the music. It was an auto, dusty and commonplace enough, but filled with four women wearing yellow sashes, shadowed by a huge silken banner, and draped with long yellow streamers flaunting the words "Votes for Women." By the sharp intake of breath she heard, Esther divined that her father and brother had also seen the fatal sight.

"Shall we go on?" inquired John Sr. weakly, and he hardly heard his wife's quick and eager negative. In a flash she was out of the Bentick and on her way toward the suffrage car.

"Couldn't you find a Hanging Rock in another state?" inquired John Jr. bitterly of his paternal ancestor. "This campaign's like a plague. It penetrates even the wilds."

"Maybe it's only a ship-by-night affair," said Esther hopefully. "That car is touring the state and will go right on to the next town. If there's no local organization here—"

"Then your mother will make one," returned John Sr. with hopeless conviction. "They've only to tell her that sentiment is dead, that the local women are incompetent, that there's no money to do anything with, that public opinion is at the sneering or laughing stage, that the newspapers are hostile, and that there's no glory or gratitude to be gained, and the pioneer side of her nature will immediately burst into a conflagration. Don't we all know it?"

"We, do," chorussed his offspring despairingly.

"And the local women I see lined up here have just that limp look that makes your mother roll up her sleeves, grab the nearest gavel and go to it," continued Mr. Rensling.

"I can always get sick," said John Jr. shamelessly. "And if Essie would start a twin disease, we might divert mother's energy from Susan B. Anthony's lines to those made celebrated by Florence Nightingale." "

"No, Son," said Mr. Rensling sternly. "That's a little too desperate even for us. I won't stand for anything like that, and I guess when you think it over you won't want to do it."

John Jr. flushed deeply.

"Hush," said Esther coming to the rescue. "The women are going to speak."

The band ceased playing, and the eyes of the crowd focussed themselves on a tall woman who rose in the yellow-draped auto to introduce the speakers. There were, as

Esther recalled later, just the usual speeches for a while—a thin working girl gave a fervid address, a country woman, looking the role of prosperous farmer's wife, delivered in a slow way a sensible speech full of a shrewd wit that provoked some laughter and applause; and a practical woman gave a short business-like talk bristling with statistics.

At the end of all this, there came the tones of a rich and mellow voice that immediately held the attention spell-bound. It was a simple speech fitted to the audience addressed, yet its simplicity showed consummate cleverness. There were catchy anecdotes, witty allusions, a play upon the emotions that made the auditors shake with laughter one moment and grow sober almost to tears the next. There was in it both an appeal to the mind and to the heart, and it had the rare quality of being the kind of speech that is easily remembered.

At the end of this discourse, which came as the climax of the program, there was deafening applause which ceased only when the band burst into The Star Spangled Banner. As the last note of this air shuddered into silence, and the crowd began to disperse, enthusiastic comments could be heard by the three Renslings.

"A great speech that," said a masculine voice heartily.

"I aint never heard better," another voice answered.

Then feminine voices took up the eulogy:

"The last was the best."

"Wasn't it grand?"

"Never heard tell of her but she's the most gorgeous yet."

"Don't you wish you could speak like that, Julie?"

"Very good-looking too."

"Yes indeed—quite handsome. Funny how some people have everything—talent—and—"

"Stylish too—"

"Wonder we got anything so good up this way—"

"Straight from New York—Mrs. Maize says—"

"Must tell Mother that second point—"

"Wish Aunt had come—knock some of the anti out of her—"

"As she says, it's a world movement—"

In the Bentick, three people unconsciously held their heads high, gratified and complacent expressions dawned in their faces, the flush deepened on their cheeks, and they involuntarily exchanged glances that were proudly possessive.

"Some class to Mother's tongue," said John Jr. airily.

"Her oratory's got the best label on it," acceded John Sr.

"Of course she beats them all," said Esther loftily. "And maybe we ought to realize how they miss her in New York—if we have to go back—"

The crowd rapidly thinned, pedestrians trooping away in groups, vehicles backing and twisting out of line and hurrying away in clouds of dust. At last the band beat a retreat, each man carrying his instrument and talking volubly. The people in the Bentick then saw that the suffrage car in its turn was about to depart. The last woman was settling down in her seat, the girl chauffeur was cranking up and preliminary jerks and jounces shook the banners and yellow streamers into sudden eddying whirls. Mrs. Rensling stood beside the auto earnestly talking, her face irradiated with interest and enthusiasm.

John Jr. watched her meditatively then sang softly,

"And its Home Sweet Home for us; Back to the trolley and the bus; Back to the subway and the crowds, oh my, Back to the buildings that shoot up to the sky—Back to speak and canvass, votes galore to gain; Back to hot New York and the suff campaign."

But when Mrs. Rensling, flushed and vivacious, joined her family, she said nothing about a return to the city, which omission brought a feeling of relief to the hearts about her.

An hour after breakfast the next day, though, she was not to be found. A rush to the garage showed the Bentick still resting, but Johnson, the garage helper, had something to say:

"Mis' Rensling—she take the Ford dis mawnin' and Joey fur a jounce through the country. She say it an all day trip, so to count Joey done for till night, and she say she guess she annex Joey and the car permanent—she got a lot of business coming—and she jest got to gallivant up and down the roads all de time. So I sent fur my nephew to help out, fur I kin see when a lady means to do things or bust up like a boiler trying."

On the table in their private sitting-room Mr. Rensling later found a note. It read:

"Dear John: Mrs. Wheeler and I have gone on an organizing jaunt. Hope to be back for dinner."

But the hope thus expressed was not realized. Dinner passed and the early evening hours, and it was not until the moon rose high above the tree tops that the little Ford ran chugging into the yard. From it alighted a lively and happy woman, while the chauffeur his black face agrin with sheepish smiles, looked deprecatingly at the yellow decorations of his car before he ran it out of sight.

"Ten villages covered in a day," was the complacent report. "Fifteen minute speeches in each one—all the women on the Maplewood Pike called on—two public meetings scheduled for next week—in Meadville, discovered a pioneer—a real old timer going back to bloomer days—and she speaks well. In Slosingcenter, a Mrs. Paisley from Colorado is on a visit—quite a find for Exhibit A, A Woman Voter in Cap-



tivity. In Wellington, the minister is strongly in favor, and in Oakwood, the editor of the local paper will support our movement. Thursday I organize in Fallowfalls and Saturday in Farmingvale. This is a weak county and we must brace it up."

"The county has nothing on us when it comes to feeling weak," said John Jr. sotto voice, but he, like the rest of the conspirators, silently gave up the struggle. Mr. Rensling ordered the New York papers and made friends with as many men as he could find; John Jr. turned an indifferent eye on the letters that soon began to arrive in piles; and visitors came and went unhindered and unheeded, the Anna S. Palberts of five counties creating less excitement than had the lone one of a former day. Gradually the great game of propaganda engulfed the Renslings. John Sr. wrestled with the writing of programs and the answering of anti attacks in local papers; Esther was lost in a sea of literature which she forced upon the public as she met it at meetings, and which she sent to unoffending strangers through the mail; while John Jr. scoured the country nailing up posters and placards and browbeating shopkeepers into running suffrage window displays. And when any of them would have faltered, there was a lady with glowing eyes, determined mein and vibrant voice to spur them on.

"The more I look at Mother the more I understand Joan of Arc," said Esther expressing their united thought.

There finally came a day which marked the climax of weeks of work, when ten villages united in a master celebration on the lawns adjacent to the home of one of the wealthiest women of the state. Just how Mrs. Rensling and her co-workers had roused an indifferent plutocrat into an enthusiastic suffrage booster was a mystery not easily understood, when the short time and the exalted station of the convert were taken into consideration. Mr. Rensling

indulged in some wonder over this miracle as he wandered in the crowd that had collected on the grounds and looked back to see a larger one surging through the gates. For the park, which was on the order of an English estate with a lake, a lily pond, rose gardens, terraces, a wide creek ending in foaming falls that fell many feet down a cascade of rocks, with rustic bridges and arbors, with a ravine celebrated for its wild and rugged beauty, had been sacred hitherto from the public eye and foot. Thus the sudden and unexpected opportunity to behold its splendors had drawn honest farmer folk and respectable villagers by the hundreds across many miles of dusty country roads. A high platform that had been erected gave promise of the speeches that were in order for the early evening hours, while booths and tents were placed amid costly flower beds, and tempting things displayed to lure forth, as his son explained, "coppers for the cause."

Music, dancing, eating, exploring, talking and buying sped the afternoon hours, which Mr. Rensling spent in the society of a lawyer from the nearest town, discussing public questions near the waterfall, consuming many cigars, and wondering at intervals if the womenfolk would ever be ready to go home.

Later Esther, encountered in her role of leaflet distributor, counseled patience. "We can't go till all is over," she said, "unless you want to be a deserter. Of course you can do that. Go, and send Joey back with the Bentick. But you might as well stick it out. This is your last suffering. We've risen to the crest of the wave and tomorrow we'll go down splash on the other side."

This graphic figure conveyed enough comfort and food for puzzlement to her paternal ancestor to keep him at his social post. And it brought him to a position near the platform to hear the speeches which he had meant to carefully avoid, on the theory that no speaker could tell him anything about

the suffrage question or work that he did not already know. But one person did that very thing and it was the person who for a number of years had been the closest to him of anyone in the world. When Mrs. Rensling, foregoing a speech of suffrage argument, had mounted the rostrum to modestly give a little resumé of the work accomplished since the band concert at Fallowfalls, her life partner, after listening a few moments, felt surprise and amazement merge into a dazed weakness. For while he had known she had been occupied far from his presence for some time, he had not realized the full extent of her assault upon a defenseless county.

"Organizations," explained Mrs. Rensling mellowly, "are now doing good work in thirty-five towns and villages, the farmers' wives have united in a Country Woman's Club which will circularize all their women relatives, two hundred meetings have been held, and a fair and five concerts to raise money. A Campaign Committee has been established with the most important people of the county serving on it, the newspapers are with us, the ministers have formed a league to support suffrage, the children are happy in a Junior Suffrage League, the younger set has its Young People's Club, there is an efficient Speakers' Bureau, a Literature Committee, a Membership Committee, a Publicity Committee; one hundred stores will feature suffrage window displays, and there will be suffrage editions in fifteen papers."

"I swan," said a nearby farmer sotto-voce. "She's roped in everything but the cows and hens."

And Mr. Rensling endorsed this sentiment as his wife said in conclusion:

"The County of Roseland is ready to go ahead with full sails set, to reach every human being within its borders with the gospel of equal rights, and to set such activities in operation as will carry the County triumphantly for woman suffrage on Election Day."

Mr. Rensling mustered up enough strength to lead in the applause. He was glad to note that his wife, shortly after her remarks, signified her willingness to leave the scene. He thereupon hunted up his offspring and the car and managed to get his family away at a fairly early hour. The moonlight lay white over the fields and farmhouses as the Bentick sped toward Hanging Rock. Esther snuggled down in her seat and frankly went to sleep. John Jr. shortly followed her so good an example. Husband and wife were left to commune with each other. To Mr. Rensling's aroused imagination the quiet farmsteads they passed seemed to be draped with ghostly yellow bunting, while equally ghostly banners blazoning the votes for women slogan waved from roofs and verandas. Behind Mrs. Rensling he seemed to see a long procession of young and old and middle-aged, carrying pennants and fluttering leaflets, the County that had been innocent of suffrage knowledge and was now lined up in an ever increasing army to follow whither it led. Town and village, inn and shop, farm and field, wherever a human mind was to be found, a human heart to beat, there the Committees would march in conquering might to persuade, to instruct and to convert. And back of it all, the initial force, the inspiring source, the pushing power, was one slender woman in white who looked as devoid of dominating energy as any society dame with her head centered on afternoon teas and balls. What Mrs. Rensling was thinking about soon became apparent.

"John," she said gently, raising two appealing brown eyes to his face. "Would you mind returning to New York now? After such a long rest, I feel that I must get back to work."

And John Rensling, manfully gulping down his feelings, answered with the air of a good American husband:

"Not at all my dear, not at all. By all means let us go where you will have something to do."

## THE SILENT FORCES

RICHARD STODDARD, tall and distinguished in his evening clothes, made his bow to his hostess at the entrance of the gold and white ball-room, and then passed on with an eager look that betokened an interest in some one yet to come. As he strolled across the polished floor, under the glare of the huge and glittering chandeliers, his ears filled with the seductive strains of hidden instruments, his nostrils breathing the perfume of flowers, his eyes were keenly observant. Every tall figure that passed, if young and feminine, was subjected to a rapid but thorough scrutiny. But though there were many beautiful enough to provoke admiration, the unmistakable expression of eagerness and interest did not flash into being until his eyes discovered a little group of three people seated apart, two women facing the man who evidently was monopolizing the conversation. For an instant, Stoddard hesitated. Was he mistaken? After all it was three years and even a short time can change a woman much. But after a moment's pause, he hastened forward to greet them. Clara Greer was there at all events, and SHE if not there could not be far from family supervision.

As he came near, Mrs. Greer saw him and gave a little cry of pleasure and surprise.

"Richard Stoddard, is it really you?" she asked breathlessly.

At his wife's exclamation the gentleman, who had his back toward Richard, turned, and showed the red, good-natured face of the Frank Greer whom Stoddard knew so well.

"Upon my word, it's Dick," he said in mock astonishment. He sprang to his feet and grasped Stoddard's hand in cordial welcome, pouring such a flood of questions into the newcomer's ear as to render quite fruitless Richard's attempts to clasp the hand and look into the eyes of the third member of the party. Clara Greer came to the rescue.

"Frank," she said imperiously. "Be quiet. Here you've made Richard forget Elinor."

Stoddard flushed, and, released from his friend's attentions for the moment, looked down into a pair of dark eyes that he had constantly remembered since the last time he had gazed into them at parting. What he said he did not know. He got a fleeting impression of a dazzling costume, of a beautiful face like and yet unlike the one he had cherished in his memory, and then the irrepressible Frank, utterly deficient in feminine astuteness, oblivious to the sly nudges of his wife, and forgetful of many past happenings that made his sister and the newcomer more than ordinary friends, launched himself on a tide of eloquence that commanded the attention, if not the interest, of all present. To his numerous queries, Stoddard returned vague and at length impatient answers, and it was with a sigh of relief that he heard the first dance called and watched Mrs. Greer depart on the arm of a suave Frenchman. But before she went, she made things all right by saying smoothly and with what seemed to Stoddard angelic grace: "Fortunately Frank was to dance this with Elinor. I am sure he will be more than glad to relinquish his partner to you."

"Oh certainly, certainly," returned Greer rather blankly. "Ellie was going to get me into the swing of this new trot, but after all what does it matter how a fat, baldheaded man capers about. You two children go and trip the light fantastic and have a good time."

With a smothered "Thank heaven, we can be alone," Stoddard guided Elinor Greer safely across the crowded floor and, ignoring the lure of the music and the rhythmic swing of the dancers, led her to a low doorway opening upon the green haven of the conservatory, where serious conversation was possible. He must see her alone at once. Near a fountain dashing silver spray high up among the clustered stars of colored lights in the ceiling, he found two seats and they had the greenness and the quiet to themselves. Stoddard omitted preliminaries. His first words were vital and right to the point.

"I have come back for my answer," he said. "Elinor, do you remember?"

She let her fan fall from her hand into her lap, and looked him candidly in the eyes.

"Yes," she said simply. "I do remember. I know that you have come for your answer."

There was not a trace of coquetry in her voice or manner. Her eyes were full of a sincere and earnest light, infinitely lovely. Richard Stoddard's heart beat with exultation. Three years ago, he had left a girl, full of airs and graces, uncertain, coy, capricious. Now he found a woman whose mental poise evoked admiration. The rippling brook had become a river, deep, but not too deep for him to fathom. Only one feeling could have wrought this miracle in three years, the one magic feeling, the great moulder of women.

He waited a moment to fully realize his good fortune. All that had been trying and tiresome in his wooing and waiting would now be offset by the compensation of a surrender, sweet, unselfish, satisfying. He caught her hand eagerly, speaking in rapid yet tender fashion.

"Elinor, it has been a long time to wait. First one year, then two, then three. You were to let me know at the close

of the first, but of course, I know, your mother's death—You could not. I have tried to be patient with a feeling that did you infinite credit. The second year was harder, but this last has been a century. I have heard—of others—and it was trying to wait idly while another might secure what I valued beyond anything else. The cruel part has been never to be allowed to see you. What have even your letters been when I was denied your company? But it has given you the chance you demanded, to learn the world, to meet other men, to correct the youth and inexperience you were loth to trust with such an important decision. You found it impossible to decide three years ago, but now—?”

She answered him in a grave tone.

“It is much harder.”

Stoddard's face fell.

“Harder now?” he asked hastily. “Is there anyone else?”

“No,” she replied quietly.

“Then I may hope?”

“I hardly know,” she answered slowly. “That is for you to decide, not for me.”

“For me to decide,” he cried bewildered. “I do not understand.”

“The only reason I can give is that I have changed.”

“Ah, I can see that,” he said in a relieved tone. “You have opened your petals and are a full-blown rose. What can that change do but plunge me more deeply in love than ever? You are more beautiful than your picture showed, more beautiful than I had ever dreamed you would be—”

She frowned slightly and stopped him with a gesture.

“What I refer to is not my personal appearance but my mind. You haven't heard then through Frank? Rumor is still ignorant of the change, but I know Frank wrote you occasionally and he might have told you.”



"No," he said, and now he smiled indulgently. How natural it was for a woman to try and turn her personal psychology into a little mystery. Her taste in clothes had changed, she read other books, different operas appealed to her, she had abandoned sports, perchance she loved the church service more—these were the things he was to be told in serious romantic fashion. Amused but tactful, he decided to enter into the spirit of her whim, and said lightly yet pensively,

"You must tell me yourself, sometime."

She leaned back in her low chair, her white-robed figure dazzling against the dark background of the palms. It was no wonder that Richard Stoddard was all eyes rather than all ears as she proceeded.

"I have been thinking just how to tell you. I have learned from experience that it is not an easy matter to explain. One runs up against such prejudices, such conservatism. You see, I have practiced on Frank and Clara. To Frank I told simply what I felt, but results there were so discouraging that I resolved to appeal to Clara differently. So I started in with abstract propositions, intending to bring her later to the practical aspect of the matter. But she was so daunted by the principles themselves, she refused to consider the concrete examples."

Stoddard interrupted her politely.

"But after all, the fact that you have changed can make no difference to me. I was prepared for a growth of character and an added loveliness. These I have found. Tell me, Elinor, about the only thing that really matters. Tell me that my waiting has not been in vain."

• She looked at him musingly.

"I do not know," she said. "How can I tell. I feel that I know you—from your letters—better than anyone else in the world—and that I like you better—I have felt that if

you knew—and if you understood—and sympathized—that I might—it might be easy and natural for me—”

She hesitated.

“To give yourself to me,” he finished joyously.

“Well yes,” she acquiesced shyly, then with a gesture waving him back, “No, not yet. You see the whole thing must be settled, and—by you.”

“Then I shall settle it at once,” he announced triumphantly, “You are to be my wife, you—”

“No, no,” she cried. “Be cautious. You know you may change your mind, and it is awkward to take back ardent protestations. Let me think for a moment how I shall tell you.”

A frown furrowed its way across her white forehead. That, more than her words, convinced him that he must take the matter seriously to humor her, and he assumed a patient and sympathetic expression to meet her eyes when they should be lifted from their concentrated, though abstracted, gaze at the marble floor. But she did not look at him when at last she had her idea.

“I have thought of it,” she said in a pleased tone. “With you I shall go from the concrete to the abstract, just the reverse of the method I used with Clara. Come, let us go back to the ball-room.”

“Back to the ball-room,” he repeated deeply disappointed. “Not now surely, just when you are to tell me something important. It is cruel to keep me in suspense, especially as you say your answer depends on what I must learn at once.”

She rose with a decided air, and shook out her trailing white draperies, standing before him aglitter from head to foot with tiny silver spangles that caught the light and shivered and gleamed with her every movement. Her dark eyes met his with a steady gaze.

"I am sorry for the suspense," she said softly. "But unfortunately that must be a part of it. Come."

And since, however reluctant he was to go, he was still more reluctant to lose sight of her, he followed her meekly through the aisles between the great palms back to where the music and the dancers made confidences impossible. The gold and white ball-room flooded with light, reverberant with the shrill sweetness of stringed instruments, and crowded with swaying figures that made a kaleidoscopic mass of varied colors seemed garish and noisy after the room they had left. There was just a moment before the first dance ended, and a generous afterthought made her give him a little hope.

"Please do not see Frank or Clara," she said, "until we have settled this. At the longest, all can be explained by to-morrow evening. I wish to tell you in my own way and they would spoil it all. Promise me."

He had just time to give the required pledge, and to meet the brilliance of her smile, when her partner for the next dance bore her away.

Stoddard did his duty, as a good dancer, through three whirling rounds. His feet went mechanically, but his conversation was decidedly distraught. He confessed to himself that he was frankly puzzled by Elinor Greer's little mystery. He had been forbidden to seek any assistance from Frank or Clara, but he shamelessly sought some help from Emma Kensington as they rested from a dreamy waltz.

"No," replied Miss Kensington positively, "I don't see that Elinor Greer has changed her mode of life any. Of course, she has only lately come out from her retirement on account of her mother's death. She isn't in settlement work or anything like that, she doesn't spout Socialism or run with the W. C. T. U's. or boost any reform outwardly. Of course, you can never tell these days what a woman is think-

ing—she may be an anarchist for all I know. She's grown awfully good-looking, and the good-looking ones usually leave the stupid intellectual things to the Pie Faced and the Hump Figured. If you ask me, I think she's just one of us as always, in for a good time and willing to put in a lick for charity once in a while. She can sing a little, play a little, collects water-colors, and can cock her eyes at a man in a way that makes his heart turn a somersault. Elinor's all right and the man who gets her will like the pattern."

Stoddard felt relieved. He had feared for the moment that Miss Greer had taken a liking either to the role of ministering angel to the slums or of leading lady in a bohemian set where bobbed hair and arguments were the most distinctive features. At the conclusion of the fifth dance, he sought Elinor Greer again. He had looked forward to another tete-a-tete but Miss Greer willed otherwise.

"Miss Glenning is dancing," she announced. "We'll dance until she is through. Then we'll stop, because I want you to meet her. Keep as near as you can to her."

"Well," said Stoddard hopelessly. "I suppose I must do as you wish. But frankly why should we trouble Miss Glenning?"

"She's the reigning belle this season."

"I have met my reigning belle so let Miss Glenning go."

"I am especially anxious to have you meet her," she explained firmly, then, seeing that his expression denoted deep dissatisfaction almost approaching rebellion, she added significantly, "It is a part of my plan of telling you."

"That is different," he said, and quite obediently he stopped the dance at her bidding and followed her across the room to where Miss Glenning held her little court.

A new idea had come to Stoddard, so that he submitted with good grace to an introduction and even endeavored to

make himself agreeable. Mary Glenning might easily, and was quite accustomed to, excite in men's breasts the desire to ingratiate themselves in her favor. Stoddard, in a politely furtive scrutiny, acknowledged her claim to beauty of an unusual order. Superb seemed to be the only adjective that adequately expressed the elegance of the figure, the snowiness of the skin and the brilliance of the eyes that every art of dress and coiffure set off to the best advantage. Beside her, Elinor Greer in her glittering array faded into the semblance of a white lily blooming beside some gorgeous tropical flower.

After a necessarily brief interview, Stoddard was quick to express his thought of what must have actuated Miss Greer to force the introduction.

"Why, child," he said tenderly, "How could you think any other woman, however magnificent, could affect the question between us the least bit?"

"But it does," she insisted. "Not as you imagine it might. Now please see as much of Mary Glenning this evening as you can. Watch her, study her, be with her whenever the opportunity offers. As a favor to me I ask this."

Amazed and puzzled, Richard Stoddard hesitated. Then, seeing the earnest appeal in her eyes, he consented to the plan. His ten years seniority made him almost paternally indulgent.

From that hour until he reached home in the pale dawn of another day Richard Stoddard acted like a man in a dream. With his mind and heart full of one woman, he persistently followed another one about. He had the good luck to get one dance with the beauty through another man's hasty summons home, and he exerted himself to such purpose that the imperious social queen arranged to spend in his company the time allotted to an adoring, though humble, swain. With

a knowledge of coquettes and spoiled beauties, Stoddard managed to sound the depths of the mind and heart he had been bidden to analyze. The same qualities he had found a hundred times in her predecessors repeated themselves so plainly in Miss Glenning that the study of her qualities did not even have the charm of novelty. At the conclusion of the ball, as he pressed Elinor Greer's hand in his, he whispered:

"It has been dull, but I expect a reward for it later."

She smiled a grateful smile, and Stoddard saw at once that his ready acquiescence in her plan had advanced him in her favor. But she made no comment, only asked,

"Now will you call for me to-morrow evening at seven and take me where I ask you to? There is more to come, you know."

"Well," he said. "I am in the spirit of the thing, so I shall go through with it." and carefully eluding Frank and Clara, who showed signs of renewing the cordial relations of the early evening, he bowed himself off.

He told himself that he would not puzzle over the matter any more. He had only to wait until the following evening, when, as she had said, all would be made plain. But his dreams were uneasy and confused and he woke at last, perplexed and disappointed, with a vivid picture fresh in his mind, Mary Glenning smiling up at him, while down a long aisle dim with palms but alive with music, a tall figure that he knew to be Elinor Greer receded into the gloom.

It was quite a different Elinor from the one of the ball who held out a well-gloved hand in friendly greeting to him some hours later. The glittering draperies had yielded to sober garb, the roses, the jewels, the filmy laces were gone, but never in the face of the most enthusiastic debutante had Stoddard read a more eager expectancy.

They left the house immediately and under Miss Greer's guidance, Stoddard found himself on a trolley car bound he knew not where.

"If you don't mind telling me," he said laughing, "whether it's a call, a theater, a dinner or a see-the-sights jaunt, I'll be much obliged."

"None of them," she responded gaily. "You must guess something more intellectual."

But when he would have put his faculties to work on the problem she frustrated him by a change of topic.

Eventually they reached their destination in another borough of their great city, and joined their forces to a stream of people who were pouring into a large building in steadily increasing volume. To an usher stationed before swinging doors Elinor presented cards of admission and they entered a large hall and sat down facing an empty platform.

"A lecture," ejaculated Stoddard jocularly. "Let us hope it is not beyond my feeble comprehension."

To his surprise, Miss Greer suggested that they change their seats for some farther front.

"If you say so, why all right," acceded Stoddard. "But how are we to beat a retreat if he's dull?"

"He won't be dull," she assured him quickly.

As they were early they had to wait while the auditorium filled up. Stoddard occupied his time by endeavoring to guess what subject he had been brought to consider. He had gone all through those in the average college curriculum before a sudden enthusiastic and prolonged clapping announced the approach of the lecturer. In this applause Elinor Greer promptly joined, while a flush of pleasure suffused her cheeks.

A slight twinge of jealousy made Stoddard turn to see the man who could evoke a blush, even if by intellectual means.

To his surprise two women came forward on the platform, one seating herself and the other taking up a position near the reading stand where she promptly called the meeting to order. After a short introduction, the speaker arose, advanced to the front of the stage, and began to talk.

Stoddard, looking at her through critical eyes, saw little to attract attention or to win admiration. She was a short woman with a figure that he mentally described as "dumpy." Her hair was white and arranged in a simple and unfashionable coiffure. Her face was small, without pretensions to beauty, and there was in it both a motherly kindness and an intellectual shrewdness. Upon the brow he noted strong spirituality, and the mouth had a humorous twist. Altogether, there was nothing striking or alluring about the appearance or manners of the newcomer, and Stoddard looked forward with resignation to an hour or two of bored endurance.

But this was before the woman began to warm up to her theme, after a neat and effective prelude, lightened by a gleam of humor. For it was not long before a surprised and pleased Stoddard realized that she had opened the magic gates of real oratory, and ushered her audience into an enchanted land where she fascinated them by brilliant bursts of wit, sobered them by deep appeals to their reason and their better natures, stirred them emotionally, and roused and thrilled them as only they can do who have the golden gift of speech. Whatever culture, rich experience, thoughtful deductions, philosophical reflections, and scholarly treatment of the theme which dealt with the enfranchisement of women could do to make its consideration an intellectual treat was accomplished by the speaker who seemed to become transfigured from a somewhat commonplace human being into a prophet, a seer, a great reformer and altruist.



So absorbed did Stoddard become in the lecture, that it was not until it was half completed that he remembered his companion and felt curious to observe its effects on Elinor. He surprised such a look of reverence and comprehension in her eyes as to startle him, since he saw at once that her sincere acceptance of the radical ideas advanced was the point at issue between them as lovers. He was quick to see the reason why she had not stated her beliefs baldly and freely, realizing that in the set in which they both moved such an avowal would be met with derision and contempt. For the moment, he felt tempted to speak a word or two that would show that he thoroughly understood the situation, then thought better of the impulse. He would let her follow her little demonstration with whatever explanation she wished.

When at the close of an hour, Elinor Greer turned to him her face an eager question, he responded heartily with the words:

"A fine woman and a fine lecture."

Out of gratitude for this tribute, she introduced him to the speaker, and permitted him to have a brief conversation that contained some illuminating points. On the way home, Elinor Greer seemed to walk on air, so upborne was she by an excitement that was both intellectual and emotional. Stoddard studied her closely. At the close of the ball, she had been wan, not so much with physical fatigue as with mental ennui. Now she was fresh and radiant.

They spoke no word of explanation, until they were seated before the open fire in the Greer library, and then Stoddard turned to her, saying simply:

"I think that I understand, but I want to hear all that you would like to tell me."

She leaned forward, looking into the fire, as if to concentrate, and her voice was low and earnest.

"Last evening you saw Mary Glenning and to-night you saw Anna Storr. I have used these two women to make a contrast, to show how my ideals have changed. When you left me three years ago, I admired the type of woman Mary Glenning is. I wished to be like her. I longed for beauty, an assured social position, the admiration of many men. To be the cynosure of all eyes in a crowded ball-room, that was the height of all my aspirations. My mother's death barred me from all social functions, so I joined an institute and attended many of the lectures given nightly. At one of these, Anna Storr spoke, and others of her kind followed. Suddenly another part of me awoke. Clearly and positively, a new idea of woman rose before me, an idea that has changed my entire outlook on life. I see now that I once admired the idea of woman the purely sex creature, regarded and weighed and treated every relation of life, every circumstance, from the standpoint of sex merely. Now I revere the idea of woman as a rounded human being, with her sex, and the relations and duties attendant on it, as but a part of a larger whole which includes many lines of interest and work, a development that stimulates brain and spiritual growth as well as that of the emotions. Oh, I can't tell you how much bigger and better a thing it seems now to be a woman—it is as though a great portal has opened—and I see beyond countless possibilities—numberless opportunities—the right to do and dare in as great a way and to as fine ends as man has ever done."

She stopped, breathless and enthusiastic, her eyes like stars, her cheeks glowing.

"Not," she added hastily, "that I ever expect to be anything myself but the most ordinary of humans, but the possibilities for Woman—that is what I mean—"

"And one of the things you believe is that women ought to vote?" inquired Stoddard leading her on.

"Oh yes, I advocate it with all the power I have. Woman needs it for her own development and the world needs the woman's viewpoint of life expressed in the ballot-box. And since I have changed my idea of woman and through it my ideas of life, all of which will affect my daily thoughts and actions, I feel that you ought to know and decide whether my type appeals to you. You see there are so many ways that our happiness may be affected. The Mary Glenning kind of woman intends to get all of life's opportunities and luxuries out of men. therefore she caters to their vanities, and to their tastes. She feigns an acquiescence in their plans and adherence to their views she doesn't always feel—because it is good policy. The Anna Storr kind of woman would be a good comrade and equal, but would fight for her opinions, would be honest, direct, sincere, but would not flatter or feign to get her own way. It is a difference that would appall many men in our set, and so I give you a chance to make your choice."

Stoddard regarded her silently for a moment. He was convinced of her sincerity. This was no child's caprice, no feminine fancy, no pose assumed to make her seem unusual.

"I can see how your ideas would make life with you a very different matter than life with Mary Glenning," he said gravely. "One could not be sure even that your advocacy of the enfranchisement of your sex would always be a passive one."

"I am afraid my life outwardly will always be much the same," she said humbly. "No matter how strongly I believe, I cannot speak for the cause. I have neither the talent nor the training. I cannot write for it nor use great executive powers. I am not gifted in any way. But I can

feel for it and be of it. The man I marry must know that I shall feel a respect and loyalty to women and a love for them, that he must accept as a part of my character, to be in turn respected by him. He must know that pride in the cause and reverence for it will be one of my strongest feelings. Social duties to me will be of minor importance, my family life will not be my only world. One cannot tell just how far great causes may lead one. And always I shall work quietly and persistently to spread my ideas—to do my little part. I belong to what Anna Storr calls the Silent Forces. For there are many of us—in crowded ball-rooms, in noisy factories, besides the cradles of little children, in lonely homesteads, in student halls where we walk in cap and gown—many of us who feel these emotions, know these thoughts, cherish these convictions, carry love for the Cause like a flame in the heart, but through fear, diplomacy, inexperience, lack of ability to express ourselves we are silent and seem to the world stolid and indifferent. But we do speak now and then, in whispers, in quiet places, to kindred souls. And some day we shall no longer be silent in public. We shall speak out and then there will be millions of us—and we shall be heard.”

With a little gesture of restraint, she rose and walked aside to control her emotion. Then she came back to him with grave resolution.

“The man I marry,” she said bravely. “Must sympathize with me. These convictions go deep down into life—there can be no harmony, no happiness when there is no agreement on these things. Of course they require serious consideration. The hour is late and you must be tired, quite too tired to do justice to the subject, and so perhaps you had better go and we can talk this over another time.”

There was a suspicion of disappointment in her soft tones that he did not miss. Stoddard knew that his laconic ques-

tions, his silent listening, his lack of comments meant to her either gentlemanly tolerance or controlled disapproval, both of them far removed from the rich sympathy she desired.

"Before I go," he said gently, "I would like to tell you a story. The two people I have loved most deeply in life were ruined by the over-stimulated sex feeling of woman. I didn't know enough to call it that when my father was lured from his home and the fatherly care of three small and motherless children by a woman who, I have found out since, was intelligent enough and energetic enough to succeed in almost anything on which she brought her powers to bear. But she had been educated to believe that women should move in but one sphere, think of but one kind of actions, and being naturally fond of power she used her charm to wreck men. If she could have had her choice of a variety of interests as men have she might have done great good in the world. For years the thought of her filled me with a terrible feeling of bitter vengeance, it darkened my childhood, it has been a trouble that I can never forget. As a man now, I can reason it out, even realize that she was not to blame, but the path to cool judgment has led over pain and wretchedness.

"Then I had a sister, and she and I were all the world to each other. She was very beautiful and life for her seemed to be full of wonderful possibilities. She became the wife of a rich man, was surrounded by luxury, was very happy, and joyously and naturally became the social leader in the western town where she lived. She won easily the admiration of many men. While many women were jealous of her, one in particular who coveted her place planned her downfall. It was cleverly done. One day I received a telegraphed call for help from my sister, and, rushing to her as fast as the

trains would take me, I found her a physical and mental wreck. All that a dastardly hand could do to ruin her character, to alienate her husband, to estrange her friends had been done, and life for her had become a series of humiliations, rebuffs and cold suspicions that made it unendurable to a woman of fine feelings and sensitive emotions. As it all came upon her when her health was badly impaired, she had no spirit of resistance. I did what I could fighting subtleties, innuendoes, suspicions, half-truths with the blunt sincerity of a young man who is no match for a designing woman. but it was all in vain. At the end, my sister died and her little daughter, who just opened her eyes for a brief second on this hard old world, with her. It was a bitter blow to me, and made me a cynic for years, a hater of women. And yet I see now that the woman was not so much to blame as the system by which she was bound, the forcing of an ambitious, energetic nature to use all its powers within a narrow sphere, the teaching that she must hate and compete with other women for things that are hardly worth while, the favor and admiration of men. For years I couldn't see this—but one of your feminists, though not your Anna Storr, opened my eyes in one illuminating moment. She showed me a glimpse of what we can develop in woman if we, as you express it, make her a human being. Why, all our lives some of us have been suffering from the wrongness of limiting woman. There was my brother—he used to rail at his wife, habitually, because she lived for clothes and made him a slave to acquire them. These were her tools with which she did her work as she saw it, attracted him and kept him fascinated and charmed. Of course the better side of woman's sex shield has been her motherhood, but while the annals of the world are full of her nobilities and sacrifices, many times I have seen how far short she fell of the best

motherhood because of her clinging to sex standards. So you see, my dear, I have thought these things out too—and so I understand.”

“You understand?” breathed Elinor looking at him with shining eyes.

“Perhaps much more than you do,” continued Stoddard calmly. “You see I have banged about the world ten years longer than you have, and I have accumulated more experience, seen more things, had more time to weigh and consider. And all this time, while I have listened to your explanation, I have done so quietly to see whether you have really thought it out, whether you have found yourself. It was not really necessary to make me contrast two living women. I have always known both the Mary Glennings and the Anna Storrs, and I have always preferred—”

“Preferred?” questioned Elinor Greer faintly.

“The Anna Storrs, and that is why I am so strong for one who is still in embryo, as it were. Why bless your heart, Elinor Greer, don’t think there are only women among the Silent Forces. There are men, and we have as high hopes as you of a nobler womanhood and a finer companionship between men and women. We do not speak either, but we think—and dream. And when the time comes, you can count upon us—we shall not fail you. But there are two things that make up life, beliefs and—love. And having in true modern fashion disposed of our beliefs, let us take up the next in importance.”

And Elinor Greer, with a happy sigh, was not slow to follow so good a suggestion.

## STALLFED.

MRS. ANSON BEVERLY held out a limp hand of welcome to Josephine Cassidy and said hastily:

"Mrs. Barton, our Chairman, asked me to meet you and to entertain you at my home. And she wants to know whether you can address Local No. 78 of the Amalgamated Order of Plumbers to-night at their monthly meeting, or are you tired after your journey?"

"Yes, I'm quite tired," said Josephine Cassidy simply, "but never too tired for that."

Slowly she followed Mrs. Beverly as the latter set out briskly for her limousine. Brackett, the chauffeur, bringing up the rear and carrying Miss Cassidy's shabby suit-case, felt compassion stir his heart at the sight of her wan face and slender figure, and he obligingly lagged behind with her, taking advantage of the difficulty of threading his way through the crowded railway station and across the outside of the platform where all was bustle and confusion.

Mrs. Beverly was seated inside the limousine when they reached it. She had turned on a silken-shaded electric bulb and was waiting rather impatiently for their arrival. The light revealed her as a tall, fair woman with a full figure, and her expensive clothes fitted her as though she had been melted and poured into them as into a mould.

The limousine with its delicate gray upholstery, its flower holder containing one deep-pink rose, its silver mouth piece and shining mahogany wood, fairly reeked of luxury. Josephine Cassidy seated herself rather gingerly on its soft



cushions. Against their dainty coloring her dull-brown dress and plain sailor hat stood out in startling relief. She would have liked to put out the light, as her eyes were tired, and she furthermore suspected that it was to be an accessory to a detailed inspection of her person.

She was sure of this when Mrs. Beverly spoke again, as there was an added condescension in her smooth tones.

"We will drive at once to Workmen's Hall. It won't take long for you to speak and then we can go home. Brackett take the side streets."

"We can't be sure that I can speak at once," said Josephine warningly. "If the union has a lot of business to transact, I may have to wait a bit."

"But of course you can get in all right," said Mrs. Beverly. "Some of our suffrage speakers haven't been able to gain admission, so Mrs. Barton tells me. And that is why she thought of sending for a union woman. As one of them, you'll get different treatment."

"Oh, yes," returned Miss Cassidy. "And I have my credentials with me. I am welcomed everywhere by my brothers."

Mrs. Beverly looked at her with curiosity.

"I believe you were formerly a ticket seller on one of the Chicago elevated railroads," she said, and her tone was the same one that might be used with the words, "a bear in the Chicago Zoo."

"That is true," replied Josephine. "I worked there for years and then I became a labor organizer and have been forming women into unions ever since."

A silence fell between them. Mrs. Beverly looked at the white, worn face beside her and at the frail figure, and wondered why so sickly a specimen of womanhood had been foisted upon her organization in the midst of a suffrage campaign.

"Somebody is to blame for this," she thought sternly. "I shall complain to Mrs. Barton the first thing in the morning. To deal with those workmen we should have a good-looking, healthy, lively woman. This one will not attract them in any way. It's a waste of time and money to have her here."

For a few minutes, as she mentally formulated the speech she would give Mrs. Barton, she lost the bored, indifferent feeling with which she had assumed the task of taking charge of the labor woman. In fact she felt suddenly competent and very virtuous. Few of her friends she felt would have so far put themselves out for any cause as to wait as a hostess upon such a social inferior. and few would have felt equal to handling the situation as she meant to handle it in the morning. This was the first thing, the only thing, she had done during the campaign, but she would show everybody that what she did she did well.

On her part, Josephine Cassidy, looking across the social and economic chasm that divided her from the woman at her side, made a shrewd guess at a number of things that were not entirely to the credit of her complacent escort.

"Not one of the elect," said Josephine to herself. "Not one of those who live and slave and sacrifice and would die for the cause—found, thank God, in every rank in life. Fluff—hanging on to the fringe of things—but why hanging on?"

This puzzled her. Was there a politician husband, a business reason, pressure brought to bear from some outside source, that made this woman give indifferent support to suffrage?

Workmen's Hall was reached in a few minutes, and Mrs. Beverly, who at first planned to wait in the limousine, suddenly felt a faint stirring of curiosity about seeing the lower classes in their own haunts, and climbed the white limestone

steps with Josephine to the front door. She climbed many others, also, as it was found that Local 78 chose to meet in an eyrie at the top of the building.

When the two women, tired and out of breath, reached their destination, they were held up in a tobacco-scented lobby while a representative of the union interviewed Josephine, examined her credentials, and finally disappeared through a door behind which voices were raised in a steady flow of sound.

Mrs. Beverly sank into a wooden chair with a little gasp of weariness, the stairs having been hard on limbs used to smoothly gliding elevators. Josephine took another beside her, and sat silent, with closed eyes, resting. She looked so sick in the half light that Mrs. Beverly felt a little twinge of alarm, which she promptly suppressed. After all, if the woman was not well, why didn't she say so?

Minute after minute passed, and still the two waited. Workmen with strong, homely faces passed at intervals, occasionally two or three gathered and discussed some point with muffled voices, the air, heavy and close, made Mrs. Beverly sleepy, and the delay roused her indignation.

"Do they know that ladies are waiting?" she asked Josephine at length.

"Oh yes, but we have to take our turn, like everything else. They've got to put it to a vote of the union to let us come in. You see we interfere with the transaction of necessary business. There's a strike contemplated in this trade, so there's a lot to discuss."

And this was confirmed by a hubbub of voices behind the door which was succeeded by one strong, ringing voice that went on and on in a constant rhythm.

"That's Brady," said one of the passing workmen softly. "He's agin the strike—so it's all off—he always gets them."

"I aint so sure," returned his companion cautiously, and both went in to hear the orator at close range.

Mrs. Beverly alternately listened and addressed grumbling remarks to the man at the door.

"Just a little, just a little," said that individual soothingly. "I know it seems long, ma'am, but it really aint."

She received little attention from Josephine Cassidy, who, pale and wilted, continued to lean her head against the wall, sitting with closed eyes, her thin figure relaxed and drooping.

And it was not until Mrs. Beverly had firmly decided for the fourth time that she was being imposed upon and that she would go —now—at once, that the door to the inner sanctuary opened abruptly, and a man walked briskly up to them.

"All ready now, Miss Cassidy, come right in," he said in a hearty voice.

Mrs. Beverly who had half expected to be obliged to give her charge physical aid, was surprised at the revivifying power of the words. In a second, Josephine Cassidy was awake, the color bright in her cheeks, the light sparkling in her eyes. She made a lively remark to the summoner and accompanied him quickly into an adjoining room. Mrs. Beverly, following more leisurely, took a proffered chair in the midst of a large hall packed with men and close with tobacco smoke and the exhalations of many lungs. They were for the most part burly looking men with strong homely faces. But while their aspect was markedly different from that of the men with whom Mrs. Beverly was wont to associate, they showed the same look of quiet amusement that her social equals always did at the sight of a woman speaker introduced as an advocate of the woman suffrage cause.

This was, however, before she began to speak, for when she did open her lips and sent forth her deep and vibrant voice,

she had much the effect of an electric shock. The attention was at once gripped and held, and thereafter listening and feeling became the most absorbing things in life. For Josephine Cassidy off duty and Josephine Cassidy on the job were two wholly different beings. The one looked and acted like a candidate for a hospital, the other became a creature of fire and force, whose thrilling words like swords clove close to the heart of things.

"I am one of you," was the cry of Josephine Cassidy. "I come to you out of the circle of your working sisters, the women with rough hands and tired faces who help you do the rude work of the world. I come to you out of the circle whose existence you dare not ignore, since into it go your sisters and daughters, and the sisters and the daughters of your brothers round the world. Thank God I don't have to answer the old argument—woman's place is in the home—when I speak to you. You know why the sister and the daughter of the workingman have to go out into the stores and the factories. You know why your mothers have to eke out the family income with outside work, and why at any time your wives, if anything happens to you, must step across the thresholds of their homes and take up the cross of a daily struggle with the world.

"I come to you representing the women of your own class and I bring you a message from them. They say to you:

"Brothers, we have to work and are willing to work, since it is for the welfare of our children and to help such as you, but we rebel at working as WEAKLINGS, battling against low wages, unsanitary workshops, exploitation, long hours, and under the HELPLESSNESS OF DISFRANCHISEMENT. You men through experience and organization and the fight you have put up are strong in the industrial world. And the State has made you stronger by putting power in your hands,

the power of the vote. The workingman's vote, how many times you have used this as a club to get the things you want. But we women in industry, lacking training and organization, are weak. And the State by depriving us of the ballot has made us weaker. We ask you to help put into our outstretched hands this political power that you have found useful, both for defense and offense, we ask you to give us the chance to have a voice in the laws that govern us, and an influence over the public officials who administer them.' And to make you understand why we ask you so earnestly, let me tell you of our dire need."

And then Mrs. Beverly, listening with strained attention, heard described what seemed to her a veritable working woman's inferno. She heard of little girls so young in years that when an ex-President came to study the conditions under which they worked, they fled in a panic, believing a monster inspector was about to demolish them, their only idea of a great man; she heard of windows on fire escapes in flimsy buildings kept more tightly locked than all others for fear of thieves, thus threatening the safety of thousands of the cheaply valued lives of women and girls; she heard of fires that rushed with demoniac fury upon helpless workers who perished in horrible panic because their ways of egress were barred; she heard of strikes made by thousands of puny workers whose starvation wages, long hours, fines, and brutal treatment had driven them to desperation; she heard of 10,000 convicts forced by the state to learn and engage in the needle-work trades thus competing against the helpless women in those trades; forcing them, as Josephine said, "into idleness, a lower standard of living, or the lowest step of all"; she heard of tenement house sweatshops, a deadly menace to society, and a club by which the wages of women in the factories were forced lower; she heard of overcrowding, disease, adulterated food, and immorality.

Into one brief space of time Josephine Cassidy crowded the personal experiences of her years of organizing, going up and down the country and inquiring into all kinds of trades and conditions, and she painted her pictures in vivid words that made them stand out raw, livid, awesomely real.

And then, before Mrs. Beverly could cry out that surely it was only necessary to tell of these wrongs to have them remedied by wise and just lawmakers, Josephine told of the attempts made to do that very thing, the abortive and pitiful attempts of the weak and the disfranchised to pit themselves against the strength of the business interests and the voter who had the power of the direct constituent over the man in office, and who could drown the most touching appeals by the significant whisper: "If you want to be re-elected listen to me." There came, then, a long enumeration of the times and occasions when the workingwomen had stood by the men in their labor struggles, and at the end there was a burst of fiery eloquence.

"We cannot wait for our vote as can the women who live sheltered lives and walk placid paths. Our need is now, our help must come quick. To raise all our women to the status of voting citizens, to lift them out of the position of a disfranchised class which is always either legislated against or ignored, is to put at once into their hands not only a tool but also one of the most effective ones that can be used to bring about better conditions. Since we have helped you many times, with our money, our strength and our work, to win your labor fights, we ask you now to help us by voting for the suffrage amendment and thus bring to women in thousands of factories and sweatshops the Great Hope of democracy and freedom."

Though her mind was stirred uncomfortably, Mrs. Beverly haughtily refrained from joining in the spontaneous and

enthusiastic applause that came at the end of Josephine Cassidy's fiery and eloquent appeal. And she resented having to stand aside and wait, while the men crowded about the speaker and bombarded her with compliments, arguments, greetings, suggestions, promises of help and invitations to speak at other union meetings. Her sigh of relief was quite audible when at length it was all over, and the two women, escorted down the long flight of stairs by a delegation of enthusiastic workmen, reached the car and after many good-nights were whirled away toward the most aristocratic section of the city.

"Home, Brackett," she said peremptorily. "And quickly. It is late."

Josephine Cassidy, quietly consulting a modest timepiece, smiled, and then relapsed into a silence that her hostess made no attempt to end. "Home" was more imposing than pleasing to Josephine when a few moments later she followed "Madden, the Housekeeper" past a number of elegantly decorated and brilliantly lighted rooms, through whose silken-draped doors glimpses could be caught of rich-hued paintings, chaste white statuary, hothouse flowers, and a profusion of bric-a-brac, rugs and furniture. She was glad that her own quarters were softly illumined and more modestly equipped with necessities and luxuries.

"I hope you will be comfortable," said Madden. "Mrs. Beverly thought that this room would do, but if you need anything, why let us know, Miss." And she left with a compassionate look at the guest's pale face.

For a while the newcomer rested, but then the need of sending a brief report of her activities for the past few days to headquarters roused her to search her suit-case for the necessary writing materials and made her pen a hasty epistle.



"This ought to go the first thing in the morning," thought Josephine. "Of course I can send someone but a breath of fresh air would make me sleep better and there must be a letter-box near."

So quietly, almost stealthily, she slipped through the halls and let herself out of the front door. The box was easily found, the letter deposited, and, breathing deep breaths of the night air, Josephine took a short constitutional around the block. Upon her return to the house, she was about to ring the bell, when Madden suddenly opened the door.

"Oh my, Miss, you gave me quite a turn," she said. "I was just going to see if the stars were out—we got a special reason for wanting it clear to-morrow—and I thought you were safe upstairs."

Josephine Cassidy explained the situation and saying good-night started for her room.

The words were not loud but they made her pause at the foot of the stairs.

"But Mrs. Barton, I think I have done my duty and more—I am not accustomed to associating with the lower classes, and to have one as guest in the house is rather upsetting. I must ask you to have her removed to-morrow. I have guests coming and I do not know how they would take the enforced association with her. I am glad you stopped in to see about this woman, although you look ready to drop with exhaustion. It is so foolish of you to overexert yourself in any cause. Women lose more than they gain when they lose their bloom. We get more from men, don't you think, when we go to them with sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, looking fit?"

It was Mrs. Beverly's voice and it came from the library where she evidently had a visitor. A deeper voice answered:

"We shall never get the vote by simply using our physical charms to affect men. There is good, hard work to be done,

organizing, speaking, writing and distributing literature, making demonstrations that will make people think, getting all kinds of people to speak for suffrage to their own groups. It is hard, grilling work. And I did hope, Mrs. Beverly, that you were getting interested, and would really help. This is the first thing you have done for the campaign."

"Well, you ask impossible things of me, Mrs. Barton. I cannot help with the distribution of literature. I have never stood in a public place and made myself conspicuous by handing out things. I've told you many times, I know my friends would not like it if I gave their names to have things sent them. As for taking part in a local parade, no indeed—I must decline—one loses caste instantly trudging through the dust. I might sometimes act as a patroness at a dance. I will think that over. But I can't understand why you have to get up so many things. What does take such a lot of money? Postage and printing, and hall rent, and organizers, and speakers, and posters, and headquarters? Oh, I suppose they all count up. I am afraid I can't do any more just now. I am really quite busy, what with one thing and another. And really, Mrs. Barton, when I look at you and see how you have gone off since the campaign started, it makes me shudder, and vow that I will steer clear of what is affecting you."

There was much weariness in the tired voice that asked.

"Are you really a suffragist, Mrs. Beverly? Sometimes I think—"

"Why of course I am, Mrs. Barton. I hope that I am as much up-to-date as anyone. I count myself as good a suffragist as you, in my thoughts, but I'm not so foolish as to let it darken my whole life."

For a moment or two, Josephine, frankly listening, lost the words, for she suddenly remembered an extract from a letter that she had recently received:

"Mrs. Barton, the suffrage chairman here, is killing herself. She does the work of ten. She speaks and writes for the cause, helps with the organizing, does executive work; nothing is too big or too menial for her; she toils with a holy zeal, with absolute self-abnegation, and with an enthusiasm that never flags. She is a wonder, but sometimes I feel that our victory will be won over the dead bodies of some of our best. When I see her pallid face and heavy eyes, at times there seems to fall across her the shadow of a cross, a cemetery cross, and it makes my heart ache."

As she remembered, Josephine Cassidy's spirit leaped up in her breast as fiery and courageous as when she was in the rostrum.

When her mind came back to the dialogue in the library Mrs. Beverly was saying:

"It might be just as well, Mrs. Barton, for you to tell her yourself that this is only a temporary arrangement. She can go to the Young Women's or to a lodging house or somewhere surely. Of course, you say that everything is packed owing to the two conventions meeting here, but there must be some place. In fact, what we could do is to exchange. I will take the two women delegates you are entertaining and you could take this person. You do not seem to mind as I do. That is a good idea. I will send for her."

"There is no need to send," said Josephine Cassidy, quietly stepping into the room. "I shall be glad to meet your hospitable wishes as quickly as possible."

Mrs. Beverly was a trifle taken aback.

"You heard," she said. "I thought you were in your room. Well, perhaps it is a good thing."

"You must not mind, dear," said Mrs. Barton, and she rose and put a gentle hand on her arm.

For a second, Josephine Cassidy contrasted the two women, the one rosy and rested, attired in a house dress that was the

last word in elegance, complacently shallow, an obvious member of the order of dollar princesses; the other thin and worn, but with the beauty of the spirit irradiating her face and making it infinitely lovely to the discerning eye.

"Yes, I am glad to understand," said Josephine Cassidy tersely, answering Mrs. Beverly. "Because I may be able to make you understand also."

She laid a compelling hand on Mrs. Beverly's silken arm, and turned her toward the light, holding her at rigid attention, and looking her over with a merciless scrutiny.

"You are beautiful," she said. "You have everything—even a brain. But you are stalled, soft in mind, body, and soul, stuffed to repletion with luxuries, dying slowly because the canker of idleness and silliness is eating at your heart. How dare you take a great cause for a fad, to dally with it as you would with a poodle? How dare you enter the holy order of those who, like this other woman, fight, and sacrifice and agonize that freedom and justice may be given to women? How dare you cast a shadow over the rocky path along which the workingwomen of the world are stumbling toward the goal of emancipation? Stalled—a pampered, worthless animal. It is such as you who make people jeer at the cause, who rouse them to doubt, suspicion of motives, disbelief in its gravity. I am one of the lower orders you despise, and you despise me because you are stupid. Democracy lies at the very bottom of suffrage for women. It is permeated with a spirit of kindness, of charitableness, of an understanding of all classes and kinds. It levels rank, ignores conditions, places the soul above all material things. And you—what do you know of such things? The vision is too big for you. No one can be a suffragist who is not first a democrat. And you, who will not work or sacrifice, stand aside and leave the cause alone. You are not good enough to give out papers

at a public meeting, nor to march with real humans, nor to do the most menial of toil. You are of the lowest order of the spirit. Stallfed—fattening upon the spiritual garbage of life. Bah, you are disgusting.”

And with a gesture of infinite disdain, Josephine Cassidy left the room, while behind her a woman white and shaken with passion yet borne down by the force and tense sincerity of her words stood in a stunned attention.

A little later, suit-case in hand, Josephine Cassidy left the Beverly mansion and sought the street, where she found Mrs. Barton in a modest car awaiting her.

“Come,” said Mrs. Barton calmly. “I shall find some little nook or corner for you in my house, but it will be an emergency arrangement and I hope for your patient endurance.”

Josephine, sensing the simple cordiality that lay beneath the words, accepted the invitation without an expostulation. Neither woman spoke of the scene they had just left, until having arrived at the Barton house, they were about to part for the night.

“I may have been severe,” said Josephine suddenly, “But I spoke the gospel truth—and it was time somebody did it.”

And the fact that Mrs. Barton was not too saintly to suppress a smile, and, in fact, was human enough to press her hand in sympathetic understanding, made Josephine her devoted henchwoman during the two weeks she spent in the upstate city, carrying her suffrage message to thousands of her working brothers.

That any good would come from her indignant arraignment of Mrs. Beverly never entered her thoughts. And, when two years later, a second suffrage campaign carried her to the same city on a mission similar to the one she had had before, she never expected to even hear the name of her

inhospitable hostess mentioned. But on the very first night that she struck town, she was lured to attend a talk at headquarters to new recruits. And she found there Mrs. Barton looking down earnestly into some hundreds of eager faces.

"You will be asked to give out leaflets by the thousands, standing sometimes in the rain, sometimes on dull street corners, sometimes before the closed doors of meeting places. You will be asked to pass the baskets at meetings, to take up collections, to act as ushers, to fold leaflets until your fingers ache, to spend hours stamping and addressing envelopes, to carry posters about town and place them in shop windows, to canvass from house to house, to give our voiceless speeches standing in store windows and turning the cards in silence. You will be asked to do all the trivial, the menial, the uninteresting things that in themselves seem so unimportant, and yet when done on a large scale spell for us the word Victory. Before you pledge yourselves to do these things, I want to introduce to you one who has done and is doing them all, constantly, devotedly, wholeheartedly, showing daily that unselfishness that is going to make us win the fight."

And while many hands applauded the woman who hesitatingly came forward, Josephine, stunned with astonishment, hung helplessly to the edge of a desk. For in the person described by Mrs. Barton she beheld the tall and elegant Mrs. Beverly. That the recognition was mutual she saw by the expression on the latter's face which was at once proudly averted. But though it remained averted as far as Josephine was concerned for weeks during the suffrage campaign, it was a pity. For if Mrs. Beverly had once looked at the fiery speaker whom she feared, she would have seen in her eyes a remorse and an admiration that would have compensated her for much that an awakened spirit goaded her to perform.

## THE NAIL.

MIRRA VOLSHEN sat down wearily on the top step of a flight of tenement house stairs and leaned against the wall. In the faint light cast by a gas jet, she could see indistinctly the worn oil cloth on the floor, the faded paper on the walls, and the cheaply painted woodwork. Through a door a slight distance away, she could hear voices and the scraping of a chair across the floor.

For three hours, Mirra had toiled up and down tenement house stairs and interviewed the people whose languages she spoke—Russian, Yiddish, Polish, German, French, English,—her index card at headquarters reading, "Speaks six languages fairly well. Valuable for East Side work."

Mirra herself felt far from valuable at the present moment. Did it pay, she thought wearily and a bit morosely, this toiling up and down stairs, till one was a mass of aches; headache, backache, footache and yes, sometimes heartache? For how many, oh how many people knew nothing and cared nothing about the Beloved Cause.

The first days of her suffrage calls rose in her mind. She remembered her oft-repeated question, "Do you believe in woman suffrage?" and the answers she had received. The face of a woman came before her, an old woman who had asked in reply, "What's that lady? Is it green trading stamps?" And a man's voice rang in her ears:

"I can't vote for Suffrage 'cause I've allus been a good Democrat. Who's this feller Suffrage anyhow?"

She remembered how after these experiences she had substituted "votes for women" for the less comprehensible "suffrage," only to meet misunderstanding again.

"Want votes for women, hey?" one man had cried. "Vot-ing fur men's good enough fur me."

"Votes fur women," added another. "Is this here a Journal contest, lady?"

And then, when it was all explained with simple and pains-taking care, upon what slow and narrow minds her message so often fell, upon spirits unresponsive to the higher chords of life. Men and women alike, all had brought with them to the free air of America the old world idea of woman as the Breeder, the Household Drudge, the Chattel, the Inferior, whose wants were the last in importance in the family scale. Tired, patient faces, dulled from much physical pain and toil, the women lifted to her and many smiled vaguely at her enthusiasm or sadly shook their heads in a resigned negation. Roughly or gently, the men showed their masculine arrogance and the unconscious selfishness that had been bred in them by feminine submission.

Now and then, she struck a spark from some masculine or feminine mind which had been broadened by study or intellectual association with others and freed from old prejudices and beliefs. Now it was the labor union that was responsible for this wider outlook, now the radical Socialist element of the city or the study class of the settlement. To-night such minds, which she sometimes found in great numbers in certain quarters, were like oases in a desert. In the wave of discouragement and fatigue that swept over her, she forgot many encouraging things: the fact that she really made converts; that many, invited to her weekly meetings, came, out of curiosity at first then drawn by interest; that priests and ministers and rabbis, leaders of their people, obdurate



in the first campaign which had swept the city, were now relenting and turning a listening ear.

Every once in a while something happened that was significant, as it had last week when she had taken many suffrage posters around to the stores and asked permission to hang them in the windows. And at hundreds of Second Avenue shops, most of them small, down-at-the-heel establishments, the proprietors had known at once what she meant, had held out willing hands for her green and gold picture, so that one could have trailed her for miles by following its flaunted beauty in the windows.

She even forgot how slowly but surely, the suffrage news had won its way into the foreign papers so that the plans of the Party and the deeds and speeches of its leaders were discussed familiarly among the men and women who read them day by day. She forgot, too, that the name of her "Boss," Mary Genston Hale, had become a household word in many a family to whom American names were for the most part alien and unfamiliar.

"A long, hard fight," said Mirra to herself, "and when will it end, and is it worth the body weariness and the mind fatigue—the sneer—the laugh?"

She shivered a little, for doubt was horrible, like a dagger thrust through her passion for the Cause.

At that moment, the outer door opened and a man came in with a cheerful stamping of his feet. In a swift glance, Mirra saw that he was of her race, young, well dressed and healthy looking, with an air of prosperity. At his entrance her surroundings seemed more dingy and faded than ever.

As the newcomer started to come up the stairs, Mirra rose, that he might conveniently pass her. He looked at her carelessly, then noting her blooming cheeks and liquid dark eyes, interest dawned in his face.

"I am looking for Isaacs. I think it is the third floor," he said courteously.

"I do not know," returned Mirra helplessly. "I am a stranger here."

"Then you are looking for someone also. It is hard to see the names over the bells in the vestibule without a light. Unfortunately I have no matches with me so I suppose we must make some inquiries to get on the right track. I will ring here and find out about Isaacs. If you will tell me the name you want, I will ask for that also."

"Thank you," said Mirra, "but I want no special name. I am calling on everybody."

"Pardon me. But even if you have something to sell, it helps to have some names. Shall I get some for you?"

"No," returned Mirra, smiling a little at his persistence. "What I have is not for sale. I give it. It is an idea. I don't ask money for it, only interest and help in moulding public opinion. When you knock here I will go in and talk to these people."

The young man rapped sharply on the shabby door before him, and both waited silently for a moment. Then he said curiously,

"Can I call you comrade with truth?"

"No, I am not a Socialist," returned Mirra. "I am a feminist in the best sense of the word, and I come on a suffrage errand."

"Votes for women," he said with high good humor. "I would not have thought it. But then I have never met any advocates. Nor heard what they have to say. Why, if you don't mind, I hope you will go to the Isaacs family first and give me a chance to listen to your talk. Mr. Isaacs is a customer of my father's. If I approve of your idea, I might use some of the persuasion that makes him buy our goods

to get him to favor you. What do you say? Will you do it?"

For a second Mirra hesitated, a little taken aback, then the youth in her eyes answered the youth in his, and she laughed a little, saying, "All right," just as a stout Jewish woman threw open the door and peered out at them.

The Isaacses, it seemed, lived on the third floor rear. As she followed her new acquaintance up the long stairs, the flash of interest he had awakened died out, and her former weariness came over her like a wave of sickness. It would be better for her to go home and rest, than to try to talk to people in her present frame of mind. She paused for a moment on the stairs, undecided to go on or to go back. But after all, she had made a promise, light though it was, and she might as well go on. She would see the Isaacses, explain quickly and get away.

The Isaacs family, represented by a plump, good-natured son, gave them a cordial welcome.

"Well—well—Mr. Mendel, it is good to see you and er—your friend. Take a seat, take a seat—the lady here—My father—he looks over the price list already, and now my brother writes him an order, so business is soon done. Just a little for you to explain—what aint quite clear—and then we maybe turn to pleasure and talk."

In a few minutes the room was flooded with Isaacses of all ages and descriptions, beginning with a patriarchal grandfather and ranging down the scale thro' a stout mother and father past young men and women down to a school girl who "did homework," as her mother explained, sitting in a corner oblivious to much vociferous conversation.

"The men must talk much—till they finish business," apologized the wife kindly. "If it is too dull for you while you wait for your friend, Rachel will play the piano maybe a bit."

Mirra explained that Mr. Mendel was not her friend, but that she had simply "come in with him," that she wanted to speak to them all about a certain matter later when the business was over, and that being tired she would be glad to rest quietly for a while. Had they been in this country long?

"Yes," returned Mrs. Isaacs volubly. "all but my eldest son was born here. And you come from Russia, too?"

"Yes, from Russia when a baby," said Mirra.

"You speak the English good," commented Mrs. Isaacs admiringly.

"Languages come to me lightning quick," explained Mirra.

Just then, a baby cried loudly in an adjoining room and, with hasty apologies, Mrs. Isaacs went to investigate. Lest some of the others should talk to her, Mirra leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. She sighed from weariness. She was engrossed in her own thoughts for a moment, and then some words floated distinctly to her ear from the group of men on the other side of the room.

"I will put a nail in it now—nothing like a nail to hold down a proposition. Abey, aint it you always saying 'Nail it down'?"

The word "nail" struck upon Mirra's consciousness like a great bell clanging. Her eyes flew open, her cheeks flushed, she straightened up in her seat. In a flash, a picture rose before her. She saw a large auditorium, crowds of women seated, banners, flowers, a high platform. A tall figure in black, a woman, was speaking in a rich, ringing voice. And what was it she said?

"For the want of a nail, a shoe was lost,  
For the want of a shoe a horse was lost,  
For the want of a horse a rider was lost,  
For the want of a rider a battle was lost  
And all for the lack of a horse shoe nail."

Mirra remembered that the woman went on to show that if each grade of officer and worker were not in her place, the captain like a nail in the shoe, the leader like the rider on the horse, that the battle for woman's freedom in the state might well be lost and the whole woman's war for political emancipation throughout the world might be thereby weakened and delayed. Mirra, a captain in the ranks, had thrilled then at being called "the nail," and for days she had gone about half laughingly, half earnestly, telling her friends her new title. Secretly she had vowed that no battles would be lost because she was not in her place, that the great plan would not suffer because she did not live up to her part, that she would be worthy of the ideal shown in the speech.

For it had been a great speech, a speech that took the immense audience by storm, that brought them to their feet amid thundering applause, that made them break into cheers and shouts, a demonstration most unusual among women, that caused them to seize their banners with enthusiastic abandon and surge in masses of aroused, excited femininity along the aisles, up to the platform, where singing, shouting and laughing they mounted in crowded, pushing lines to file by their "Chief" and shake her hands in breathless fealty and fervor.

Mirra remembered now the emotion that had choked the words down in her throat so that she had only silently pressed the hand held out to her and prompted by something she could hardly analyze had carried it for a moment to her lips.

A feeling of shame surged over her that the vision had grown dim, that months of grilling work, of rebuffs, of physical and mental weariness had overshadowed the glory. She forgot that she had sinned in this respect but for the moment, and her spirit rose in her, determined to atone, determined to lift the standard higher than ever because for a small space

she had wavered. Again the old feeling of passionate loyalty to the Cause swept over her and girded her with her buckler of invisible strength and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Isaacs, returning to her side some time later, found her a changed being.

"It is good to be young," she said admiringly. "So white you were, now you are like a red rose that has been in the sun."

In a few minutes, the group of men gathered about the table and with their eyes focussed on some order sheets broke up. Mendel put the papers in his pocket, saying:

"The goods will be delivered soon. And you'll find them O.K. in every respect. Best line you ever handled and our guarantee back of every garment. I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Isaacs. It's a good thing our salesman Levy got sick this once to give me a chance to know you personally. No loss without a gain, hey? But that will do for our business. There's a young lady here who wants to say a few words, I believe. She is one of those suffragettes and she wants to line us up on her side. I told her we'd like to hear her talk, as most of us don't have the thing very clear in our minds."

At the word "suffragette," a smile went around the circle of people in the room. Mirra stood up promptly and stepped forward to a position where she faced them all. The zeal of the reformer burned in her breast.

"I came to tell you, my good friends, some points of the history that American women are making in this city and this state. The suffrage bill has passed two successive legislatures in Albany. At the next election this fall it will be referred to the men of the state to be voted upon. Like hundreds of other women who are going about the city calling upon the voters, I am asking men to vote 'yes' in Novem-

ber, to give their mothers, wives and daughters the same political liberties they enjoy.

"Here in this room we are all, I think, from Russia and we do not need to be told what the passion for liberty and freedom is. We all have it in our hearts. We have left the country of our birth because there our cries for freedom were stifled, our hopes crushed. Men should be fair and wish women to share all their advantages. Russians should remember that it was a woman, Olga, widow of Igor, son of Rurik, who brought Christianity to Russia, that one of its greatest rulers was a woman, Catherine II, who founded schools and churches and benevolent institutions and framed a new and more liberal code of laws, and that to-day, as always, Russian women are fighting side by side with their men for freedom. I have but to remind you of The Breshkowski.

"Here in America, the women in some states are free, but not in all. It should be a privilege for a Russian to help any class to freedom, and when he helps the women of America he must remember that he helps his own wife and daughters as well, and all the women of his own people who have come to this new land."

With this introduction, Mirra, who had meant to speak but a few short words and hasten home, launched out into some of the arguments that she had at her tongue's end and that she thought would especially appeal to the group of people now listening with strained attention.

It was the old grandfather who interrupted her at last, quoting with solemn emphasis a proverb that bespeaks a sunny kitchen for woman when she is young and a shady chimney corner for her when she is old, with many children to fend for and to remember. It was a very spirited Mirra who opposed to this old world ideal the new world conception

of woman, no longer a mere sex creature and a drudge, but a human being with many interests.

On the whole though, the Isaacses seemed favorably disposed toward the new gospel she preached and took with docile good will the leaflets she gave them. Therefore it was with an optimistic lilt in her voice that Mirra bade them good-night and started down the tenement stairs, a refreshed and energetic captain once more, a "nail" that held tight in its place. Mendel accompanied her down the stairs. As he had made no comment during her talk or at its conclusion, Mirra had taken his acquiescence for granted. Her surprise, then, was complete when he stopped her in the lower hall, saying abruptly and vehemently:

"You are wrong, all wrong, . . . And it is dangerous stuff you talk—why you would make a revolution—all the women would leave their homes—their only natural spheres, ordained for them by God."

Mirra smiled.

"Can a woman, then, leave what is both natural and ordained? I have always thought the two things we can't get away from are Nature and God. But just why women should abandon their homes for the sake of voting once a year—"

"Because they crave change, but a bad change it will be, losing the protection of men—"

"How many have it really? Men protect the women of their own families, when they can, if they are good men. The men of a class are polite, considerate, to the women of their own class. But brother, don't tell me men protect women in general. It is not so. You see, I remember the 30,000 shirtwaist girls who went on strike in 1910 in New York City against a work week of 57-62 hours, against wages of \$5, \$6 and \$7 a week. And I remember the 30,000



white goods and garment workers who struck in 1913 and the 12,000 undergarment workers, all women and girls, loaded down with long hours, small pay, fines for lateness, for loss of material, for thread, needles and machine power. You should look up these things and see how men exploit helpless and ignorant women."

"But those women—outside the home—outside the general rule of marriage—they don't count," said Mendel doggedly. "It is the usual wife and mother—"

"Don't count?" queried Mirra, astonishment and anger in her voice. "Women who are weak and unfortunate don't count? You should be ashamed to say it. But look to what figures tell about women in the home then. In 1913, 25,000 wives in the United States were the sole supports of their children and husbands. And from 1887-1906 of the 367,502 divorces, 211,219 were granted on the wife's petition. And look at all the thousands of men who desert their families—"

"You sound like an encyclopedia and a crazy one at that," cried Mendel.

In the dimly lit vestibule, they faced each other with youthful hostility.

"Just why a pretty girl like you should go around upsetting homes and wives—Well, don't you come to mine," he said wrathfully.

"You needn't worry about your wife," Mirra said cuttingly. "I will leave her severely alone—"

"My wife—I haven't any—" returned Mendel irascibly.

"I thought as much. I've canvassed enough to know that it is usually the wifeless men who shout the most about the wife. Those that have them are not so scared about losing them."

In spite of himself, Mendel smiled.

"Well, women have struggled along without suffrage for years," he said, "and got along pretty well, too."

"And for lots of years we've worried along without electric lights and trolley cars and subways and aeroplanes and telephones. But times change, and now we don't stand for candles, horse cars, toll gates, homemade cloth or any of those good old-fashioned things. And woman, coming out of her home more and more, has to have more power in a public way than was necessary before. It is all simple enough."

"So you think, who don't realize that women will have to give up more than they'll get."

"What they give up will be first being classed with idiots, paupers, criminals, lunatics and minors as unfit to vote, a grand give-up. And another thing will be to give up begging the men to remember their interests when they pass the laws, and let mothers have equal rights to their children with fathers, and equal pay for equal work, and other things—still nothing to make us weep to give up."

"Not those things—their homes—their children."

"Fiddlesticks," retorted Mirra placidly. "Men vote and have homes, wives and offspring, women in the western states have voted for years and still don't deprive themselves of flats or families. We could even have a law passed providing that each female voter should be allowed one husband and two children and not have to waste all her affection on ballot boxes."

"It is no joke—I tell you—" cried Mendel angrily.

"No, it isn't brother," said Mirra soothingly. "But I can't stay here fighting with you any longer. I must go home. Anyway, if you'd only read up a bit or go to some meetings and get your facts a little straight it would be more fun having a clash with you. When you collect a few real

arguments, I should be pleased to have a grand battle with you. But now, good night."

She turned resolutely and hastened down the four steps of the dark stoop. At the bottom, half broken, and quite out of alignment, a snare for the unwary, lay the fifth step. Innocently careless and unable to see her way, Mirra gave her foot a violent twist and fell heavily to the sidewalk. In a moment, Mendel reached her, lifted her up and filled the air with solicitous inquiries.

Valiantly as a suffrage captain should, Mirra strove to assure him that she was all right, but involuntarily little gasps of pain accompanied her words and she found herself quite unable to stand on her injured foot.

"You are hurt—it is too bad. They should mend their stoop. I myself stumbled over that step coming in. You're not able to walk. It's lucky I have a car here. Let me help you. Come to the curb—first we will go to a doctor's and then to your home. You must come. What is a little suffrage fight between us now. We'll make a truce for a while and be friends. And when your foot is well, we'll take up the fight again."

In spite of her will, Mirra's protests were weak, and to them he paid small heed. With firm hands, but with kindly solicitude, he helped her into the modest machine at the curb and jumping nimbly in beside her, started the car. Mirra felt such a sense of relief as she sank upon the seat that her last vestige of misgiving was merged into a wave of gratitude. In an emergency it is pleasant to find a friend.

At the doctor's Mirra received a tight bandage, numerous instructions, an assurance of a short wait for normal conditions to return and an adjuration to cut out gadding for a while. This last filled her with dismay.

"I expected to finish this election district this week," she said woefully to Mendel as they started for her home. "Mine's all done, but I'm helping a sick captain—it was to be finished by the Borough Meeting. This assembly district was among the ten best for canvassing. Now we'll drop back a bit."

"Is the city swarming then with girl captains?" asked Mendel. "It is terrible. You should not be running all about."

"We usually go by twos and threes, and we're not all girls. To-night I just happened to be alone because the others got so tired I sent them home, and I was tempted to do just one more house. But, of course you would find fault—because it is suffrage."

"Yes, I would find fault," he raged, "and so would any man who knows his rightful place in the world, and woman's. It is he who should go about and she who should stay at home by the fire."

"Even in summer?" asked Mirra flippantly. "Come now, my friend, you know right well that in these days and this country women are not staying at home. Every lecture, every church, every theater, every tea shop, besides the factories, offices, schools and clubs, are flooded with femininity. They might as well go to the polls and do some good there."

"But they won't do any good," said Mendel. "We ought to push them out of all the public places into the homes. I don't know what once kept them there, but we ought to have it again."

"Work kept them there," said Mirra. "Spinning, weaving, soap-making, baking, brewing, candle dipping and wool carding—all of which men have stolen and carried into the factories, laundries, breweries, and stores and left woman

sitting with empty hands. So she's decided to go out of the hearthside limits and connect with her work. And she sees the world is not so bad. Once men said terrible things would happen to women who became educated or who wanted to enter industry. They set up awful bogies to scare their sisters. Now they have set up the same bogies at the polls. But we're on now, because the others never materialized. So we aren't scared about the political ones."

"Scared!" said Mendel in a furious voice. "Who said you should be scared by bogies? It is real warnings and facts should scare you. Theories are what your head is crowded with. Me—I am a practical person. Now take a real woman as a case, say her name is Sara. She marries a man, Joseph. Sara and Joseph start the business of a home. Every business concern has to have a boss, so Joseph will naturally be that boss. It is scrubbing, mending, washing, cooking and children that should be enough for Sara. Joseph will represent her in the world and in politics. It is the ideal way of doing things."

"And the ideal parents," said Mirra dryly, "Joseph the boss and Sara the drudge. Now to my mind the business of running a home isn't done well by a boss and an inferior. It's the kind of business that takes partners. Each has a different work but they represent the home together."

"Is that so?" asked Mendel with heavy sarcasm. "Sara, who doesn't earn a cent, should have as much to say as Joseph, who earns it all. Sara, who is by nature inferior, should set a bad example to the children by setting herself up to be as much as their father."

"Doesn't earn a cent—I like that—doing work day and night that has a high price when it is done by hired labor. Partners in business manage to set up a few rules to go by to work out their problems, but of course Sara and Joseph

should fight continually and throw commonsense out of the window," returned Mirra equally sarcastic.

Mendel's only answer was what might be called in primitive circles a derisive snort. That rage was again mounting to his brain Mirra could see, since under the light of a lamp post she noted that the little auto described an eccentric arc and almost grazed the wheels of a passing vehicle. As it careened, first wildly to the left and then to the right, Mirra fell sharply against her disputant.

A twinge of pain in her injured foot reminded her of her injuries and sounded a warning. Chauffering and arguing evidently did not mix well. But what youthful reformer ever let a vision of twisted muscles and broken bones deter her from an argument on the one and only subject worth discussing. Valiantly, Mirra returned to the fray.

"I think we began to discuss voting, not domestic problems. Now, when Joseph goes to vote—"

"He votes to represent his family," said Mendel.

"Oh, is it then the family that votes?" asked Mirra with maddening innocence. "One would hardly think so with the ancient bachelor and the youth of 21 given as many votes as the father of five. Joseph, now—suppose he's to represent his family—with his mother a Prohibitionist, his wife a Republican, his sisters Socialists and himself a Democrat—how is he going to do it all with one ballot? Come, brother, you know right well the Democratic Party can count on Joseph at each election in spite of the family."

"Things like parties do not count so much," said Mendel loftily. "Joseph would vote for the best interests of Sara."

"I'm not so sure, judging by what the collective Josephs of the country have done. The Saras have a different way of looking at things. Sara might believe in equal work for equal pay, while—"

"Joseph would feel a man is worth more than a woman in business and he would be right. Sara should give in to him on such things."

"No indeed," said Mirra decidedly, "she is a human being and has a right to her own opinion just the same as he."

"Then there will be some grand fighting," said Mendel.

"Because men want to be tyrants?" said Mirra hotly.

"Not tyrants, but natural leaders and guides," shouted Mendel with some violence. "Why do you distort things?"

"Because you do," returned Mirra with scorn.

Once more the little auto described a wild arc and barely missed colliding with another auto from whose rear seat a shrill chorus of feminine protests arose.

"You have too high an opinion of women, who are always inferior to men," accused Mendel when he had whirled them to safety.

"And you too low an opinion," returned Mirra. "Once men thought women had no souls. They were wrong about that, just as they are now wrong about this inferior business. When women get the opportunities, the education, the incentives, the encouragement and the help that men have, they will be more than equal to them and don't you forget it."

"That is nonsense and worse," said Mendel. "It is insurrection and revolution talk—and—"

"Mind the auto," said Mirra with a thrill of mingled fear and excitement. Once more the small machine made several twists and turns in rapid succession, but this time a policeman gave vent to stentorian commands and ordered a halt. The dialogue that ensued did not lack a certain liveliness of tone and picturesqueness of phrase that Mirra as silent spectator thoroughly enjoyed. At its conclusion, they sought a side street and proceeded on their way, moodily

on the gentleman's part and demurely on the lady's. After a journey of a few blocks, Mirra said:

"Here is my home—the other side of the street. Yes stop here. It is kind of you to have brought me in your car. You have a good heart if not a right head. But perhaps when you think over this Sara-Joseph business you will see that Sara needs the vote because as a citizen she ought to have a voice in the government and as a woman, a mother and a homemaker she ought to be able to look out for the interests of herself, her children and her home—and because—"

"A thousand becausees won't change things or make me feel right about this nonsense of voting," said Mark Mendel loftily. "The only reason you want the vote is because you haven't got it and can't think of any other grievance to worry about. Now if you were like Sara—"

But Mirra was absorbed in getting out of the car and limping painfully to her stoop and up its few steps to the first floor apartment where she lived, and chivalry prompted the tendering of Mendel's good right arm to the disabled foe. But after the bell had been rung, and just as the door after a cheerful clicking had swung open, and the door of the apartment followed suit, she sought to have the last word:

"Of course, you don't believe a woman has any love of liberty like a man, or wants the privileges of a free citizen. This Sara that you praise, who is just like Joseph's shadow, with no mind of her own, don't you hold her up to me as an ideal woman. She needs to be waked up and use her mind."

"Just because she is a good and decent wife—a real help-mate."

"A real doormat," said Mirra disdainfully. "One can be a good wife and mother and still want to vote and have a few opinions."



"Well give me Sara every time as the right type—and Joseph as—"

"Take them both with great pleasure," said Mirra. "I wouldn't have either of them. And now good-night, and I hope you some day learn to know better."

"Good-night and the same to you," answered Mendel, and was gone with an emphatic closing of the door.

"Who, then, are these people you are fighting about with a strange man?" asked Mirra's sister Josephine, who had not hesitated to listen behind the safe shelter of the apartment door to their parting shots. "Do you mean Sara and Joseph Levine? And what is the matter with you—you are hurt—well, well, Mother—Father come—Mirra—"

And so great were the ejaculations and sympathetic queries of her family, who came running to find out the trouble, that Mirra never answered the question about the mythical couple whom Mendel and she had used in their verbal battledore and shuttlecock.

For over a week Mirra languished at home, missing to her deep chagrin a captain's meeting, a Borough conference and some of the best open-air speaking. She helped the campaign as much as she could, however, with her hands, addressing envelopes, folding literature to be mailed, sending out notices, all of which she bribed a small brother to bring to her from headquarters. One evening while she sat at a table strewn with papers, her family having departed en masse for the movies, and struggled alone to put three hundred notices in three hundred neatly written envelopes, the bell rang peremptorily. Using a cane, Mirra managed to achieve the door, there to find Mendel with a young woman confronting her.

"I came to inquire how you progress," he said stiffly. "I see you walk after a fashion. It was too bad you got hurt,

but sometimes things are for the best. Perhaps, now that you have time to think, you realize how foolish it is to work so hard for the vote."

"I don't get much time to think, I am so busy," said Mirra wickedly. "Even if I can't go about, there are lots of things I can do for the cause—like folding these slips. If you don't mind I will go on, as these have to be mailed this evening."

She led the way to the crowded table.

"This is my sister Martha," said Mendel. "We came for a ride and I thought I would show her a suffragette in captivity."

The sister, who was pretty and barely sixteen, smiled happily.

"My brother has done nothing but talk about you," she said. "As a rule he doesn't notice girls, but you seem to have made an impression. As far as I can make out, you are the only person who has ever dared to contradict him—most of the girls are so mushy. He says you call yourself a nail and you act like one, all point and as hard as steel. But as I tell him, nails make dents where flower stems don't."

In an evident desire to stop these confidences, Mendel took up the printed slip and read it. He frowned.

"Mass meeting—Oct. 18th—Carnegie Hall—An Ex-Governor—A Senator—A college president—all to speak—to help lead women astray from the right paths—."

"Yes," said Mirra dryly. "An ex-Governor who has seen woman suffrage in actual practice in his state for fifteen years, a Senator who comes from another state where women vote and a college president who is a great scholar and thinker. It wouldn't of course occur to you that they might know more about the subject than a person like you who has neither thought about it, studied the arguments nor seen the thing in operation."

"Oh, but Mark does know about it," said the pretty sister hastily. "Why lately he has gone to lots of street meetings—and he read two or three pamphlets last evening—I can't imagine where he got them. And there's a book on his desk I noticed to-day, 'The Subjection of Women' by Mill. It looks horribly dry and I never knew Mark to read such deep stuff before. That's why I wanted to come tonight. I wanted to see a girl who could get him to act like that—"

"Martha," said Mendel sternly, "stop your silliness and help fold the notices."

"You run a great risk reading such things," said Mirra solemnly. "If you desire to remain like your ideal—the boss—Joseph. I'm sure Sara would not approve of it either."

"One has to read to see what is said in order to refute the arguments," explained Mendel, though his face became scarlet.

"The arguments are considered fairly unanswerable," commented Mirra softly. "But of course there are powerful intellects that can do anything. Be careful now; you have folded two slips without noticing it. It can't be you are so abandoned as to help a suffrage meeting to that extent. As for Martha, why do you contaminate her so recklessly? If you let her touch these, the next thing liable to happen is that she'll want to attend the meeting."

"Being of the sex that doesn't know when it's well off she might," responded Mendel stiffly. "And so it will be just as well for me to take her out of temptation. Come Martha, you have seen a suffragette, we will get along now and leave her to her own devices."

Reluctantly, Martha rose, and followed her brother to the door, Mirra limping politely along at the rear.

With an evident desire to give one last admonition, Mendel preceded his good night with the solemn remark.

"I see you have a good, comfortable home here. It is a pity you do not appreciate it enough to stay in it."

"I appreciate it so much, I want all other women to have homes—and some of the workers can't unless they get more wages and have more time off. This means legislation—influence—votes—"

"Always the workers in your mind," he said impatiently. "Why not stand up for the home women?"

"Because they have you to do that," returned Mirra slyly. "Good night, Mr. Hearthside Helper. Some day you will have to think of the workers too."

"Never," responded Mendel, and departed with his usual angry abruptness.

Through six weeks of rest and active work, which included indoor meetings and outdoor speaking, Mirra caught only occasional glimpses of her argumentative acquaintance. That she caught even these in the haunts that she frequented, surprised her greatly. For she beheld him solemnly taking notes at a mass meeting, glooming on the outskirts of several street meetings, and thrashing out some questions earnestly at the headquarters of the Men's League.

In the big parade that made suffrage a feature in thousands of newspapers throughout the country and abroad, she took a conspicuous part and was surprised to have Martha rush up to her from the sidewalk and thrust some yellow flowers into her hands, just before the march began.

"You look perfectly grand," said Martha enthusiastically, "I would have marched too, but they said I'm too young."

"You march?" said Mirra derisively. "With your brother a violent anti? Yes you would."

"Brothers change," said Martha cryptically. "Mine's wobbling. If you'd only give him a good suffrage push."

"Something will," said Mirra calmly. "But it will not be me. Some other girl perhaps, or an event, or a speech. You never can tell what will rise up and knock all the anti out of him."

And as she started to march, she could not forbear stealing a look at her erstwhile opponent and surprised him concentrating a gaze upon her that was far from disapproving.

"Queer things—men," soliloquized Mirra as she stepped forward to the music of a band, and never realized, as the thought of Mendel stuck in her mind all through the parade, that women are sometimes queer also.

"Perhaps the parade will get him," Martha had said hopefully, and these words clung to Mirra's memory. But the parade, great as it was, brought no results from the Mendel quarter, and Mirra had fairly given up the idea of a conversion, when something happened.

She returned home from an afternoon meeting and took up the evening paper. There in screaming headlines, a factory fire was announced, and horrible details of the deaths of hundreds of women and girls followed in sickening sequence. That the law had been ignored so far as safety devices and adequate inspection were concerned was plain. Human life, counted in insignificant women and girls, had been held cheaper than the fire escapes, the exits, the extinguishers that were needed to make it easy for hundreds of panic-stricken workers to rush from flames and smoke, and to protect themselves from the consequences of carelessness or accidents.

All through the evening meal, the Volshens discussed the gruesome facts with horror and pity, and Mirra was quivering with many emotions, when the bell rang and before she realized that she had a caller, Mendel rushed into her presence. He was covered with dirt, his clothes were torn,

he had altogether so wild an appearance, and so ghastly a face, as to strike Mirra dumb with surprise and consternation.

"I have been helping them," he said panting. "Some of them were so young. And the mothers cried so. Common people, of course, but the girls meant a lot to them. You were right—they do support the families. The policeman said it's easier to get jobs in the factories for the Italian and Russian women than for the men, because they will work longer under worse conditions. You see, the factory was right across the street from us. And I didn't believe you, but I have seen it, their helplessness, how they were exploited, And there was no protection. Somehow it makes everything look different—about women I mean."

This was but a quarter of what he gasped out, telling his own impressions, his story, his thoughts slowly and incoherently, with long pauses filled with painful thinking. To all of this, Mirra listened silently, filled with a kind of awe. It was not through tragedy that she had hoped to change this one man's ideas concerning the position of her sex and the justice of her cause. That his opposition should be overwhelmed by a wave of human pity and sympathy with human suffering, took from her all her sense of triumphant satisfaction.

When they had talked for hours, and he had grown calmer, she did, however, express in a few words her feeling of thankfulness for his conversion.

"That is due to you," he said. "You gave me the light by which I looked at things. Lots of men at the fire, they will be sorry and help, and say it is all a damned shame. But they wont after all see what you have helped me to see, how it all connects with bigger things. So that is why I came to you first, to let you know that the Sara and Joseph talk looks pretty small now in the face of other facts."

Mirra smiled whimsically.

"So you are really my convert—that is the last thing I expected. What will Martha say?"

And Martha did her saying with the perfect frankness that characterized her, a week later, when, moved by a desire to atone for his former opposition, Mendel testified modestly to his conversion at a small meeting over which the Suffrage Nail presided with great decorum.

"Mark has been landed," said Martha. "Nailed to a suffrage plank. But this won't be the end of it. I can hear the wedding bells a ringing—yellow flowers all round—and a suffrage bride. What all the Hearthfire Hatties and Homey Helens couldn't do, this one, built on the nail order, will."

And she did.

## WINDS AND WEATHERVANES.

MICHAEL MORAN, looking indifferently out of the window of the Chippewa Club where the cohorts of the regular Democratic organization were wont to meet and to indulge in district powwows, suddenly braced up and let out an excited whoop.

"Hey, Patrick Quinn, sneak and sneak quick," he called. "She's coming, and coming here."

Patrick Quinn, District Leader, surrounded by five of his election district captains to whom he was laying down the law in no uncertain terms, shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth, and asked caustically:

"Who's coming?"

"Mrs. Parker, the wimmin's suffrage leader of this here district," answered Moran.

Quinn swore softly to himself.

"It's me that forgot to answer her letter," he said. "I might know that one of that suffrage gang would have some follow-up system. I'm out boys, gone to Albany or some other snide town. See you later, after you've shooed her off."

He gathered up a few papers from the table against which he had been leaning, and hurried out a door into a side room. Hardly had he gone when another door opened with some ceremony, and one of the hangers-on of the club ushered a woman into the room.

"Thank you," she said to him, and addressing Moran she asked pleasantly. "Will you please tell Mr. Quinn I would like to speak to him?"



"That's too bad, lady," returned Moran graciously. "He's gone to Albany. I seen him off myself. Dunno when he'll be back."

"Is that so? When did he go?" asked the lady calmly.

"He, oh he went to-day on the 9:15," explained Moran glibly.

"Strange," murmured the visitor musingly.

"Oh it aint strange. He often goes. Important business once in a while."

"Oh not that," she replied. "But the man who let me in said Mr. Quinn left for a conference at Tammany Hall two hours ago and that he had seen him off too, taken him down in his auto. Mr. Quinn gets around surprisingly well even in these active days."

For a moment, Moran was somewhat abashed, then, venturing to look squarely at his questioner and catching the twinkle in her eye and the smile that curved her lips, he laughed a little sheepishly.

"I am perfectly well aware that Mr. Quinn does not yearn for an interview with me," she went on. "But I think he ought to grant me that privilege, and I even think I must insist on it. I've brought a little statement with me showing the number of women enrolled under the suffrage banner in this district. When he sees it, I am quite sure that Mr. Quinn will feel that he can hardly ignore them. Of course they don't vote, yet. But their husbands, fathers and sons do and then, too, when they vote they may remember a bit of the past."

"Not they," broke in one of the Democratic captains who had edged sociably nearer. "Women's forgetaries are good."

"Well, you see we won't depend on their individual memories," said Mrs. Parker softly. "We have all of you gen-

lemen on file down at headquarters. We have exactly what you say, when interviewed, or what you won't say, and when you refuse to be seen. I shall be sorry to report unpleasant things about Mr. Quinn. You see his predecessor, Mr. Cullen, was more reasonable. He allowed us to send speakers to the district Democratic conventions to request that the delegates to the state convention use their influence to secure a plank in the party platform urging that the suffrage question, in the shape of a constitutional amendment, be submitted to popular vote, and later, he let us into the district nominating convention and let us urge the nominee for the Assembly to take the pledge that if he were ever in the Assembly Judiciary Committee he would help to have the suffrage bill reported and would vote for it on the floor of the house. That was helping us a lot, although I don't believe Mr. Cullen ever thought we would win out. But now that both the Democratic and Republican parties have put suffrage planks in their platforms, Mr. Quinn ought to be less hostile to the whole idea. If Mr. Cullen had not died, the women of this district would have felt they had a friend in the Democratic Party, instead of an enemy. But I suppose it can't be helped. Tell Mr. Quinn I called, that I was sorry he was out, and sorrier to have to report at my district meeting next Wednesday that he is still opposed. The Republican Leader of the district has made an appointment to meet me at 6:30 to-night to talk things over. Well, good-bye gentlemen."

"Well, excuse me Mrs. Parker," said the Democratic captain thoughtfully. "But why be in such a hurry? Here is a right comfortable chair, and that story about Mr. Quinn's being at a Tammany conference is the right one. Moran wants to have his little joke about a jaunt to Albany. I happen to know that Mr. Quinn is coming right back to the

clubhouse after the meeting, and I know right well he'll be glad to see you. He was telling me only the other day, says he, 'McCarthy, it won't be long now, before the ladies 'll be voting, and we'll have to plan to get them into the Democratic Party.' Them were his very words. Now Mrs. Parker, you sit right down, and I'll go into Mr. Quinn's private room and see if he aint come back; sometimes he slides in so soft and easy, we don't none of us know he's here; got letters to write and such things. Now promise me you don't fly off the handle but wait a few minutes. We all of us want to treat you right, Mrs. Parker."

Mrs. Parker obligingly sank into the big leather chair drawn up for her comfort and waited. Moran, left to entertain her, shifted uneasily from foot to foot and cudged his brains for a sufficiently elegant remark.

"You have a nice clubhouse here," said Mrs. Parker, helping him out. "And a good membership, I hear. How many can you get out at a meeting usually.?"

"Depends upon the meeting, Lady. With a good-sized row on, we kin get two hundred of the fellers as easy as winking. With nothing much doing, we kin get thirty or forty maybe. Sometimes I think we orter keep up a continual fighting so's the club'll boom."

And he launched into a tale of the latest fight.

"Yes, it's human nature to like something stirring and spectacular," commented Mrs. Parker. "No one realizes that more than I do. But here comes Mr. McCarthy, and with good news I hope."

"Yep, it's good news all righty, Mrs. Parker. Mr. Quinn has just come in, and after he sorter gets his breath, he'll see you in his private room where the general public aint never allowed. It's quite some stunt to get in there, though as he and I says nothing aint too good for the ladies."

Mrs. Parker, yawning to suppress a smile, seemed to bear up well under the thought of the impending honor.

After some desultory talk, Mr. Quinn was believed to have gotten his breath, and she was escorted into his august presence by his conciliatory captain, who stationed himself behind the lady's chair and scowled admonishingly at his superior.

Mr. Quinn's joy at meeting a representative of "the ladies" was well concealed under a frigid exterior, and his voice when he condescended to speak was somewhat haughty and patronizing. Nor did he remember to remove his hat, nor the cigar that he habitually wore in the corner of his mouth. As he spoke, he let a fat hand play with a conspicuous watch chain that adorned a bay-window front.

"Mr. McCarthy, here, he says you got evidence the wimmen of this here district is going in heavy for wimmen's suffrage," spake Mr. Quinn. "I aint had no rumors to that effect and I tell you plain, Mrs. Parker, I kin hardly swaller such dope. Words is easy said, ma'am, but they don't prove nothing."

"I did not expect you to believe my mere word, Mr. Quinn," said Mrs. Parker. "I have brought along a statement, and some day I want you to stop in our local headquarters and see the actual signatures of the women on our enrolment slips. Some of the names will surprise you I am sure. Here is the statement."

She laid a neatly typed sheet on Mr. Quinn's desk. There was silence for a while, as he studied it with intentness. Mrs. Parker, watching him closely, saw his manner change from one of chilling indifference to something of amazed interest.

"Who got them names?" he queried. "If wimmen got them, of course 'tis natural for other wimmen to sign jest to

help 'em out. And if men got 'em, men paid to do such work, why the way they cheat is something fierce. And if wimmen jest stopped in your office and signed, 'twas to pass away an idle hour, or if they signed at street meetings, well, people often do that to get rid of being nagged by them that's after them."

"You seem to have covered all contingencies," smiled Mrs. Parker. "In your opinion then, the names are worth nothing. As for me, I can't agree with you. You see we get money from these people every once in a while, and they fill our public meetings with big audiences and they really seem to be interested. I might add, too, that our suffrage captains (we've one for every election district) are going around canvassing, getting more names all the time. We claim that a million women in the state want to vote and we've enrolled within a few thousand of that number already. It will soon come out in a public statement. But never mind about that. Our amendment is to be submitted to the voters this fall. Now, whether you are with your party in endorsing woman suffrage or not, you might be obliging enough to give us opportunities to get at the voters. If we have a weak case, why we won't win. If we have a strong case, why you can put up a fight against us. So I've come to ask you to give us permission to send a speaker to one of your regular meetings. We're arranging for these all over the city. Will you do this thing?"

Mr. Quinn looked at his visitor with virtuous amazement.

"Me?," he asked. "Don't you think I got to consider the feelings of the members of this here club? To get 'em here, innocent and unsuspecting, and spring a female suffrage speaker on 'em, that aint a square deal. First you know we'll have the old hens of the W. C. T. U. rattling round here, or the lady peacemakers quarreling in our rooms, or the

Revolutionary Dames raising patriotic collections for a home for Thomas Jefferson's old collar buttons. No ma'am, the male sex has got to have some places where they can go and be at rest, far from wimmen and other disturbances."

"But a henchman of yours just told me that the members never come out to the meetings very well unless there is a district row on. That doesn't look as though they came here for rest and peace. And I don't ask you to spring anything on the poor innocents. Print on your notices the whole horrible truth and let any sensitive souls stay away. Our experience has been, Mr. Quinn, in other clubs that the men turn out in great numbers."

"Curiosity, Mrs. Parker—it sometimes is sad to see how it works."

"But I am not asking this for myself alone, but in the name of all these women in your district."

"Yeh, Mrs. Parker, but I'd like to save them poor ladies from themselves. I know that voting is going to demoralize them sumpin fierce. it's going to break up their homes and keep 'em from getting married. Men aint going to marry women and support them in idleness and have them shoving against them at the polls."

"Well, if men won't marry, I don't see how homes can be broken up. But never mind, Mr. Quinn, women have voted for years out west and none of these disasters have happened."

"Well Eastern men has more spunk, they won't be put upon. So, sorry as I am to refuse a lady, I gotter do it. You aint goin' to win anyhow, Mrs. Parker. Course two years ago lots of men voted in favor of the amendment, for a joke, like enough. But this year the parties 'll be on the job better. But as for me, I'd like to oblige the ladies when I can, but they must ask sumpin reasonable. Now I think it's bad enough to have men politicians in a family.

Look at me, I aint at my home in a dog's age. Now if my wife was to git out and run round like I do, where would the house and the kids be?"

"Oh, we're asking to vote, not to be politicians," said Mrs. Parker softly. "I know hundreds of men who don't aspire to jobs like yours. Yet they vote. Well, goodbye Mr. Quinn. I won't take no for a final answer. You think it over and see if you can't arrange for a meeting here. The Republicans seem inclined to have us, and if they do—"

"Oh, them," said Mr. Quinn with ineffable scorn. "The reason they always get left in this district is because they're so mushy-headed. If they do anything for you, it's because the down and out party is always hoping to pull themselves up agin and can't afford to slight nothing or nobody. Good day, Mrs. Parker, and glad to meet you again some time."

And Mrs. Parker, escorted to the door by the courteous McCarthy, departed, little dreaming that she left behind the makings of a fine wrangle between leader and captain, a wrangle that led to much shouting of voices and use of the profane, but which had no very disastrous results, since shortly after consigning each other to an uncomfortably hot place, they were seen by awed henchmen to depart amicably together to the nearest bar.

In transferring her attention from the Democratic camp to the Republican, Mrs. Parker also transferred it from the Irish race to the Italian. Not that the Mr. Camodetti who called was the leader, for he was not. He was just a captain pressed into service to take the place of the leader, who "was sorry but was unable to keep the appointment." Mrs. Parker received her visitor rather blankly, remembering her own rather vain boast to the Democrats.

Mr. Camodetti, however, was as polite as only an Italian can be. When he entered the local suffrage headquarters

where Mrs. Parker awaited him, he removed his hat with a flourish, wrenched his cigar from his mouth, and gave her a bow and a greeting that were truly Chesterfieldian.

"Mr. Larew, he send a letter," explained Mr. Camodetti, smiling and displaying a dazzling array of white teeth.

Mrs. Parker took the letter and opened it, and when she had read it she handed it in silence to Mary Cummings, Suffrage Captain, who had just come in and who was obviously curious as to its contents.

"I am sorry," Mr. Larew wrote. "But I have so many really live issues to take up my time that I cannot give attention to woman suffrage. To be sure my Party and the Legislature have both endorsed the suffrage question and the voters must vote on the amendment at the election, but I have confidence that the men of this state will vote the proposition down, as they did last time; in fact I believe that its defeat will be more decisive. Knowing this, I do not feel that I can conscientiously take time that ought to be devoted to weightier matters to give it to the suffrage issue."

"Mr. Larew, he Southern man," explained Mr. Camodetti, seeing the peculiar expressions on the women's faces. "He believe like I do, that women should be taken care of by men, no need for them to vote, everything done for them by men now."

Mrs. Parker smiled a bit wearily.

"Many Southern men talk like that," she said. "And yet women and children are exploited in the Southern cotton mills. Theory and practice often conflict. But, of course, it is hard to make people who won't see the world as it really is abandon their romantic and impractical ideas. I don't know, in view of Mr. Larew's opposition, that it is worth while to ask for a meeting at the Republican clubhouse. That was the request I was going to make of him."



"A meeting at my club?" queried Mr. Camodetti. "We would like much to oblige but I fear it would not be pleasant for ladies. Often the men, they smoke, and they spit, and they are not of a refinement."

"They are the fathers, brothers and sons of the women of this district and the meeting is a district affair," said Miss Cummings.. "We women can stand a little cigar smoke, if we have to, to work for a good object. We must take things as we find them. Though I think you will find, my friend, that there will be no smoking while we are present. The American man can sometimes separate himself from a cigar for an hour or two without expiring."

"Maybe," returned Mr. Camodetti doubtfully. "But tonight I could not say for sure about the clubhouse. Me—I would do it—Mr. Larew—I don't know. And if he would, he is not the entire boss. There are others must be asked or we start some row not easy to end. I tell Mr. Larew and I write you or telephone later. It is, however, strange to me that the American women, they have so much, wish to mix in the dirtiness of politics. In Italy, the women they rest quiet on this question, and the women of my race in this country they care not."

"But woman suffrage has its advocates in Italy," corrected Mrs. Parker. "I just read the other day that it was first brought up in 1863, a long time ago, brought up by Peruzzi, and that it has come up every year since, before the government, Crispi, Giolotti, and Sonnino have been some of the prime ministers who have expressed their opinions on the question. This is a world demand of women and the women in Italy will some day get the suffrage just as American women will."

"I know not the history so well as you," conceded Mr. Camodetti. "But it is right you are, maybe. And now I

will away. And thank you for giving me the pleasure to meet two ladies of such a fineness."

When he had departed, Mrs. Parker said:

"Whether these political leaders are suave or rude, they are all against us."

"Only in this district," replied Miss Cummings. "And only for a while at that. Either some personal reason or some order from those higher up will make them switch over with lightning rapidity. In some of the districts the suffs have had fine meetings at the clubs. We've got the behind-the-timers that's all. And by the way I've got an idea that another unsympathetic soul's going to show up, shortly. The Socialist leader of this district phoned he wanted to see me this evening, so I told him I'd be here around seven. I've been canvassing some of his comrades and I suppose he objects or something. I wish you would stay and see him with me."

"I might as well see them all," said Mrs. Parker with resignation, and so it happened that when Mr. Leo Hirsky arrived, he found two ladies instead of one awaiting him.

"I came to protest," said Mr. Hirsky with some excitement. "You suffragists go against liberty and freedom and right. You do not stand up for what is good for woman and for man."

"What do we do?" asked Mrs. Parker in some surprise.

"It is the picketing you denounce—by your leaders. As for us, the Socialist Party, we was the first to stand up for votes for women. We believe, also, in picketing. The workmen fought for the right to do this, and the women who do it, they are in their rights too,. I come to say that in this district you hurt wimmen's suffrage by going against them pickets."

"That is a matter of opinion," returned Mrs. Parker. "We denounce such methods as unnecessary in this country,

and undignified, and actually hurtful, as we can prove in many instances."

"Such talk—it is the disgrace," continued Mr. Hirskey. "And I tell you that while the Socialist Party in this district will continue to support wimmen's suffrage as it always have, it will do nothing to help your branch of the suffrage workers. And now I will say good night and go."

And he propelled himself with some violence through the door.

"Temperamental Tom." commented Miss Cummings calmly.

"And now everybody is down on us, in the leader line," said Mrs. Parker. "I got a letter from the Prohibition Leader, the other day. He said he was personally in favor and that the Party was for suffrage, but that he really couldn't see his way clear to helping us in the district. He might make a speech or two, but nothing else. So, Mary Cummings, we certainly have an uphill road to travel."

And Mrs. Parker sighed heavily.

"Pooh," said Mary Cummings with the optimism of youth and a perfect digestion. "Just because you're a new leader you needn't get discouraged. As a Captain I am a veteran, having hung over from the last campaign, and I can tell you, things are O.K. in this district. You just remember that your instructions read to be friendly with all the leading men of influence. Well, look at the ministers; last campaign they were decidedly chilly; this year they offer themselves and their churches for meetings. And the Ladies' Aids and Foreign Missionaries are keen to hear our speakers. And there's the schools, the principals and the teachers. It strikes me they're boosting the cause considerably. And I've gotten suffrage resolutions out of sixteen local clubs of the male persuasion; not so bad, hey? As to these small

fry politicians, I'd hate to count on their continuing on the front line of the enemy, they're so liable to change. You run in a stock of patience and wait. I'll call on their wives and poke them up. A little home nagging might help, if they haven't married echoes or shadows or ladies with hollow headpieces. Weathervanes veer with the wind, Mrs. Parker. We'll see that the wind blows right and results will just naturally be good."

Mrs. Parker was secretly comforted by this breezy and happy philosophy, but only temporarily. When she left Mary Cummings and went to her own home, her misgivings returned, and she confided many gloomy thoughts to the partner of her joys and sorrows.

"Hobnobbing with Quinn and Larew, hey?" said Mr. Parker whimsically.

"To say nothing of Hirskey, the Wrathful," added Mrs. Parker. "Now Tom, if you can think of any good way to get just and progressive ideas into these men's heads—"

"Nothing short of an operation would do that," returned Mr. Parker shortly. "Just and progressive ideas would embarrass them sadly in their business of holding their parties together. If you could cook up some arrangement whereby you could promise them a certain per cent of the women's votes it might help."

"Tom," expostulated Mrs. Parker, and gave up the idea of seeking masculine advice.

Meetings and captains' conferences and report making and speeches kept Mrs. Parker more than fully occupied during a hectic week or two. Mary Cummings, in her sprightly fashion, made a report on the leader question.

"I met Alfred Larew on the street," she said, "last Thursday, and we straightway gave an imitation of the Ancient Mariner and the Wedding Guest. I fixed him with my

glittering eye and I told him my tale. And he and his club will have none of us. Moreover, he made it plain that in his opinion sons need the protection of the ballot, not daughters. Daughters are so universally guarded by fond and loving parents and by society. It seems he is a prospective father, so that is why he runs to the sons and daughters illustration. We were right in front of the Resmond factory, and before I thought, I took him right by his well-clothed arm and I pulled him into the yard, and there the girls were walking at the noon hour, and you know how young some of them are. And I said, "There is the way we protect some of the daughters. And they're not all the children of the poor either." And I pushed forward Margaret Strange; used to be wealthy, but father died, all the money's gone, Margaret's reduced to the factory, on account of her gingerbread education. I think the thing hit him squarely between the eyes. But I can't be sure. Some men wear blinders from choice, and I don't know whether he'll ever be a real father more than a quarter of an inch from the surface. So much for assaulting the Republican embattlements. I called on Mrs. Quinn. She is not promising. She's got five children and Mr. Quinn usually does the thinking for the family. So I showed her what she could do for the children if she had the vote, and after sowing the seed I left her. I don't know how fertile the soil is. But I sent her some leaflets and all we can do is to wait."

"And a long time at that, I fear," said Mrs. Parker, and Mary Cummings, in spite of her cheeriness, refrained from her usual vigorous denial. Yet neither waited passively. Delegations of Democratic voters were persuaded to call upon Quinn and reason with him, and Republicans performed a similar office for Larew. Letters reached the recalcitrant gentlemen and the local newspaper featured suffrage and

printed letters and arguments from interested citizens and district celebrities. But there were no results from all the agitation and education.

And so it came about that Mrs. Parker was forced to rise in a large meeting of the leaders of the Suffrage Party, gathered from the five boroughs of the city, and to give one of the poorest reports of the day on the subject of

“The Attitude of the Political Leaders.”

She hated to do it, she shrank from doing it, and in doing it she thought decidedly uncharitable things about the gentlemen whose adamant indifference she despaired of changing. And her concluding remark summed up her whole thought:

“The attitude of the two political leaders of the dominant parties in my district is hopeless,” she said, and then noting the expressions of eager helpfulness that flitted across numbers of the faces before her, she added a little defiantly, “We don’t really need any sympathy or suggestions of the usual order. What we need is something big, an order from the big party leaders themselves, to whip the small workers into line; for some reason of expediency of course, as nothing else would move a politician; or some epoch-making speech by a national character whose opinions and influence they simply can’t ignore. One of my captains has called the political leaders human weathervanes. If they are, the ones in my section of the city are peculiar ones. They will not be turned by a gentle little breeze of public opinion or private influence. They will only be changed by a great wind blowing like a hurricane seventy miles an hour.”

And because she was firmly convinced of the truth of this statement, Mrs. Parker laid herself open to several shocks during the next few weeks. The first came when a note

was received from Mr. Quinn asking her to call. With Mary Cummings as a bodyguard, she entered Mr. Quinn's private office with some wonder. Mr. Quinn himself received her with some embarrassment. He removed his hat and his cigar and clumsily drew forward two chairs with an attempt at gallantry. After some hemming and hawing he got down to the business of the moment.

"I think may be you ladies kin have that meeting," he said. "Other leaders is lending their clubs, so I dunno but what we fellars in this district kin stand one suffrage date. There is more of a demand for this thing than I thought and I aint the man to stand agin anything the people want. The Democratic party is strong for the people every time. So if you will mention which evening is most convenient for youse and if you will promise not to send no highbrows but some good lookers that can talk plain and will take with the boys, we can fix things up easy and quick."

Mentally going over the list of the suffrage captains, wondering which one had managed to thus change the great Quinn, Mary Cummings neatly phrased the thanks Mrs. Parker was too dazed to express.

After a few minutes, Mrs. Parker recovered enough to add a note of praise and to fix the date and mention the speaker. Mr. Quinn was all affability and courtesy. In vain, Mrs. Parker raked her brains for an explanation of the change. There had been no big event to bring it about, and she was quite sure that no "order" had been sent out from the higher powers. While Mr. Quinn was obliged to answer a telephone call, Mrs. Parker hastily sought help from her captain.

"Constant dripping of the water wears away the stone," said Miss Cummings cryptically. "Either that or we have a siren in our midst. But thinking over our suff captains, there isn't one vampy or sireny enough to do it."

"I must find out," said Mrs. Parker and at the conclusion of the interview, she made a heroic attempt to carry out her determination.

"And now, Mr. Quinn," she said pleasantly. "I hope your changed attitude is due to one thing—conversion—and that I'll be able to tell all the women of this district that you have seen the light."

"Oh no," said Mr. Quinn hastily. "I wouldn't go so far as that, Mrs. Parker. It aint me has seen the light." He hesitated, and then went on shamefacedly, "You see, it's Maggie done it."

"Maggie?" queried Mrs. Parker faintly.

"Mrs. Maggie Quinn, no less. I dunno how she got hold of the idees, her that never goes out to no meetings and is wrapped up in the house and the kids, and likes a new recipe for cake or pancakes bettern a novel. But got it she did and awful bad. And she came to me and she laid down the law. For fifteen years that little woman aint never told me what to do; it's me has always been boss, and her follerin that meek and quiet you'd never know she was in line. But this time she stood up to me bettern the best and there was fire in her eye and her tongue. Well, by gorry, I never knew she had it in her. I seen fireworks whilst she was talking. And she says its time the mothers got their innings—for the sake of the kids. And I says, 'Maggie would you go to the polls?' And she answers quick as a flash, 'Yes, I would and outvote some of them scalawages that hangs around Flynn's saloon.' Well, anyhow, it gave me quite a turn. And would you believe it, I got my orders plain and strong. The wimmin's to be give a chance, says Maggie, and it's me has got to give it, or home won't be no heavenly resting place for Pat Quinn. So you see, after I got over the bump it gave me, I got on the



job and fixed it up. So don't thank me, it's Maggie done the thing to please the ladies."

"Well, did you ever?" ejaculated Mrs. Parker when they had left Mr. Quinn and were on their way to suffrage headquarters. "What next, I wonder."

The "next" proved to be a letter from Mr. Larew. It arrived at the end of an afternoon district meeting which ended in the passing about of fragrant cups of tea, delicate wafers and much conversation. Mrs. Parker read it, first to herself, and then with a shout, demanded quiet, and read it to the assemblage.

"Since the arrival of Miss Virginia Larew, who came into this world four days ago, her father has done some extensive thinking. And somehow the suffrage question has a different aspect now. After all, Virginia is entitled to every privilege, advantage, and right the world can give her, and I as her guardian wish her to have every weapon with which to fight the battles of life. So, Mrs. Parker, I shall be glad to co-operate with you all that I can in work in the district. The clubhouse is yours and if there is anything else needed, command me. I hope so to conduct myself in this campaign that I shall years hence be able to look my daughter in the eyes and tell her that I helped to make her politically free."

"The first child," cried the women understandingly, and toasted Miss Virginia Larew with tea, made her a member of the organization, and ordered the secretary to send her a suffrage button.

And at the next meeting of the suffrage leaders of five boroughs, Mrs. Parker arose and with ill-concealed satisfaction, reported two rousing meetings in the Democratic and Republican clubs of her district. Her report was received with acclamations and much amazement. And Mrs. Laura Stevens arose and asked:

"And to satisfy the curiosity that is consuming us, do tell us, Mrs. Parker, what was the seventy mile hurricane that turned your human weathervanes?"

"There was no hurricane," confessed Mrs. Parker. "Just two little zephyrs called Virginia and Maggie. It seems political leaders are human beings before they are politicians."

And very gently and graphically, Mrs. Parker told her story.

## A MUSICAL MARTYR.

IT WAS a newspaper clipping started the great idea buzzing in Esther Marr's head. It was a young head, but through it marched every day a solemn procession of great thoughts; not those that are tinged with the shy beauty, the tender ardors of young romance, but those that are sterner, and that ring loudly in the speech of orators as Freedom, Political Liberty, Democracy. And down in Esther Marr's slender body where the physiologists would have located her heart and the poet her feelings, burned a still and holy passion for what Esther Marr heard referred to a hundred times a week as THE CAUSE.

Esther Marr was a small town girl who had come to the city to wrest a living from the typewriter, and, her fingers being skillful ones, she had dropped into a fairly good position and remained there. During one of her lonely evening hours, she had drifted into a suffrage meeting and there heard a speech by a lady referred to grandly as Mrs. Tilney, "Chairman of Our Borough." Esther, beholding a woman handsome with a wholesome, outdoor beauty, brimming with vitality, full of scintillating ideas, with breezy, democratic manners and a spontaneous and brilliant smile, fell at once under the spell of her charms, as had hundreds before her. Henceforth Esther put herself out to play vassal to this queenly leader. She ushered people into seats at crowded meetings, wearing proudly across her breast the broad yellow and white sash of the suffrage order; she passed baskets for jingling coin; she stood patiently at doors handing out suffrage

leaflets; she addressed innumerable envelopes in her neat, precise handwriting; she urged people to sign yellow slips of paper that recorded their attitude to the suffrage question, going through crowds at street meetings; and she played some of her best selections on the piano while audiences were assembling, not minding in the least that people never listened to her but talked enthusiastically through her entire repertoire. She had even acted on a committee to meet at the railroad stations women visitors from out of town, strange beings brought on from the West to be exhibited as women voters who still functioned as human beings, even in the shadow of the ballot-box.

All these tasks were well enough in their way and conceded by Esther Marr to be necessary, but in the depths of her soul, she longed with a persistent and painful longing to do something distinctive and special for the cause to which she gave the grave and passionate allegiance of unsmiling youth.

It was while this feeling was especially strong that one day she picked up in headquarters a newspaper clipping across which was printed in huge black letters—

SOMETHING NEW IN SUFFRAGE  
THE GIRL BUGLER ARRIVES  
ROSE BRESSER BUGLES HER WAY ACROSS THE  
STATE

Under it was a stirring and picturesque account of a girl bugler who had acted as musical summoner at innumerable outdoor meetings and had entertained appreciative crowds in many cities and towns.

Esther Marr was musically inclined and could bring harmonious sounds out of the piano, the banjo and the violin. Therefore the idea of qualifying as a bugler to put life and

music into many a dry suffrage program fired her with a flaming purpose.

Actuated by this purpose, she spent her noon hours for several days in trips to music stores and schools, until at last an evening came, when, having hurried through dinner with pleasurable anticipation, she reached her room at an early hour, and took up her shining, new bugle for her first practice hour. The minute instructions of Professor Le Castro, with whom she had spent a studious period the preceding afternoon, rang pleasantly in her memory, and she attacked her new task with all the fervor and the vigor of which she was capable. For a while all went well, since in two adjoining rooms, the victrolas of other boarders wailed forth their usual evening programs. But when she had stopped for a while to write two letters, and to do some copying of names for suffrage purposes and returned to her musical labors again with renewed enthusiasm, she ministered to a silent house. For ten minutes she played, or attempted to play with loud emphasis, her instrument emitting sounds that she fondly believed were scales and exercises, and then there came a sudden determined knocking at the door. When she reluctantly opened it, a stout woman who roomed near strode across her threshold.

"Nerves," said her visitor firmly, as she met Esther's gaze with a somewhat ferocious glance, "that have been lacerated all day with discordant sounds cannot stand being torn to shreds and patches at night. What animal are you torturing in this room?"

"None," said Esther haughtily. "Does my music annoy you?"

"Music," said the stout woman crushingly. "I may not be an opera star, but I have some faint inkling of melody.

Scraping a saw across a kitchen grate and then ringing five or six bells is not music."

"I've just had one lesson," explained Esther Marr falteringly. "It takes some time to play well."

"It must," says the stout woman with conviction. "If I were you, I'd get in the closet and shut the door when I practice. The clothes will muffle the sound. At any rate, don't let me hear that thing again, or I shall complain to the landlady and to the police. Life in a big city is not a pastoral dream, but, thank heaven, I am not obliged to spend my evenings in a place where my ears are assailed by assorted squeaks, grunts, shrieks, and groans. There is such a thing as law. Good night."

She turned, went out, and slammed the door.

Her protest filled Esther with temporary despair. But she soon realized that the stout woman was not the only one who had taken cognizance of her practice hour. For a little note penned in a large masculine hand was thrust under her door a few minutes later.

"If I can do anything to make the passing away easier," it read, "don't fail to call upon me. I have large quantities on hand of morphine, strychnine and chloroform. Judging by to-night, the agony must be intense. Your Neighbor Across the Hall Who Suffers With You."

Posted on her door, she found in the morning a third reference to her musical efforts.

"If you're not strong enough, Kid, to wring its neck, call me in. I have choked many a squaller in my day, and my feelings are now especially bloodthirsty."

Esther Marr took her troubles to Prof. Le Castro. He was sympathetic but not helpful.

"All day long," he said with much gesticulation, "My house is full of bang, crash and drum-drum. The neighbors they

are silent—they endure. But at night, it is to rest, and the landlord he insist. Saturday afternoon, I rent out to a dancing professair with much pupils filling all possible spaces. And Sunday—would one do the butt up against religion?"

Obviously one would not.

Esther Marr went away and for days gloomily considered her problem. She thought of faraway lots on the edge of the city, of deserted paths in the parks, of silent suburban places. But everything was overshadowed by the thought of the omnipresent police who functioned in even out-of-the-way spots and interfered with even the most harmless citizens. And then, one day, she remembered the yard at headquarters, the small stone-paved space, never used, lying under the shadow of a large factory and back of the room given up to the suffrage restaurant. On Saturday afternoon, the factory hands took their weekly half-holiday; at two thirty, the restaurant crowds were gone. Saturday often meant week ends for the aristocracy of suffragedom and though headquarters remained open, it ran with a diminished fervor. Esther Marr's face brightened with hope. She had solved her perplexing problem. Somewhere in the big, teeming city there was a place where a soul fired with the noblest of ambitions, might wake musical echoes without at the same time waking human resentment. She, therefore, selected the first bright Saturday afternoon that came along in the due process of time, slipped unobtrusively into headquarters, asked to see the house secretary, pondered a bit over the doubt whether the latter's absence "on an outside errand for a little while" should deter her from her purpose, decided to "take a chance," and so, eluding the quarters of the cook in the basement, hastened down the lower stairs and, quite unobserved, reached the quiet and privacy of the backyard.

Julia Long had an appointment with Mrs. Sylvester at headquarters at three o'clock, and she was prompt to the minute, entering the office of the Lecture Bureau, over which Mrs. Sylvester presided, on the first stroke of the designated hour. Julia was extremely nervous. This was to be a try-out, for Julia aspired to the position of a street speaker and none could go on the official list who had not been vouched for by some leader, been graduated from a suffrage school, or had been heard by Mrs. Sylvester at some meeting or in the quiet back office through which the orators for hundreds of meetings were supplied. Mrs. Sylvester had suggested the little rehearsal and Julia shut up in her own room had been heard by her family declaiming an "original" speech for several days. A younger sister had at times assisted as audience and critic, and had been regularly fought with as "too particular" by the family orator. Now, Julia Long fumbling in her memory for the first word of her declamation and feeling the chills of stage fright galloping up and down her spine, wondered forlornly whether Edith Long might not be correct in designating her efforts as "the windy creaks of a rusty hinge," and similar unflattering descriptions. How to make her thin soprano voice sound loud and full enough to carry above the roar of city traffic, to cast a sonorous spell over a crowd on a corner, to echo down the byways so that others would come running, seemed to her now a colossal and an impossible task.

"I have to catch a train," said Mrs. Sylvester kindly, sensing some of the panic behind Julia Long's twitching face. "So we'll make the trial short. I shall judge you on three points: your voice, its volume and modulations; your speech, its arguments and general appeal; and your manner or personality. Of course one has to be magnetic, or one does not hold a crowd well. It just naturally fades away."



At that moment Julia felt that she would like to emulate such a crowd, but instead she stood her ground, and her trembling voice uttered a sentence from the middle of her speech. Naturally it did not sound like an introduction so Julia choked, stopped, and began again.

"Through many years," said Julia gasping and sputtering, "Woman has labored to obtain her rights. She has won her educational, legal and industrial—er—rights through travail—and through long years in this the Emp—Empire State she has struggled to win her political rights. She has been per-persecuted—opposed—rid—ridiculed—defeated—time and time again. But though the fight is hard—the way is long—enemies are many—does Woman give up?"

Here Julia promptly forgot the rest of her composition. She gulped several times, burst into a cold and clammy perspiration, glared into space in agony, clasped and unclasped her hands, repeated in a despairing tone her last phrase. "Does woman give up?" and then fell into a deep and adamant silence.

This was rent suddenly by a succession of sounds rarely or never heard in the big city that reverberated all day with raucous noises. By Julia, lost to all outward circumstances, and wallowing in fear, shame and despair, these sounds were unnoted and unheeded. But upon Mrs. Sylvester's senses they fell with hideous jar and jangle. Taken unawares, her face immediately registered the surprise and horror that she felt.

Looking suddenly upon her auditor and critic, whom her faltering lips were beginning to ask again "Does woman give up?" Julia Long was petrified by the expression that she saw. No words were needed, no verdict required; the human face before her was significant and expressive enough. Beholding her judge's bulging eyes and twisted mouth, Julia Long

thought she saw what an effect she would have upon an audience that she was attempting to charm.

"I think," said Julia Long in a sad and sobbing voice, "that there are times when woman does give up." And she fled precipitately from the room, while Mrs. Sylvester, too surprised and jarred to be relieved that she had thus easily gotten rid of an inefficient speaker, stood in stunned attention, until the girl's stumbling footsteps were heard no longer on the stairs.

o o o

Madame Dumaire looked forth on her canvassing and interviewing squad with tragic eyes. She had assembled them at headquarters to get their reports and she was far from pleased at the result.

"Mon Dieu," she ejaculated tempermentally, as Marie De Laterre confessed that she had called only once upon Monsieur Bon, the lecturer. "I begin to believe—that these committees have no legs. The Scandanavian Committee, the Italienne ladies, the Roosians, even the Germans, like clock work they go round, in the morning, at noon, to the night. All races thus are rounded up, they speak in public, they write des endorsement, they send lettaire to the papier, they nudge up their great ones to help by talk, by musique, by meetings packed to suffocation. And us, we have one big meeting and we get some enrollments, and we take it of an easiness and we lie down on the job, and trrample the Cause, underfoot. As for me, I am ashamed, distrait, disgust, One month, we been going, and save for one or two, legs all give out, and tongues stuck fast, n'est-ce pas? When, then, Mademoiselle Hale she ask of me reports, What shall I say, me, Adrienne Dumairo, daughter of a warrior for France, me, I shall say, the Jean D'Arc Committee, Moes Hale, their repost—c'est tout rien."

Madame Dumaire stalked about her committee room and pulled her hair when she was not waving her arms in artistic anguish. Just so, she prodded up her musical pupils and obtained wonderful results. Her committee, conscious of much good work, well aware that, shorn of its exaggeration and picturesqueness, her adjuration only amounted to what one of a non-Gallic race might express lightly as "let's do better," nevertheless followed her example, and gave way to wails, tragic denials, and calls upon high heaven to testify to their self-denial and their persistent effort. The French Committee was really enjoying itself.

But the French Committee had one big balance wheel. This was Mrs. Anna Wicks, fluent linguist, but not of French descent. Slowly she rose to her feet and held up a protesting hand.

"This bedlam seems unnecessary," she said severely. "Madame is right in wanting us to do better, always better, but for a newly organized body we have accomplished wonders. Our meeting was a great success, our canvassing is going well, we have the endorsements of ten eminent Frenchmen and the *Courriere des Etats Unis* is printing our news regularly. We all expect to get up more speed as we go on."

This was good sense, and Madame recognized it as such. But the musical temperament wishes the dramatic above all else.

"It may be as Madame Wick, suggest," said Madame darkly. "It may be, mes amis, that Adrienne Dumaire expects too much—the perfect—the impossible—Je ne sais pas—But me, I am not satisfy, far from it. My soul, it writhe when it think of the report for Mees Hale. Thees committee must get its legs going. Without this, the noises in my head from which I suffaire greatly will increase. As for me, often I think someone less sensitive should be at the head—of thees commeetee—"

"Non-non," cried the members of the French Committee in concert, for they adored and thoroughly understood Madame.

Madame looked at them sadly.

"It was in fact to say adieu that this afternoon I came."  
"To rest, this is my need—"

Marie Delaterre was at once on her feet.

"To rest," said she dramatically. "Where in New York will Madame find a quieter room than this? In front all the traffic of the city rings and roars, but behind in this house as we are, all is still and restful. The big buildings shut out all sounds—save for a faint murmur. For Madame to come here, once a week, is for her to come to quiet and peace. And we will do the work, faithfully and well. If Madame does not believe—I ask her now to stop and listen—I ask all to listen—to listen to the silence."

The French Committee sighed contentedly and, in a deep hush, listened.

Madame followed their example. And then there came upon the quiet air suddenly and cruelly a succession of piercing sounds that rose louder and louder in volume, reaching at last a crescendo that was an onslaught on sensitive nerve centers.

Madame blanched, gasped and shook. Marie Delaterre stood transfixed with surprise, her mouth slightly agape. The French Committee stared into space, with eyes big with astonishment. Even Madam Wicks was more than taken back. The sounds went on and on. Evidently there was to be no end.

All the musician susceptible to the slightest discords was overwhelmed in Madame Dumaire by these noises.

"If there is peace and quiet," she said rising in a grim determination, "I prefer much tumult. My friends, this make me decide. Another must take my place—another

who can stand what I cannot. I resign you my place. I go. I will work from afar with you for the Cause. But Madame Wicks with nerve of the iron—thees vice chairman—she takes my place. Farewell—I can stand no more.”

And thus there passed from the room a truly sensitive soul, and the French Committee exchanged a temperamental chairman for a level-headed woman under whose cool and capable leadership, it was destined to achieve wonders for the Cause.

o o o

The Board of Directors was meeting in Miss Hale's private office. They were an august body, but in the privacy of their meetings they often unbent in a way unbelievable to the headquarters staff. Jokes were not unknown, and there were various other manifestations of actual human nature. To-day, however, the members of the board were as grave as they were popularly supposed to be all the time. For two solid hours they had thrashed out a certain question, contended over a certain policy, and had found their forces evenly divided. both sides equally unyielding and determined to win. Patiently and painstakingly, Miss Hale had time and time again stated the issue, suggested compromises, called for a vote.

“If persisted in, this course of action would disrupt the organization, repel thousands of our members, kill the cause,” maintained Dr. Tavis with loud assertion, and it was indicative of the tension that no one smiled. In fact, the fate of the world seemed of no greater moment than the matter in dispute.

“That is absurd,” cried Mrs. Sanford of the opposing faction. “To take this stand would attract hosts of new members, would bring us money, influence, distinction, power, would make the antis tremble in their fortresses, the

public acclaim us, the world acknowledge us. None are so blind as those who won't see."

"Or those who see what isn't there," added Dr. Tavis sotto voce.

"Time is going on," said Miss Hale firmly, "and we all have other engagements. It might be well to postpone this matter until another meeting. In fact, let us decide to do just that."

"I don't agree with that," said Mrs. Sanford. "This is the first quiet meeting we've been able to have of late. We have had visitors before us with various propositions to consider, we have had numerous photographers coming to take our pictures, and one time we had to adjourn and go to a State Party conference. Let's take advantage of this quiet spell and get some things settled."

"But the heat is terrific, and we're all more or less fatigued. It would be better to think this proposition over carefully. It's been sprung on us here to-day," objected Mrs. Tabor wearily. "Let's go home where we can be at peace."

"Peace?" repeated Mrs. Laits scornfully. "What peace do some of us have at home? I for one have turned my boudoir into an office. I have a secretary there and a typewriter going and a telephone ringing all day long. Some of us come here every day, and during the week this headquarters is far from peaceful. We'd better do our thinking right now, Mrs. Tabor."

"All right," acquiesced Mrs. Tabor. "As you say—it is restful here."

"In view of the fact that suffrage headquarters is our only quiet haven to-day, I believe it is the sense of the meeting to go on with the debate," said Miss Hale facetiously, and raised her gavel to hit the desk a decisive blow. But her hand remained suspended in midair, while a sudden electric

shock seemed to pass through every member of the Board of Directors, freezing the smiles on their faces, and forcing them to sit in a sudden and petrified silence. For, clear and loud upon the summer air, so near that it seemed under their very window, arose a succession of sounds that might be aptly described in the paraphrased words of a great dramatist, as warranted "to harrow up their souls, freeze their young bloods, make their two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres, Their knotted and combined locks to part and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

For a moment or two the members of the Board sat in a rigid attention, and then, the sounds continuing with horrible intensity, with one concerted move they cast dignity to the winds, and rushed to the two windows of the room, thrusting out handsomely millinered heads to see from whence the uproar proceeded. Below them in the yard, they beheld one slender girl, in dark blue, standing in the shadows, and holding to her lips an inoffensive musical instrument.

"Oh," said the Board in unison, and withdrew from the windows. But the sudden change of thought, the rising from their seats, had changed their mood. They showed a decided aversion to going on with the debate. And although Mrs. Sanford announced that she knew now that there were enough votes to pass the measure she had proposed, there was a motion made at once to postpone a vote until another time, and the meeting adjourned. The question was never brought up again, circumstances arising that made it an impossible matter to consider, and confirming the opposition who had stated, more or less dramatically, that it would be fatal to the progress of the suffrage movement.

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And a few minutes later when a protesting musician was pulled unceremoniously into the front office by an irate office

staff, she met their reproaches only with the statement repeated over and over again:

"I wanted to do something good for the cause."

And, truly, it might have consoled Esther Marr somewhat if she had known that already her musical efforts had done three things for the Cause she loved; had dismissed a poor speaker, forced a poor officer to resign and had downed a bad measure. But not knowing this, poor Esther went home with saddened mein, and for days thereafter suffered the agonies of a musical martyr, until the swiftly rushing emotional tides of youth flowed over her soul and washed away her disappointment and her grief.



## WHEN HESTER HIKES.

"WHY, PETER, have you come to say good-bye?"

The girl who asked the question raised an astonished and smiling face to the young man who had just joined her, but received no friendly response from him. Instead he said, grimly:

"Hester, may I speak to you alone a minute?"

"Certainly," replied Hester good-naturedly. "Let us leave the madding crowd."

Calmly she led the way past a long line of women garbed in dark walking suits and heavy outing shoes, past an automobile filled with baggage, banners, and paper packages, past moving picture men cranking their cameras, past newspaper reporters taking notes, past policemen on horseback, past three girl buglers resting from their musical labors, past little groups of women and girls smartly attired and wearing broad Votes for Women sashes, and past a miscellaneous crowd of onlookers to where at one side of the road an empty space made private conversation possible.

"So you're going?" said Peter Ghent sullenly.

"Certainly I'm going, and in an important capacity. I carry the official message to the Governor."

She held out a leather portfolio, opened it a little and displayed an important-looking document, typed on yellow-bordered paper and bearing in print a long list of officers and societies.

"Of course, there are no mails to take the blooming thing," said Peter Ghent sarcastically. "It must have forty-five

to fifty women marching on foot to get it to its destination."

"The message—poof. Who cares about that? Nobody." replied the girl. "It's just an excuse to pull off the stunt. But the stunt itself—that's great."

"It is if you pant for the limelight and notoriety. Outside of that it's the silliest thing extant. To go tramping about country roads, subjecting yourselves to all kinds of accidents and all kinds of weather when you don't have to do it, and calling down upon your heads the condemnation of all sensible people, the silly jokes of the coarse and the witless is nothing short of crazy. Of course, I have always believed in your supporting the theory of woman suffrage, but I credited you with some sense. I never thought you'd get mixed up with the wild ones like this."

"Peter, Peter," cried the girl. "You are simply showing you don't understand the thing, that's all. Why don't you ask for an explanation before you condemn? We are going out to interest the country folk, and they are well worth interesting. When you once get them convinced they don't throw aside their convictions lightly. They don't get a chance to go to meetings, they don't read dry leaflets, and we can't afford anyway to mail our literature to all of them, so we are going to march along their roads and speak to them, women to women, visit their villages and gather them into outdoor meetings, give them the personal, human touch that makes all the difference in the world. Heralded as we shall be by every country newspaper, they will feel a curiosity to see us they would never feel if we came to them in the ordinary way as speakers and reformers. Why the plan is simply perfect, as a striking bit of propaganda."

"Well, maybe," returned Peter unconvinced. "But why not let others do these things if they must be done. Why don't you stick to work more becoming a lady?"

"A lady," said Hester Price gaily. "Don't insult me by calling me by that much-abused name. No, this thing really appeals to me. I have worked so long among city folk, I am tired of their sophistication and their complexities. I just long for simple people with a straight and plain outlook on life. I know I can talk to them, right from my heart, and that they will understand. They have so few interests, they won't crowd suffrage in with the opera, dances, shopping expeditions, house hunting, matinees, child culture, clubs, and a thousand other things. In their minds, it will loom up as the big thing it is, a part of the democracy that to them is sacred."

"Don't expect too much," warned Peter pessimistically. "The farming folk I have met in my summer vacations did not scintillate intellectually. If you go into your idealistic, highbrow ravings, you will leave them five miles in the rear wallowing in a mental ditch. I thought maybe you had acquired some such impractical idea and I came up to hammer it out of you. Come on back, Hester, and give up your--"

"Pilgrimage," prompted Hester. "No indeed. I flatter myself I make a pretty good pilgrim."

Peter Ghent looked at her trim figure in its neat blue serge suit, at her shapely feet, shod in thick but natty shoes, at the jaunty hat that sat on her bright brown hair, at the vail tautly pulled over her rosy face and across her large brown eyes, at the neatly gloved hands clasping the crooked pilgrim's staff adorned with long strips of chocolate in lieu of script, at the leather portfolio, and acknowledged that she spoke the truth.

"Of course, you would look well in a potato sack," he said. "But that is no reason you should take to wearing one. Seriously, Hester, I object to this particular thing, most violently. You owe me something surely, since you are to

be my wife. I ask you now to give it up and spare us both the notoriety that will come. The thought of it is disgusting."

"The whole band will get notoriety," commented Hester, "and the prominent members of it, like our leader 'General' James (already nicknamed by the newspaper men) and her assistant 'Colonel' Craig, but I am a very humble member of the order of hikers, and personally I won't be noticed much. So you exaggerate that part of it a lot."

"Well, maybe, but there are other things. Your health is to be considered. Of course you are athletic to an extent, but you are too soft physically to walk miles without being injured by it. I'm sure Dr. Straight would say the same, if he were here."

"Well, he didn't when I went to see him at his office. Aunt fussed so over the whole thing, I promised her I wouldn't go if I found, after a medical examination, that I was liable to drop dead suddenly, or to collapse with a fractured spine or develop a game leg—or—"

"And that old gump said it was all right for you to go?"

"He said fresh air and exercise have never killed anybody yet, and that I am liable to come back disgustingly healthy"

"Ye Gods, I always thought he was the worst pill in his office. But, Hester, it does seem to me you must have some idea of propriety and good taste and delicacy and decency and common-sense and —"

"And submission to a man's judgment and—"

"Not at all," said Peter angrily. "Regard for a lover's feelings is not necessarily submission."

"Not necessarily," conceded Hester, "but usually."

And this time she did not smile.

"Now, Peter," she went on. "Be reasonable. The only thing that worries you is the fact that a few of the men of

your set will rag you about this matter, provided they ever find out that I have gone, and that is doubtful, owing to my mouselike reticence and tendency to stick to the background. This is plain cowardice on your part, as it would be on mine if I cared what the girls will say, and they'll say a plenty, I can tell you. This is neither a disgraceful nor a senseless thing. It is sturdy standing up for a principle and a willingness to really exert oneself to get a truth across. I am proud of being interested in this hike and of being anxious to go. I realize that I'll get tired and blistered and that there'll be things to disillusion me and that often I will wish I could shed my aches and loll around at home in a pink silk negligee. But it will do my soul good to sacrifice and to endure, and I wouldn't give it up for the world. And I know we're going to do good. Why one man has said we'll get three million dollars' worth of advertising for the cause. When you live in a world that likes the spectacular you've just got to cater to it. I consider your objections trivial and foolish and I am disappointed to think that you would offer them to me and expect me to yield to them."

Peter Ghent turned white.

"Thank you for your frankness, which is almost brutal," he said, with stilted courtesy. "Since you are kind enough to call me a coward, and foolish and trivial, I might give you my opinion of you. You are silly and stubborn, and I dare say if one really looked into your mind one would see that you wouldn't mind being flaunted in the yellow journals, surrounded by the rabble on a country roadside and giving the number of your blisters so that one may know how you have suffered."

"Peter," expostulated Hester. "Silly and stubborn I may be, but not cheap, I hope. But calling names won't settle anything here. I'm going and that's all there is about

it. I am sorry I did not write you about the matter. I suppose it is a kind of shock to come back from your trip and learn about this suddenly. But I know how hard it is to make people understand from letters, and I didn't expect you back so soon; anyway, I never dreamed you would take it this way. But come now, we're going to start and I can't talk any longer. The Bronx Club has escorted us to the border of New York City, as have the police, and we're going to have a little ceremony, the president of the club wishing us Godspeed. I have to line up with the rest of the pilgrims in good soldierly fashion to make the thing impressive. Good-bye Peter, think the matter over, eliminate all the emotion and the fear of other people's opinions, and I know you'll feel just the way I do. It's a good thing this has happened, anyway, Peter. You must learn early in the game that I am not one of the cut and dried women who always follow the conventional path. If there is a big worth-while object to get, I shall always do the unusual thing, I shall never be afraid of being different. People who aren't like that are either half-dead intellectually and spiritually, or they are pikers. Better a hiker than a piker. Good-bye. Drop in and see Aunt and console her for my absence. And see the Doc, too. He'll prescribe something for your feelings. This is fine weather for December and we'll have a grand celebration at Christmas to make up for my walking dementia. Good-bye."

There was a determined cheerfulness in Hester Price's voice and manner as she waved her hand, smiled, and hastened to get into the little band which, lined up across the road, stood at military attention, while the president of the sash-wearing contingent gave them an enthusiastic verbal farewell.

To this the "General" responded in fitting terms, the girl buglers played a spirited air, there was more cranking of the

cameras, a shouted good-bye from the police, a general waving of hands, and calling, and the suffrage pilgrims set off down the road with brisk determination, while their suffrage and civic escort and the crowd lingered and watched them until a turn in the road hid them from sight.

"So your Beloved came to see you off," commented the young woman who marched next to Hester Price.

"No," said Hester drily. "To head me off."

"Oh," said the woman understandingly. "I had my heading off speeches all last night at home. But I couldn't see it like the rest of them, any more than you do. Well, it's just because it's new. The acquisition of new ideas always gives the public mental dyspepsia. You know we're to have a great reception at Yonkers, our first stop. There will be the Woman Suffrage Party out in full force, but beside that the Mayor and other dignitaries."

"Fine," said Hester enthusiastically, and throwing her head back like a spirited racehorse, she drew in deep breaths of the cold air, and casting doubts and anxieties to the winds. she stopped forward thrilling with a sense of adventure and pure enjoyment of the situation.

Meanwhile Peter Ghent, with lowering brow and a mind full of disappointment and rage, sought his office, where he spent a day supposed to be devoted to business concerns. Outwardly he did his duty, but inwardly he thrashed out the question that bothered him, over and over again. Of course, he had always known Hester was bigger and better and different from the general run of girls, and that had attracted him to her in the first place. She had a brain in her head, not a vacuum. But still he had always felt that when she thought out a thing, she would come to the same decisions that he did himself, common-sense prompting them both to deduce certain conclusions from certain premises. And

he had always secretly felt that he could influence her to take any course he thought fit, for, after all, was she not a woman, and naturally subservient to masculine dictation? The present situation, then, came as an unpleasant surprise. She not only thought independently, she acted independently and believed she had a right to do this. Life with such a woman would be quite a different proposition than with the type he had fancied her to be. Of course one wanted a brainy woman, to get real companionship, and he wanted that above everything else. But still— Peter was quite honest with himself.

"I really want to be the whole cheese," he said to himself. "What's the use of pretending? And whether she would give in more readily after marriage—"

Not sure of this point, he asked a married friend about it.

"Oh Lord, no," ejaculated the other with feeling. "If they're not docile beforehand, when love is at its most romantic point, you'll never find any meekness afterward, when familiarity has bred contempt. And, anyway, I don't believe they ever give in after marriage, if they really want a thing. Men bluster a lot and bluff a lot, but by Jove, even the mildest women I know stick at a thing and get it by wearing out the other party. Don't fool yourself into thinking anything else."

This was disquieting to say the least, but since it was distasteful, Peter Ghent refused to accept it.

After business hours, he called on "Aunt", hoping for some sympathy from one who had always carefully followed the beaten path.

But "Aunt" had become a bit demoralized.

"Of course, it gave me a jolt, as it does you, to have Hester go on the hike, and I put up all the objections I could muster. But I'm glad she won out. I am simply incapable of being



anything but a human sheep, as most women are, but I'd just love to be able to do, naturally and easily, the things Hester does. All my life, I have secretly yearned to do something a bit out of the ordinary, the conventional. I don't mean anything wrong, but something different. I have even planned things. But when it came to the point, I always felt the shivers of abject fear go up and down my back and I collapsed like a punctured balloon. Thank Heaven, Hester has a spine I haven't. Society has to hold me up with the braces of custom and habit. Hester is the new type, fearless, strong, without being devoid of sanity and balance. It's too bad there are no young men made as companion pieces to girls like that."

This Peter took as a covert insult, and departed in high dudgeon. He spent the evening with a "pal" of his and got some of the sympathy he craved.

"By George, I see by the evening paper your girl's gone with the gang," was Stanley West's friendly greeting. "She made a speech at Yonkers with the rest of them. Well, old boy, buck up, this suffrage fever has to run its course. It's rotten, of course; it has to attack our finest, but you aren't the only one who has to suffer. This hike will throw a spoke methinks in your lady love's wheel. Wait until she gets a few blisters on her tootsies, and her feet swell and her muscles ache. It'll be the Black Diamond Express for hers. Why didn't you follow in an ambulance and pick up the remnants at some convenient station. You're a slow one. But why worry, brother, and wear your brow a la thunder cloud. I've got a sister or two, and I tell you there's too much pep in the modern girl; but how to get it out, there's the mooted question. Anyway, Pete, there are other girls."

"Oh no there aren't," said Peter limply. "That's just it."

"As bad as that?" queried West solicitously. "Well, it's only for a week or two, and I think I'd brace up and martyr it through. Got to pay a higher price for a first-rate article than for an inferior one you know, and Hester Price ought to come a little dear."

But he pressed his "pal's" hand with sincere sympathy, and Peter went away comforted. The morning's mail brought him some picture postcards from his "loving pilgrim" and in spite of himself he felt a warm glow about his heart. Love is not easily routed after all. The post, however, brought him other missives from his chuckling and chortling friends, who unable to hurl verbal jests at him conveyed them to him with a merciless mirth. Peter threw them all savagely into the waste-paper basket, and bought every morning paper, where the hikers were given a startling prominence. In his mind's eyes he followed them, past lonely farms, stopping to talk to the man in the fields, the woman in the farmhouse kitchen, past little villages where the country folk ran out to meet them and listen spellbound to their message, past schoolhouses where the children cheered them, past factories where the help were allowed time off to see them, past churches where ministers greeted them, down business streets where their coming upset the daily routine, and through highways and byways where they brought at once, life and the thrill of action. He saw that mayors were to meet them, business societies to listen to them, clubs to fete them, and as they progressed interest in them accumulated until they became public characters whom all delighted to honor. This after all was not so bad. It was not cheap or tawdry.

However, it did not reconcile him to the scheme nor prevent an active imagination from depicting Hester in unpleasant situations or writhing at the day's end with physi-

cal pain. Feeling this latter most keenly one evening, he called in a state of suppressed wrath on Dr. Straight. He found the latter in his library enjoying, in smoking jacket and slippers, a rare period of rest.

"I understand that in spite of the fact that you are Hester's guardian and her family physician, and ought to realize the duty she owes to her social position and to her family and friends to keep herself well, you did nothing to keep her from going on this nonsensical hike," he said aggressively, opening fire with his first words.

"Tut, tut," returned Dr. Straight and looked at him with amused eyes.

"You may make light of it all you like," went on Peter Ghent. "But it does seem a pity that Hester never gets any sane and sensible admonitions from the members of her family, or from those who presumably might have some authority over her."

"Hester is twenty-four," said the Doctor calmly. "Not ancient, perhaps, but quite old enough in modern times to distinctly know her own mind. I wonder that you did not influence her yourself."

"Oh I," said Peter bitterly, "Who am I? Only the man she's going to marry, if she doesn't change her mind."

"Or if you don't change yours," commented the Doctor. "Oh I don't mean that the way you think. I suppose, even though you are young and male, you have some glimmering of her superiority, and that you will aspire to keep her as long as you can a captive to your charms. What I mean by changing your mind is your method of thinking. I was once young myself, although you may not believe it, and I was once afflicted with masculinitis, had it in a virulent form just as you have, and you can't deceive me. I know just where the shoe pinches."

"Where?" breathed Peter in a fire-and-brimstone voice.

"In your blessed little ego," returned the Doctor coolly. "In your small personality where the androcentric theory and the gynecocentric theory are embattled one against the other."

"If you think you can combat me with some scientific dope," said Peter pugilistically, "you have another guess coming. All jawbreaking theories aside, a woman ought not to go gallivanting all around the country. She belongs to a sex that must stay put for the good of the race."

"And for the convenience of men," added the Doctor slyly. "Oh calm down, Son, and don't give us a picture of a lion rampant or any other beast. I really sympathize with you. I felt like you for many years, until the gynecocentric theory took me by the nap of the neck, knocked some androcentric nonsense out of me and showed me that, not being the lord of the manor, I might as well be a little more humble in my demands on the opposite sex."

In spite of himself, a note of curiosity crept into Peter's voice. "I suppose you know what you are talking about; you've got it out of some book or other. Well if I must be the victim, fire away."

"Well," said the Doctor coolly, "I diagnose your case as acute masculinitis, accompanied by swelling and pains in the ego, with sensitiveness in the sense of possession, a shrinking of inflated pride, and a dizziness in the conceit region. This is often accompanied by loud boastings, complaints or blusterings. The cure is a good dose of gynecocentric history, taken in homeopathic pellets, a few at a time, or one treatment of large dimensions. Often I have cured the middle-aged and elderly, those of judicial temperaments or just tendencies by one dose, but I fear me, your youth will require several treatments."

"Don't be so sure," returned Peter rather piqued. "I may be cured, as you dub it, quite suddenly. Come, administer the dose."

"Well," said the Doctor slumping down comfortably in his chair and stretching out his slippered feet lazily. "You, like the rest of the world, believe firmly in the androcentric theory, namely that man is the primary sex and woman secondary in the organic scheme; that all things center about the male, and that the female, though necessary in carrying out the scheme, as a means of continuing the race is an unimportant accessory; but what if I should tell you that the latest thing in theories is that woman is the race and that man is an adjunct, a kind of interesting addition hitched on to give us variation, a crossing of strains, etc."

"Oh well, the feminists will say anything to boost their sex," returned Peter easily. "Some foreign woman, I suppose, is amusing herself by trying to turn facts topsy-turvey and to ram them down the throats of the credulous."

"Well, it isn't a woman," said the Doctor calmly. "It's a man as it happens—not one of those emotional, all-for-the-ladies-God-bless-'em-type either, but a slow-thinking, careful scientist who builds up his theories bit by bit from premises deduced from innumerable natural facts."

"Innumerable natural bosh," said Peter scornfully. "Just as if we all don't know that throughout the whole animal kingdom the male is stronger, handsomer, and brighter than the female—why, look at the birds—and that, as a human man has written more books, painted more pictures, invented more things, made more scientific discoveries than woman ever has or ever will. Why it's only because man has advanced and become over-sympathetic and over-indulgent that woman has the freedom and chances she has now. And sometimes, though I sympathize and stand for a lot,

as far as education and suffrage goes, I feel maybe we men go too far."

"'We men' is good," said the Doctor ironically. "Did it ever occur to you, Son, that the master mind of the universe has set great immutable laws in operation and that 'we men', quite like the women, dance attendance on them and work out their purposes without any particular attention being paid to our puny likes and dislikes? 'We men' have been forced all along the line to concede the things we have given women by powers stronger than ourselves, and so it will be to the end, just as the whole human race will work out the purpose set for it. But I'm letting you off from your gynocentric medicine. There's a scientific chap named Ward—Lester F. Ward—who has brazonly declared, in a volume of exceeding fatness, that woman is the race and man the accessory, that originally and normally all things center about the female and that the male was developed under the principle of advantage to secure organic progress through the crossing of strains, and that male superiority only applies to certain characters and to a relatively small number of genera and families. This hits 'we men' an awful wallop, for it accounts for the prevalence of the androcentric theory by the superficial character of human knowledge, the illusion of the near, and by tradition, co nvention and prejudice."

"Talk—talk—talk," said Peter airily. "How does he prove it?"

"By a long array of scientific investigations and by a careful study of the whole human race. If you care to stay up all night, I might tackle the subject in detail; otherwise you can borrow the book and dig the thing out for yourself. Sufficient it is to state that there is considerable doubt cast upon the pleasant and satisfying theory that man is "It" and that it is perfectly natural and proper for him to rule

over woman with an iron hand. Woman's subjection is sweetly referred to as 'an abuse of power,' and he more than hints that man's apparent superiority has been lent to him for a comparatively short time, going by eons of time, for the purpose of helping nature to bring about the monogamic marriage and to work out a few other little problems for the good of the race, and then it will be down with him to his proper place in the scheme of things."

"Tommyrot," said Peter contemptuously. "As long as the race has existed man has been superior."

"From what scientist do you get that data?" asked the Doctor with mock deference. "I never knew you went in for scientific study."

"Oh well then, I don't," acknowledged Peter. "I get you perfectly—you want me to realize that I speak out of a vast ignorance."

"If you didn't, you'd have heard of the matriarchate," said the Doctor, "when woman ruled, selected her mate, and when descent was wholly through the maternal line."

"Well, that wasn't in civilized times," said Peter. "That helps some. The more brains the race gets the more man rises to the top."

"Up to a certain point, and then woman begins to get her innings. Doesn't it look that way at present, Son? But what I want to convey to you is a real doubt of your infallibility as a member of the male sex as a guide or boss over whatever specimen of the gentler sex you corral. It will help you over some hard places, and what interests me still more it will help Hester. I used to think man knew what was good for woman better than she did herself, and then I read about gyneclexis and andreclexis and I gave up the idea suddenly and painlessly."

"And what in the name of sanity are they?" asked Peter.

"Gyneclexis is female sexual selection—the rock upon which 'we men' rose to our supremacy. You see the female when she first had to choose her mate found him so insignificant that often, after marriage, in sheer disgust she ate him up. So she endeavored to get a more fitting partner by always selecting first the largest and strongest and finally the handsomest. This improved the males until at last they outstripped the females and reduced them to subjection. Then came in andreclexis, when the male did the selecting, and what do you suppose is the result of the exercise of our glorious, superior intellects on the genus woman?"

"I pass it up to save time," said Peter.

"Well the male selected, first, the females who were monstrosities, then he went in, not for strength or usefulness or size, but for frailty and diminutiveness and beauty. He found the female strong and free and to use the words of a scientist he made such choices as to 'dwarf her stature, sap her strength, contract her brain and enfeeble her mind'. Was this good for either woman or the race? Does it show us men so wise and wonderful when we look out for the feminine sex? Hey, Son, what do you think?"

"It sounds like a nightmare to me," said Peter uncomfortably. "And it'll take more than you, Doc, to make me believe it. Why it's rot—absurd—haven't we loved women?"

"Sure we have, after ourselves, and for the pleasure and profit we could get out of them. Don't believe me, Peter, but spend some of your shining hours in looking up the thing. It'll do you good. You won't be so all-fired sure that you know what's best for Hester. At any rate, it will make you consider things, not from the lofty standpoint of male superiority, but from the more human one of get-to-gether-and-study-it-dispassionately. Maybe Hester has a right to live



out her life as she sees fit—not spend it conforming to your ideas. Here’s the book, take it along and don’t forget it belongs to me.”

Peter rose rather dazedly, took the book and departed. He felt cheated. He had meant to have a good fight with the Doctor, to let off some bottled-up wrath. But the Doctor had fought him, not with ordinary weapons but with strange scientific ones, that made him feel small and ineffectual. The word *andreclexis* ran in his ears—was it possible that male sexual selection had been guilty of what even Peter had to acknowledge was a crime against woman and the race?

He was deep in the book the Doctor had lent him, when Stanley West called the next evening.

“Ever hear of androcacy and andreclexis, Stan?” he asked his friend as a greeting.

“Lord, no,” returned Stanley West. “I don’t keep up on the latest diseases.”

Whereupon Peter, now thoroughly interested, launched forth on an explanation. At ten thirty o’clock, Stanley West’s cheeks were flaming, his eyes snapping, and his voice rang forth with stentorian effect, as he stoutly held forth for the old order of thinking and of acting. Peter, the apostle of the new, with a face equally crimson, and with a voice that rose triumphant in volume over his friend’s, felt himself, gaining ground and secretly exulted over that fact. At ten forty-five, the old lady in the next room to Peter’s rapped sharply on the wall. She was evidently going to bed and wished some slumber. At eleven o’clock, the boarding-house keeper entered his room without the formality of knocking, and expressed her views in no uncertain words. She gave them to understand that she “ran a perfectly respectable house for quiet, refined parties”, that she had

never had no rows nor the police coming in, and that she wasn't going to have none now, and it was a shame that honest people on their feet all day working for their livings couldn't go to bed to sleep in peace but must lay and listen to two young fellers hollering their heads off. For her part, she never knew that Mr. Ghent drank, but if he did, he could have his rows in the nearest saloon and not in Ellen McKane's perfectly respectable boarding-house for ladies and gents, and she would thank them to let up and give their olders and betters a chance to rest."

It was obvious that it was time for Stanley West to go. This he did with a parting shot.

"Good-bye, you old sissy," he said. "I suppose you look forward to a return to that old gynecocency you're so strong for, with women bossing men and everything turned topsy-turvey."

"That isn't coming, Blockhead," returned Peter politely. "What is coming, according to my authority, is the gynandrocratic period, a time when both man and woman shall be free to rule themselves."

"Grand poppycock," commented Stanley and went out with a loud slamming of doors.

In two weeks, Peter had mastered the book and returned it to the doctor. He was careful to do this when that gentleman was out so that there would be no opportunity afforded for probing questions. In a notebook in his desk, however, reposed a digest of the main points of what he had read and this he memorized. Under the stimulus of what he had learned, he wrote a letter to his "pilgrim" that was quite different in tone from what he had originally planned to write. He did not know whether she would ever receive the letter, but he could not wait to give her some intimation of a change of attitude that he felt was fairly cataclysmal.

Heralded by the papers, the pilgrims trudged back over the wintry roads to their home city, which, though big, took cognizance through the press of "their physical fitness, as evidenced by tanned skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and lively manners, and of their mental alertness and cheerfulness." They staggered back, metaphorically speaking, not from weariness but from the load of testimonials, enrolments, and eminent opinions that they bore from rural communities friendly to suffrage.

"Come and see the remains," wrote Hester Price in a gay note to Peter Ghent. She met him with a bit of bravado as do the high-spirited, but when she looked into his eyes she sensed a change in him which his first words confirmed.

"What has happened?" she asked breathlessly. "Couldn't even you stand up against the miracle-making power of three million dollars' worth of advertising?"

"No," said Peter, "it wasn't that. "It was (quoting the doctor) the gynecocentric theory which took me by the nape of the neck and knocked some of the androcentric nonsense out of me."

And then he told his story.

## THE YELLOW BUTTON.

AFTER SHE HAD settled herself comfortably in her Pullman chair, Mrs. Slaight took some letters out of her hand-bag and read them over carefully. They had been thrust into her hands at the last moment, as she said goodbye at the station, by a co-worker who remarked:

"These have been following you about from city to city evidently. I'm glad I didn't forget to bring them with me. They may be important."

The first one made Mrs. Slaight utter under her breath a note of dismay.

"Please write a full report of the war work of your committee," it read. "We know that you have done splendidly, but we want the details down to the very last one."

"I might make some notes," thought Mrs. Slaight with sad resignation, and took out a trim notebook and a silver pencil. At the top of the first page she wrote:

### WORK OF WAR SERVICE COMMITTEE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY

Under this she added slowly various items in a neat row:

A—Ran for several months a Bureau for National War Service at which hundreds of women enrolled for war work and placed their resources at the disposal of the government.

B—Distributed about the city 10,000 recruiting posters.

C—Secured thousands of signatures for the Mayor's Loyalty Pledge.

D—Distributed 100,000 Hoover Food Pledge Cards.

E—Sold Liberty Bonds to the amount of  
Here Mrs. Slaight's pencil faltered, and finally stopped.  
"I always forget," she murmured, "which sales go with  
which loan."

Sighing, she leaned back in her seat, and closed her eyes. Her hand was tired writing, her brain was tired thinking. This was not strange, for she was tired clear through, as she had told a friend, to the marrow in her bones, to the innermost lining of her soul.

Up and down the state she had gone, electrifying large audiences with her vivid, patriotic speeches, a flying trip following a strenuous two weeks devoted to securing and supervising an army of women to act as registrars in the taking of the State Military Census, a hard task for which even the effusive thanks of a Governor had seemed singularly inadequate. Upon her return she expected to help select women canteen workers to be sent to France, giving the War Council of the Y. L. C. A. the benefit of her "intellectual acumen," as the invitation to help had read. On trains between engagements, she usually wrote hasty notes for her speeches, dictated the answers to countless letters, and thought up new methods of work.

Most of the time, her indomitable will, her quenchless enthusiasm and her active imagination drove her on at a remorseless speed, and so completely did she throw herself into her work that she seldom thought of herself at all. But now she was so tired that even the bright flame of her spirit burned with a subdued light. It was infinitely pleasant to lean back in her seat, close the eyes that were too observing, let the pad and pencil fall from her relaxed hands and her thoughts drift down a quiet river of dreams into the haven of oblivion.

But she was not destined to remain in this state of blessedness long. She was roused after a minute or two by a touch on her arm and a vibrant voice that said politely and deferentially:

"I beg your pardon, I think these are yours."

Quite unwillingly she opened her eyes and looked up into the face of a young chap in khaki. It was a good face, full of color and a manly comeliness.

"These" proved to be the pad and pencil which had evidently fallen to the floor.

"I saw them drop because I have been watching you," he said with boyish candor. "You see, I know who you are. I saw you in Plattsburgh. And I want to say the chaps think it was cracking of you women to put up the money for the Y hut. Of course you've been thanked formally by the High Mucky Mucks. But I thought, maybe, you'd like to know just how the plain fellers feel. We're not much on flowery language or on hifalutin resolutions, but it struck me kinder good the other night to hear my buddy say, 'I'm damned if this place don't seem more like a bit of home just because I know the women put up for it.' Anything kinder womanly or motherly gets under our skin now. But I beg your pardon for bothering you. You look dead beat and I guess you were going to take a nap. I wouldn't have the nerve to speak to you but I saw your yellow suffrage button. My mother and my sister wear 'em, so it seemed like it was all right for me to speak to you, like talking to a member of an order. And I thought maybe you'd like this. I cannot tell a lie. I took it with my little camera."

"It" proved to be a snapshot of the Y hut at Plattsburgh upon which a neat plate was shown engraved with the words:

"Presented by the New York Woman Suffrage Party."

Carefully forgetting to mention the fact that she had a larger and finer picture of the hut, together with a photo of herself and the commanding officer, taken after a little ceremony of presentation and acceptance, Mrs. Slaight took the picture with evident delight and hearty thanks.

"I'm taking one home to Mother and Sis," he explained. "I've got a leave of absence. They're working like slaves, war work and suffrage work, a double duty. An old hen in our town criticised them in our home paper for 'striking a blow at the sanctity of the home'. Gee, and her husband runs our worst saloon and has struck more blows at the sanctity of the home than anyone else I know. It just hit me amidships, as it were, and I couldn't help answering it myself."

Mrs. Slaight read with eulogistic comments the newspaper clipping that he took from a fat wallet.

"You handled it very well," she said, and his face flushed with pleasure.

"I've been brought up on suffrage," he explained. "And I guess if they let us fellers vote in France on the question, we'll help the women go over the top politically. But now I'll vamoose and let you sleep. If you need anything at all on this trip, just touch that suffrage button, and I'll be the bell boy, the janitor and the porter with great pleasure."

Smilingly he departed, and left Mrs. Slaight somewhat refreshed because of the warm glow that came about her heart. With a new energy, she took up her task:

F—Furnished 11,700 women to act as registrars in the taking of the State Military Census.

G—Gave \$12,000 for a Y recreational hut at Plattsburgh.

H—Are running three War Gardens, a three-acre plot in the Bronx, a model garden at St. George, another one in Brooklyn.

I—Formed two large Thrift Stamp Societies and sold thousands of Thrift Stamps.

"Oh I beg your pardon, but the conductor told me you wear a yellow button so I came in from the day coach to see you," said a soft voice, and Mrs. Slight was again interrupted. This time, a slim girl with troubled brown eyes confronted her.

"I thought that if you are a suffragist you have more faith in women than most people do, and stand up for them more. Anyway, you're not like the Antis who keep saying dreadful things about women and girls, about their inferiority and that they're not to be trusted with the ballot or anything else. And I'm—I'm in trouble and it's a queer case where appearances are against me, but a little faith in me would make a difference—a great difference."

A long look into the guileless young face, convinced Mrs. Slight that a little faith in its owner would not be incompatible with worldly wisdom. Therefore, she drew the girl gently into a seat and with kindly tact elicited her story.

Within a half hour, she had hit upon a solution to the girl's problem, and after the sending of a few telegrams, she had the pleasure of seeing a radiant young woman met at the tenth station by a proud father with all the clouds of misunderstanding blown away and the future bright before them.

"I'll never see a yellow button again without a thrill at my heart," said the girl fervently at parting. "It wasn't only that you had the feeling to do it, but you were so smart about it. Of course your mind has been trained—well I thank you—thank you—thank you."

And Mrs. Slight for some time felt the world to be a better and a brighter place because of the little episode. More than that, it served to remind her of items for her report so that she was able to scribble gaily:



J—Equipped a number of young girls with clothing, tools, etc., that they might attend a farm school and later help the state by doing farm work in rural regions.

K—Formed hundreds of Knitting Teams whose continuous work provided some thousands of knitted garments for the Red Cross.

L—Sent many boxes of bandages, clothing, sheets and all kinds of supplies to the Woman's Overseas Hospitals.

"It is a shame that you wear it, with all your other buttons," said a sharp voice tartly. "At a time like this, it ought to be thrown aside. The idea—with thousands of our men going to France—and you suffragists frittering away your time on trivial things like getting the vote—and neglecting the real war work."

Mrs. Slaight, amazed, looked up into the rather sour face of an elderly and elegantly dressed woman who had taken the seat in front of her and had whirled it around to face her.

"Are you addressing me?" she asked rather incredulously.

"Yes indeed, you are the only one here who has the bad taste to flaunt a suffrage button in the face of the public during these trying times when all thoughts ought to be on winning the war. Of course, I am addressing you. I have always wanted to get at one of you suffragists and tell you exactly what I think of you, selfish, self-seeking things."

"Oh," said Mrs. Slaight, looking calmly into the crimson face before her. "Perhaps you are related to the anti who actually came up to our New York headquarters to berate us for the very same reasons. There were thousands of young soldiers marching up Fifth avenue to entrain for the military camps from which they were scheduled to leave for France, and I don't wonder that she got worked up emotionally. We all had heavy hearts, listening day after day to the tread

of those marching feet. But while this anti felt sorrow for the soldiers, she also felt a burning hatred for the suffragists who, to her mind, neglected the men. So she slipped into the large old-fashioned house we occupy and determined to get into the presence of our biggest leaders and revile them. She managed to elude the office force on the first floor and slipped up the stairs to the second floor. Here, in a rear office, she stumbled upon a large body of women assiduously knitting.

"So you've come to help the Red Cross. How good of you," said the woman in charge happily. The anti had to retreat with a muttered excuse. In another office, she found another group of women in session.

"This is a war committee meeting," explained a woman at the door and again the anti had to retire in undignified haste. In order to get away quickly, she slipped into a large assembly room at the front of the house. Here she found a woman seated at a long table littered with printed leaflets and envelopes. But the woman was not at work. She had her head down on the table, sobbing in a stifled but heart-breaking way. The anti was dazed and shocked.

"What is the matter?" she asked and put a kindly hand on the bowed head."

"But— but— I'm not interested." sputtered Mrs. Slaight's unwilling auditor.

Mrs. Slaight, unheeding, went on with her story.

"The sobbing woman lifted her head and made a strong effort to control herself. It took a few minutes of resolute determination but at last the tears ceased and she faced her questioner with pallid composure.

"What is the matter?" asked the Anti again.

"The woman looked at her piteously.

"My boy marched away yesterday,' she said. 'When I hear the tread of feet, I have to live it all over again. It is my only son—my only child—' Her voice broke, though she kept the tears back.

"Then why are you here—in the suffrage headquarters?' demanded the anti, 'in a place where they ignore the war and its sorrows—you the mother of a soldier—why are you not helping in the only place where you ought to be—some place where war work is being done?'"

"War work is being done here,' answered the woman simply, 'and not only that. Here I can do a double duty, for I can help here in that fight for democracy for which my son must now live. We work for it together, he in the trenches, I in the ranks of the suffrage worker; work that the people of the world shall have a voice in their government, all the people, women as well as men. If he fights and suffers and—perhaps dies—that the people across the sea may have their sacred rights of self-government, it is little enough for me to help make his country and mine stand for the same high principle—and it is for that reason, with that hope, I work. Somehow, because of it, I feel nearer to him, nearer to all the men who have gone over. And because of it, when he comes back, I shall feel worthier—of him. For we suffragists work to make our nation lead the nations of the world, carrying the great flaming torch of democracy.' There was a solemnity in her voice that was very effective, and the anti left headquarters without abusing anybody."

The impressive manner, the thrilling voice that made Mrs. Slaight a power on the platform had its effect upon the elderly listener. Against her will, she saw the point of the story, felt the force of the argument. But she made an heroic effort to disagree.

"Stuff and nonsense," she said, "it is pure selfishness that urges you on, the desire to be notorious. You could easily drop the whole thing—"

"But the war will not keep the amendment from being voted upon," said Mrs. Slaight. "Why not say that we ought to give up the election—stop voting. But men will run as candidates, local issues will be discussed, everything will go on as before, and because we cannot postpone the voting on our question, we cannot give up the work of propaganda."

Mrs. Slaight took up her pencil and pad to indicate that the interview was at an end. The anti gave what in less refined circles would be dubbed a snort, wheeled her chair into place, and presented to Mrs. Slaight's view, a back that rigidly expressed, as well as a back could, the utmost scorn and contempt.

But although she smiled, the interview had left a little unpleasantness in the air that made Mrs. Slaight return to her report with a feeling quite different from the ones her young acquaintances had given her. With a mental effort, she wrote:

M—Raised over \$170,000 for the Red Cross.

N—Donated \$500,000 for phonographs for camp centers.

O—Sold \$956,600 worth of bonds in the first and second Liberty Loans.

Here she paused uncertainly.

"There was something else," she said to herself, "something I've forgotten."

"'Scuse me lady, but if dey is anythin' I kin do to make you more restfulsome ah'd be mos' gladly obligated to do dat," said a soft and unctuous voice, and Mrs. Slaight, with a start, looked up into a smiling black face.

"Thank you, porter," she said kindly. "But I feel quite restfulsome now. Perhaps some of these other ladies would take up your offer."

"It aint rightfully for dem other ladies," explained the porter manfully. "It am foh you special, lady. Ah sees yoh yaller button, and ah says 'her am one of dose who helped my boy' and my heart it swells out to you."

"Helped your boy?" asked Mrs. Slaight.

"Yas'm, my boy, Sampson Algernon Drinkling, named by his mammy after his daddy which is me. Sam, he's gwine as soldier foh his Uncle Sam, and his regiment, dat's at Camp Upton. Sam he writes as de suffragette ladies give money for a Y hut for cullud soldiers at de camp. Sam he thinks dat's splendurgureous and me ah thinks so too. If dey is sumpin ah is able to do foh you, lady, it would happify me sompin wonderful."

"It was my committee raised the money for the hut," said Mrs. Slaight. "It will give me great pleasure to tell them how much you think of the gift. I know they will be happyfied too. If you really want to do something for me, open some of the transomes and let in some air."

"Yas'm—so you is the very lady 'sponsible foh de hut. Dis is suah some proud moment foh me. De other pohters will suah be set up by dis news. Most all of dem dey got boys in de service. White ladies mought easy spend all dere dollars on dere own, so it is grandiferous of dem to think of de culled race. Of 'corse we is fightin foh dem, too, but folks aint allus thinking of dat."

"We think of it—and we honor you for it," said Mrs. Slaight earnestly. "And we thought we'd show a little appreciation by a gift."

"And we is anxious to be appreciatious too," declared the porter heartily. "Well—well to think you is the very lady

'sponsible foh de hut." Still exclaiming, he went vigorously to work on the transomes and finally went away, evidently excited by his find.

"Just the tip, I needed," said Mrs. Slight and wrote:

P—Raised \$10,000 for a Y hut for colored soldiers at Camp Upton.

Q—Addressed thousands of envelopes and did other clerical work in emergencies for military and civil authorities.

"Porter, porter, there is a fearful draft from these transomes—blows down the back of my neck like a hurricane—just got over having a confounded stiff neck and don't want another. Shut 'em up—shut 'em up, before everybody gets pneumonia."

"Yas sir—yas sir—but I can't rightfully do dat. It am a special order to have 'em open. The Yaller Button Lady she says she want moh air."

"The Yellow Button Lady must be crazy," went on the voice. "Close 'em up, I say."

Mrs. Slight looked up to see a choleric gentleman in the seat in front of her, waving an excited arm at her black acquaintance. As she could not help but understand that she was the lady picturesquely referred to in the conversation, she ventured to join the colloquy:

"The air is better now, Porter," she said. "Do all that you can to protect the gentleman's neck. I withdraw my fresh air command."

"Yas'm, if you say so, ma'am," and the porter began a loud slamming at the tiny windows overhead.

"I thank you, madam," said the rescued gentleman punctiliously, wheeling round and fixing her with a deferential eye. "You have probably saved my life." Just then his gaze fell on the suffrage button.

"I cannot refrain from saying, however, that I am sorry to see that you wear the insignia of the unsexed and the unsane. We of the South, madam, deprecate the fact that a few misguided women wish to break away from the protection of the male and expose themselves to the storms of life. We who have placed women far above the men in the scale of existence sorrow that they wish to come down from the rarefied heights to the lower levels of life."

"My observation leads me to believe," said Mrs. Slight, "that the vast majority of women have always lived on the lower levels, forced to by circumstances and in spite of the protection of the male. That a few have through the fortunate possession of money and position been able to live on the rarefied heights does not help much with woman's general problem. While Southern chivalry is nice to contemplate, I often wish it could be extended to larger classes of women—to those who work in the cotton mills, for instance."

The gentleman began to sputter.

"The idea—madam—you surprise—me. But, of course, you have repudiated all the old and fine ideas of life. You do not believe in the home—"

"I believe in the home so much that I want the ballot to protect it, to protect the women and the children forced out of it to labor."

"Tut—tut—" said the gentleman with poorly concealed wrath. "The proletariat—why fume over them—there is charity."

"Which they don't want—preferring justice," returned Mrs. Slight. The two looked at each other, emitting invisible sparks.

"I see we don't agree," said the gentleman stiffly.

"I see that we don't," said the lady, and at once the front chair was wheeled into place and the interchange of ideas ceased.

Under their breaths, two people might have been heard to mutter:

"Ranting Radical."

"Wrong old reactionary."

Mrs. Slight attacked her report furiously and wrote at some length with agile rapidity. Finally, she completed it, laid it aside and took out a book to read. In opening her handbag, she came across some yellow leaflets, one of which she laid surreptitiously on the chair in front, during the absence of its occupant at dinner in the dining-car. Upon her return from the same car later, she found it laid carefully in her own seat with the penciled comment:

"Returned with thanks and not read."

Night came on, and Mrs. Slight retired to a lower berth and slept fitfully between stations. In her dreams, an irate anti of the feminine gender berated her, until a boy in khaki came to an heroic rescue, while a choleric gentleman in the background waved a cane wildly and shouted:

"Shut her in the transoms and save my neck from the wind."

Upon meeting the light of another day, Mrs. Slight smiled at her nightmare and, when dressed, wore her button as conspicuously as possible.

"N'York newspapers," cried a shrill voice, and just settling herself in her chair after a satisfactory breakfast, she beckoned to the vendor.

"All about the suffragettes," ventured the juvenile seller as he caught sight of the yellow button. "Mass meeting planned for next week, lady. Some doings. You'll get there just in time."

Mrs. Slight took the paper and read it slowly.

"Frisking while the men go to war," said her choleric enemy to her. "It's lamentable, madam, lamentable."



"Doing a double duty instead, you mean," she answered. "War work and suffrage work."

But he refused to listen.

Two hours of writing, reading and thinking passed, and then she realized that she had almost reached her destination. She rose and put on her hat and coat, carefully transferring the yellow button from her dress to her outer wrap.

"To-day, you have hardly been noticed," she said. "all the homage and the abuse came yesterday."

But in this she was wrong. For when the long line of cars had steamed into the great railroad terminal, when at length passenger after passenger had passed out ahead of her into the station, and last of all she came, attended by the obsequious Sam carrying her bag and making the most of the last minutes, he said:

"The pohters want to show dere feelins, ma'am."

And looking ahead, Mrs. Slaight saw two rows of uniformed and blackfaced men standing at rigid attention upon the station platform, forming the two sides of a lane down which she was to walk in state escorted by her bodyguard who, promptly, with a sense of the dramatic, dropped to the rear. For a moment, she hesitated, then stepped forth boldly, and with head erect marched down the aisle of honor. Instantly black hands flew to woolly heads in snappy salutes, and it was with a little thrill of feeling caught from the humble but adoring eyes that viewed her that Mrs. Slaight ended her short triumphal procession. With flushed cheeks, with quickened heart beats, with a smile on her lips and a suspicion of moisture in her eyes, she gained her automobile, and was whirled away, leaving behind a group of black men who dispersed to their labors, talking softly about the "Yaller Button Lady," and an astonished and wonder-struck gentleman of the South who, as the only spectator, was consumed with curiosity to know what it all meant.

## A TOUCH OF ROMANCE

"FOR two hull weeks, I've follered her, day after day, going from one lone place to t'other, all through them towns that is three-fourths mountains and one-fourth humans. And every night I've heard her speak to the handfuls that come to hear her, speak clear and forcible with a kind of passion that stirs up your feelings and leaves you trembly and excited at the end. And she's been kinder a picture girl for me, now standing tall and straight in the morning light on lonely station platforms waiting for trains. Now halting on hot roads to gaze at the mountains, with a kind of glory to God in her face, pausing before them solemn like as in church, taking them hard as city folk do. Now bright and friendly, greeting the Committee Women that come to meet her at every town. Cool, sensible, kinder haughty bearing with the men, that take her as hard as she does the mountains. Kinder on her dignity, blamed independent, but quick with her headpiece and with a voice low pitched and as like to music as anything can be that aint singing. Yes, I got kinder interested in her, for selling ointment aint amusing when you've been at it more'n a month and are on the home stretch. I been consarned sorry for her too. For she's young and strong and in the blossom time of life when feet is ready for a dance and fun's the order of the hour. And she comes from big places where the people swarm and there's lights at night and music and humming streets and things move with a rush. And then to pass long, hot days in drowsy dusty places, and nights full of moonbeams and katydid's;

with elderly women mostly to talk with and people that aint her kind to talk to and dry ideas to talk about. Well, it aint pretty and romantic. Not like drifting in a boat across a lake with lots of young people, banjos playing, voices singing, laughter floating. Something like the difference between them plain waists she wears and a fluffy dress sprigged with roses. And so I got to feeling sorry for her. And to-day, finding her here in my own home town, stranded, with none of them female committees on the horizon and Miss Selby's house where she was to lodge minus Miss Selby, I brought her to my own home. For since Ma aint been known to turn the cold shoulder to anyone, not in forty years, I knew I'd only have to point to our Sally with her life so full of beaus and furbelows and I could make Ma pity this one with her life so sorter barren and needing a touch of romance."

The old man who was speaking paused for breath, his white head thrown back, his shrewd but kindly eyes fixed on the face of the other man who stood before him, listening, with an expression that betokened more than casual interest. Before the latter could answer, the plump and grand-motherly woman beside the old man took up the thread of the discourse.

"Can't you jest tell pa was once a country preacher by the way his tongue runs away with him? But he's right. I took the girl in and I've done all I can for her, fed her and rested her, and called up a committee woman to tell her she's come, and found out the meeting's all arranged for to-night. And she's that kind you take a notion to her all unbeknownst to yourself. And so I got to thinking, while I was in the kitchen, how mebbe I could do something more for her. And pa's words come to me, about her and a touch of romance, poor girl, and her traipsing through the wilds alone. So I called up Ben Mason, a young engineer to the Mountain House, to take her for a walk on the mountain paths."

A ghost of a smile flickered across the face of the man listener but it gave way to a strained look.

"And have things been discouraging?" he asked.

The old man reflected for a moment.

"Well, we aint overpopulous up hereabouts," he replied. "The hull county if it turned out entire wouldn't look much of a mob. To be sure the meetings have been some spindly, most of them like the one in Poronoke, where I first saw her. 'Twas at a church there, one of them edyfices on the paintless box style of archyecture. And the minister who helped was old and longwinded and the congregation the kind you get when you send out word a special collection's to be taken for the heathen. They all set there wondering and listening. But she brightened them up considerably, for she's great on orytory. There aint the human can resist her. Yes, they brightened up considerable and took the leaflets that was handed out and went away into the night agreeing and argufying like mad. And the female committee was quite set up and all hands was full of compliments. And I dunno whether the smallness of things daunts her or the warmupedness of things encourages her. Sometimes the audiences get swelled up in size, but 'taint on the hull a steady swellness. Here we're kinder summer resorty and I can see she expects something better and if she shouldn't get it mebbe—"

"She'd get discouraged," the man listener suggested forcefully. "Well, it's got to be that way. Everything I've ever wanted I've got in one way or another. Everybody I've ever wanted to handle I've been able to do it. Couldn't fail now with the one human who matters to me. I'm her uncle, James Norris, banker and broker; you've heard of me, and she's all I've got in the relative line. And this performance of wasting time and energy on a crank reform movement suits me about as well as strangulation. Here

she's turned down, money, travel, society, all the advantages I can give her as my niece. Turned me down too. Me, known the length and breadth of the land in money circles, turned me down for this fool-brained business. But now that she's tried it and finds it a two-cent fizzle, she'll change her tactics. And it's for this I've left my office and important affairs to follow her in my car through these barren wastes. I'm counting on her getting sick of the whole thing and being ready to listen to reason. Here, you two, you seem to be of my way of thinking, why not help me out on this? I don't often ask people to help me, being usually quite self-sufficient, but dealing with women is different from stocks and bonds. Now how about your doing your level best to discourage her? If you're old-timers here can't you get people to stay away from that meeting to-night? The Antis? Can't you rout some out? I'd make it worth your while. And you'd be doing a good thing, too, setting a misguided girl straight. You wouldn't have to think of her nights, going on and on in her endless journeying, but cozy and calm, in luxurious surroundings, with light and life about her."

Interest and excitement made the woman's voice tremble. "The blessed lambs," she said. "They don't always know what's good for them, no they don't. 'Tis as you say, to think of her home and with them that's meant for her, well, 'twould be good. Yes, I can help out, or what's the use of me, M'ria Bunsey, being President of the Ladies' Aid. Oh, I can do it, no need to tell how, even if the time is short. So you go now and let things take their course. But after the meeting, come here and see if she won't be some different. At night, disappointments look mountain high to young folks though the next morning a little sunshine sets them up again. Better not wait for the sunshine, but get her when there's blackness, inside and out."

"Well, I'll go, and with confidence, leaving everything in your hands. Thank you for your kindness to a motherless girl. Goodbye until to-night," returned James Norris, turning on his heel with business precision and striding to the road where his automobile awaited him.

The elderly couple silently watched his departure; then the old man said shrewdly.

"Kinder fancies himself, don't he? I suppose he's right about the girl's gallivantings, but I hate to see her discouraged for a Great Mogul of the Money Circles. Go easy, Mother. Promise me you'll remember the young has their feelings."

And with a re-assuring laugh, mother promised.

## II

At eight-thirty p. m., a young man who habitually signed his letters Benjamin Mason, Jr., approached the small frame structure known as the Baptist Church of Highcliff with a feeling of pleasurable excitement. All through his late dinner at the Mountain House, a picture had remained constantly before his inner eye. It was that of a high mountain path trailing up through long stretches of alternate shine and shadow and on it the lithe figure of a girl who turned to him often with eyes that were full of a comradeship and an understanding that he had found singularly agreeable. He acknowledged to himself that if he had heard of her through another person, he might have disapproved of her, but meeting a person and hearing about her are two very different things. Her life and its aims and hopes explained to him with the enthusiasm of youth, with the glamor of the idealist, the ardor of the born reformer, and with the picturesque presentation of the natural orator had won from him first surprise, then approval, then a buoyant admiration. There were such young women, he thought, wonderingly,

feminine enough in their ways, full of healthy humanness and humor, but big-minded, wide-visioned, alive to large issues.

He had found his walk stimulating, his companion a kind of revelation. He promised himself that he would break the engagement he had made for the evening in order to hear his new acquaintance speak. If she could talk so well privately to one poor listener what would she not do when roused by the presence of a crowd that she must convince of the truth of a great cause that seemed to be her very life.

It was later than he expected when, his apologies made to the friend that was to have monopolized his evening, he was able to reach the church. At the door, a young girl dressed in white and with a broad yellow "Votes for Women" ribbon tied across her breast from shoulder to waist met him and ushered him importantly to a seat. Mason could hardly believe his eyes. For aside from four or five women in the front pew, evidently the committee who had arranged for the meeting, he was the only person in the church. Could it be that his watch was wrong, that in reality it was much earlier than he thought? He took it out surreptitiously. No it was three minutes past nine. He rose and went over to the first pew.

"Everybody's fashionably late," he said with assumed carelessness.

"Late," echoed an elderly woman anxiously. "Highcliff don't know lateness is fashionable. Think's its jest plain rude. I declare to goodness, I can't understand it. The meeting was advertised to the hotels and the postoffice and was give out Sunday from the pulpit by the Rev. Jones. The sewing circle and the Ladies' Aid was to come entire. It's free and Highcliff's great for free things. Curiosity aint died out here neither and a young female suffragist from

Noo York is something kinder new here. All the others was older and more hardened. There aint nothing else on that's free and interesting to-night and things has been dull lately. I am going to tellyphone M'ria Bunsey to see why she aint here a heading a delygation of Aids. M'ria's mostly up and doing; dunno when we've had sich a Jane on the Spot fur a presydent. There's something queer about this meeting and as sure as my name's Susan Betts I'm going to find out what 'tis."

Mason chuckled silently as the speaker went determinedly down the aisle. He crossed over then to the side seats where Mary Norris sat alone. Her afternoon in the open had flushed her cheeks delicately, had put a sparkling light into her dark eyes and had irradiated with health a face that was strong as well as beautiful. The plain white dress she wore and the simple arrangement of her dark hair accentuated her youth. Mason felt that in spite of his admiration of the afternoon, he had really underestimated her good looks.

"Behold your audience," he said facetiously, bowing with much ceremony.

"The whole of it, I guess," she answered lightly. "It looks as though Highcliff would have none of me. No, don't say they'll come later. I am sure they wont. You see, I know my little towns of the Country Circuit. People are always too early instead of too late and they like to get things over betimes, for they have to be up with the lark in the morning."

"I don't despair yet," said Mason stoutly. "Behold, there comes another member of my sex and quite a distinguished looking member at that."

He looked as he spoke toward the body of the church to watch the man he had mentioned take a seat well toward the front, and exhibit, when seated, a noticeable and rather



leonine head with thick gray hair and a portly figure clothed in the best metropolitan fashion. Turning about to smile at Mary Norris, Mason was surprised at the look of consternation on her face.

"Why— who— what?" he stammered in momentary confusion.

"The one man in all the world whom I would rather not have here," she answered. "To see my successes, that is all right, but to see my failures! Oh how he will gloat over this."

"Gloat over it," said Mason incredulously. "Why who would be such a cad?"

"Well, you see he's my uncle and he strongly disapproves of the cause and my organizing trips. He simply can't understand anything but business, money, and the luxury these should bring. The things of the spirit don't exist for him. And women, what are they? Simply adjuncts to men, pawns that ought to move as the masculine hand places them. I suppose, deep down in my heart I love him, but our two minds clash constantly. It's sometimes that way, the old and the new age meeting in a family with continual conflict. All I ask now is for him to let me alone, but it seems that he can't. I had a suspicion he was following me; at least, I thought I caught a glimpse of him in Roaring Rock last week. But I wasn't really sure. But now here he is showing himself in the open. And I'll have to get up and speak to empty seats."

Mortification and distress showed plainly in her eyes. Chivalry brought a wave of sympathy into Mason's breast, and interest and the fighting instinct began to stir him to action.

"Well, there begins to be something exciting about this meeting. Your uncle's appearance may have something

to do with your missing audience, though I don't see how. I certainly am going to investigate. At least I can see what Susan Betts, who's gone to telephone, finds out. If you don't mind, I'll go and report later. By all means stick it out until I let you know what's up."

Near the door of the church, Mason met Mrs. Betts with a grim face returning from her telephoning expedition.

"Did you hear from your Jane on the Spot?" he asked.

Mrs. Betts let her indignation appear in her voice.

"M'ria Bunsey had the face to tell me that we are trying to boost a Runaway Girl and that as soon as she heard this from a high authority, she'd sent her boy Jason out with the buggy and he'd spent most of the day telling the Lady Aiders, the Sewing Circlers and the farmers' wives not to come to the meeting. She's tellyphoned to those she could reach that way and put up big notices to the postoffice and the hotels that the meeting was postponed. It's a wonder she didn't set fire to the church. She's shoed off the Rev. Jones. He aint over-zealous as a suffragist anyway. Now of all things to call that nice young thing, backed up by the biggest organization of women in the hull state, a Runaway and on High Authority. M'ria Bunsey is going insane and so I told her flat and plain."

"The High Authority has come to the meeting at any rate, third seat from the front," said Mason drily. "I've never assaulted a High Authority. I wonder how good it makes one feel. But maybe I can try that out later. But see here, Mrs. Betts, we won't lie down and let Bunsey and the High Authority get away with this. We'll form a partnership and put one over on them. Now, I have a little idea, I'll go out and get an audience, and your part will be to stick things out until it comes."

"But how—when—where?" gasped Mrs. Betts.

Mason did not stop to answer but rushed out into the moon-lit night. He made for the three biggest hotels in Highcliff where he knew the guests were to be reached en masse because informal dances were going on. Whether he could overcome the attractions of fox trots and one steps by something merely intellectual remained to be seen. At least he could try. He counted on the fact that he had many friends and acquaintances at each place, thanks to his custom of spending successive summers in Highcliff and to the fact that many families were in the habit of returning to their favorite hostelrys each year.

In an intermission between dances in each place, he made the same speech, which was a plain statement of the facts, followed by a direct appeal:

"Here is a young woman," he said, "one of our kind, who has come miles to speak. There is no audience, thanks to narrow-minded interference. She faces a public humiliation entirely uncalled for. I appeal to you, not only as kind-hearted people of the world but also as good American sports who believe that every game ought to be played in a fair way. Do not let injustice be done in Highcliff, but come yourselves and make an audience, the best audience the place affords."

The idea took immediately. Women and girls led the shout, "Count upon us," and trooped out into the summer night talking and laughing. James Norris? Who had not heard of him? The thing was a sensation and sensations were rare in Highcliff. Mason saw that the whole proposition had the aspect of a lark for most of his friends but this did not worry him. Mary Norris, he knew, was quite competent to change this attitude.

On his way, he picked up a native youth to whom, under the pledge of secrecy, he confided the story of how the "hotel

swells" were going to the Baptist Church to hear a fine speaker from "Noo York". He hoped that his auditor, upon whom he seemed to make a strong impression, would be moved to communicate these tidings to the numerous rural gentlemen who were wont to spend their evenings at Riggs's General Store hugging the stove in winter and adorning the porch in summer. That his confidence was not misplaced, he saw later, when his glance fell upon a goodly delegation of native voters who occupied seats well up to the front at the church.

This matter attended to, Mason bethought him of the Press. This was represented in Highcliff by one lone editor who was important in that he edited the county paper read in every village and farmhouse for miles around. This gentleman, as he found by calling upon him, had been notified first that the meeting would take place and then that it would not. Upon his second communication, he had locked up the photo and biographical data he had received about Miss Norris and had gone serenely to sleep on the couch in his sitting-room, oblivious of work. Informed that a real story would be his if he bestirred himself, such a journalistic rapture came into his face that Mason felt well repaid for his long walk to the house.

Accompanied by the editor, who turned reporter for the occasion, Mason hastened to the church. When he entered it, which he did with some difficulty, he found standing room only. Every seat, every step, every space was filled with people. Summer dresses and dancing gowns gave the audience the appearance of a huge flower garden, while the sight of men in evening attire added a metropolitan touch that was very effective. Mrs. Betts and Mary Norris occupied seats in the pulpit while Alice Bradley, who ranked high as an organist, even in New York, brought a surprising amount

of music out of the most primitive of musical instruments.

Mason was pleased at the brave showing made by his impromptu audience. He was also amused at the fact that the men who had taken up his chivalric challenge rather tepidly, supposing that they were called upon to champion a more or less freakish creature, were now obviously amazed and interested in the pulchritude of the speaker of the evening.

The quality of the majority of the people present would, he knew, make a stronger impression upon the High Authority than one more rural, and he verified this conjecture by placing himself in a position where the face of the unwelcome visitor could be easily seen. Mason rejoiced in its expression of mingled amazement and disappointment. When a further survey of the church revealed several seats full of stout and sensible middle-aged women, evidently summoned by telephone by the masculine portion of the native contingent and whom he had every reason to suspect were Aids, prompted by very natural curiosity to disobey the injunctions of their Head, he felt that the situation had worked out as perfectly as human beings could expect and he fervently thanked his lucky stars for his luminous idea.

When Mary Norris rose to speak, her first words, delivered in the rich full tones of the trained speaker, immediately put an end to the whispering and fluttering movements of the audience. For the better part of an hour she gripped their attention while she alternately moved them to a laughing disdain of the arguments of the opposition and hammered into their minds with strong and relentless logic the main points advanced by the advocates of equal suffrage. She added to her reasoning, emotional power, and so played upon their fancies and feelings with a skill that held them spell-bound, verifying at every turn Samuel Bunsey's homely verdict, "There aint the human can resist her."

But while Mason enjoyed keenly the handling of the arguments, he sat up very straight and alert when after a little pause, most effective from the dramatic standpoint, she went on to a different theme.

"Since I have been in Highcliff," she said. "I have heard strange ideas expressed. I have been pitied because I travel alone, travel alone in this glorious summer weather through a region famed for its beauty, have an opportunity to see these great mountains in all their morning, midday and evening splendor, a wonderful experience that I shall never forget.

"I have been mourned over, also, because I am giving my days of youth, those that should be sacred to song and dance and flirtation, to carrying a great message to the minds and hearts of people far from the big centers of population; because I am bringing to them tidings of liberty, that mighty thing for which men and women have died; because I am preaching freedom for thousands of human beings, the assumption of responsibilities that will make them strong, and because I am showing the way to a true democracy, the hope of the world.

"Then, too, there are those who lament over what they choose to call the absence of romance in my life. They say this of one who is in daily touch with the romance of a great cause. No one says to boys and young men that there is but one romance in the world for them, the romance of a personal love. Our books are full of men's romances of adventure and of high emprise. We have had the knight, the crusader, the explorer, the inventor, the martyr and the Seeker for the Holy Grail. To-day, woman may enter this larger life of mingled thought, fancy and fact. She may have her pretty hearthfire love just as the women did of old, but she may have also the romance of adventure and of big enterprise to fire her imagination, stir her pulses, spur

her on to heroic effort and to touch the spiritual forces of her soul.

"Let me give you just a glimpse, my friends, of the romance in the woman suffrage cause. If it were all dry theory, dull fact, something merely of the reason and the mind, there would not be thousands of women devoting their time, energy and money to it, for few of us are attracted and held by mere abstract principles. These have to be colored by fancy and emotion.

"Here then are some of the thoughts that awake the thrill in us. All over the world the spirit of liberty is stirring in the hearts of women. In India and Egypt, we see our sisters preparing to discard the veil, the outward sign of their subjection; in Japan and China, we behold them making their first timid demands for social and legal justice; while in countries more permeated with progress, we watch them surging through the doors of learning, taking into their eager grasp legal responsibilities, entering the marts of the world with the untried treasures of their brains and skill, and at length attaining the ballot-box at whose side they win the freedom and power of a voting citizenship.

"To go with them down the long road of emancipation, to note their first timid awakening, their feeble and frightened stand for the right, to bear with them the brunt of the battle, the scorn, the persecution, the callous misunderstanding that is the price of progress, to sorrow and rejoice with them in defeat and victory, to rise up anew to fresh struggles, greater efforts, this is like taking part in a great world drama upon the big stage of human life. To understand and to play the part right one must be a bit of an historian, something of a psychologist, a patient reformer and a cheerful philosopher. But the results are well worth the efforts and as actors we are held to our roles through an intense interest.

"There is another thing that appeals, also. We are helping in the growth of a great sisterhood, not of one country but of many countries. It is given to us to watch the hostile glance of the isolated woman at war with her sex for the few prizes of life vouchsafed her, change into the glowing glance of friendship and at last into the sympathetic love of those who have fought big battles as comrades in arms. We see, too, the strong stretch out helping hands to the weak. the experienced guide the inexperienced and those of high vision spur on the narrow minded. We see, too, the wonder of development, of growth, see latent talents come into active play, so that she who was tongue-tied and diffident becomes the orator, she whose mind conceived little and planned nothing becomes the busy executive, and she who was blunt and decisive becomes under the stimulus of the work the tactful diplomat.

"Then, too, there is love, the love of a great idea which has always been a powerful factor in the world's history. We rejoice as suffragists that we have a cause that uplifts us and brings forth the devotion that only a really great principle can evoke.

"These are our big appeals, but there are many others that stir the single worker pursuing her little purpose along humble paths of endeavor. As one of those thousands of workers, I know what feelings keep us strong. There is first the great leader under whom we serve. No matter where I go, through petty hardships, through disappointments, through fatigue, loneliness, sickness, or persecution, her influence is with me. When I would rest, I remember that she never rests; when my heart grows faint, I remember that her courage never flags; when my work seems foolish and futile, as it does sometimes, I remember that she holds in her hands a big plan and that my neglect of a little of that plan may



spoil the whole; and when discouragement assails me and failure comes, I remember how she has gone on and on for thirty years, facing, without flinching, scorn, defeat, and maddening delay, wrenching victory after victory from fate through the power of an invincible determination. Is not this new love of woman for the leader of her sex as romantic as that of the young soldier who dreams of his general or of the artist who dreams of the master?

"There is, too, for the humble worker the romance to be found in constant association with the masses of the people who show to us their humor and their pathos, their meannesses and their nobilities, glimpses of the human heart, illuminating flashes of mental power, deep wells of instinct and emotion. Working with the people, trying to understand them, loving them, that is a constant occupation, a constant delight.

"And then for the quiet worker there comes at times another thought that is inspiring. This is the wonder of assisting an idea to spread, from brain to brain, from city to city, from state to state, from country to country until the whole world is aflame with what was born, perhaps, in some obscure place to some unknown human being.

"Romance, my friends—the suffrage cause rides upon waves of it like a ship upon the seas. For the worker it constantly lightens the drudgery, colors the hours and makes the long days pass swiftly.

"To those who know, then, woman suffrage has a double appeal—that of reason and romance. Because in its arguments there is the logic of progress and the spirit of democracy, I ask you as good Americans, as up-to-the-minute thinkers, to support it. Because it is full of the romance which will light up your lives, relieve your days of the monotony of aimless drifting, enrich your fancy, stir your feelings and bind you in thought with peoples all through the world,

I urge you to work for it. No matter what you give it of thought, of money, of self-sacrifice, it will give you back more in deep and lasting satisfaction. I hope to-night then we shall forge another human link in the great suffrage chain that is stretching across our own country and across the whole civilized world."

For a moment after the rich, vibrant voice ceased there was a breathless silence, the best tribute that could be paid, and then the applause came, loud, enthusiastic, prolonged. After it the young girls in the audience rose in a body and waved their handkerchiefs and so great was their fervor that the older women joined until the church became a sea of fluttering white signals. The men, not to be outdone, cheered lustily and then Alice Bradley, springing to her post, struck the chords of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," through which the audience vented their emotions in vigorous singing.

At its conclusion, there was a general surging toward the speaker, who had come modestly down the pulpit steps and was making for a side door. It was a small-sized ovation before it was over, haughty dowagers clasping Mary Norris's hand with unexpected warmth, young women ejaculating and gesticulating, even men sheepishly adding laconic notes of praise. Suffrage interest in Highcliff seemed assured.

Mason, witnessing the scene from a spot of vantage, was filled with complete joy. He felt like a general who has just won a battle and vanquished the enemy through strategy. One person only, he noted, did not applaud, one person only did not advance to shake hands, one person only went down the aisle to the door with a face that was frowning and forbidding. As he joined Miss Norris after the last woman in the church had reluctantly said good-night, Mason was exultant over the whole affair.

"Sometimes High Authorities must feel very low in their minds," he said joyously. "We have pulled off the Suffrage Waterloo of one of them."

This indeed seemed to be the case, for although Mary Norris stayed in Highcliff for two days longer for the purpose of organizing a club of a size that made the Suffrage Committee giddy with astonishment and pleasure, there was no word from the Vanquished. Not until the third day found her in the pale morning light standing on the small platform of the station, waiting for the train that was to carry her to her next town and her next engagement, did she hear from the person about whose feelings she felt a little curious.

It was M'ria Bunsey who brought a note to her, a note written in the bold script she knew so well.

"It seems right I should bring this here letter to you," said M'ria Bunsey valiantly. "It was me aided and abetted him, not out of meanness neither, jest out of blindness. Pa'n me thought beaux and furbelows was all there was to romance and now we both know better. Maybe Somebody Else knows too; leastways he looked like a mashed potato when he gave this to me to hand on to you as you was leaving. Good-bye Miss Norris. I hope you'll forgive me. I feel like a repentant sinner and I mean to work out my salvation by boosting suffrage for all I'm worth."

Mary Norris thanked her and forgave her, and then she drew Mason away from the Committee Women and the Club members and the stragglers who had congregated to see her depart.

"It seems to me you have a right to see this," she said to him, tearing open the envelope. Then they both read:

"Mary Dear,

"I don't agree with you and I can't feel as you do, but somehow, the other night, you got the idea over me for the

first time. I see your side, and I see more. I see what I'm up against, all kinds of facts and fancies that a stock broker can't compete with. So I guess it's back to the bonds for me. I resign in favor of that blamed suffrage leader. There may be something in this business you're so strong for. Anyway you've made me feel like a bonehead Spaniard jeering at Christopher Columbus or like an idiotic Englishman piling fagots around Joan of Arc. God bless you, and if you ever take a vacation from Liberty, Equality and Democracy, remember that you have an uncle.

Yours—just departing,

JAMES NORRIS."

"Good for the High Authority," said Mason heartily. "He's weakening. Some day he'll be a convert and a Stock and Bond Convert is a help to any cause."

Just then the train thundered into the station and the good-byes were said shrilly by the women present, and silently by the men. If Mason had not had a promise of letters to come, the occasion, as he wonderingly confessed to himself, would have been a sad one. But fortified by the thought of future meetings, he was able to wave a cheerful farewell as the train slowly gathered its forces, and pulling away from the station platform, vanished at length through a cut in the hills, leaving behind a thin stream of smoke, the rural silence, and a little company that dispersed to go rather soberly to their homes.

## A FALLEN STAR

A PRETTY, ELDERLY WOMAN in the hall of the suffrage headquarters asked John Ardsley what she could do for him. He answered her in a lifeless tone, the tone of rigid repression that he had adopted to keep himself from the mental and emotional breakdown that he secretly feared.

"I would like to buy a banner or a pennant," he said. "As pretty a one as you have. It is for my wife. She is sick in the hospital, and it would comfort her to have it on the wall near the bed. You see, the suffrage cause has meant a good deal to her; she's been a kind of orator."

A huskiness came into his voice in spite of his self-control.

The pretty woman, sensing greater unhappiness than his simple explanation displayed, was at once all sympathy.

"It is too bad that she is sick just before the big suffrage parade," she said softly. "I know that she feels it, not to march with us, and we feel it too to have one of our workers ill at such a time. Of course you shall have the nicest pennant I can find, and you must give it to her with our love and our best wishes for her recovery. Will you tell me her name?"

"Helen Ardsley," he answered, and felt a little flicker of pride when she exclaimed:

"Helen Ardsley, one of our best street speakers! Why we all know her and admire her. You tell her she has been the greatest help. Why, I know personally more than a dozen people she's converted. I suppose now she worries because she has to fall out a while from the ranks, while the fight is

at its hottest. But she needn't. She's already done the work of three or four. She can rest a while in perfect contentment."

"If it is only for a little while," repeated John Ardsley in a low tone, and bit his lip until it bled.

The pretty woman did not hear him. She had gone into the busy front office of headquarters where the "shop" kept its wares in two large oak cabinets that reached from floor to ceiling and through whose glass doors he saw arranged on wide shelves books and calendars, suffrage favors, baskets of buttons, flags, pennants, writing paper, handkerchiefs, all the dainty articles that trade had been quick to stamp with the magic words "Votes for Women" to lure the feminine customer. Within this room, a telephone rang constantly, a group of women were seated at a table assiduously directing envelopes for piles of folded leaflets, visitors were coming and going, two stenographers were busy at their typewriters and all was bustle and commotion. Down the hall, he caught a glimpse of a restaurant in full swing from which crowds of women came and went. Up and down the broad stairs, every now and then girls and women ran nimbly, carrying papers, going into rooms, calling down directions. He heard an explanation of a meeting to which a flock of women shortly came, watched the postman deliver stacks of letters under whose weight he pretended to stagger, and he got the general impression of a house humming with life and overflowing with energetic human beings caught in swift whirls of the suffrage current. Ordinarily he would have enjoyed the spectacle like any other idle onlooker, but to-day his instant thought was to contrast all this cheerful commotion with that other place where his thoughts constantly hovered, the plain and quiet room where she lay, white and silent, save for occasional moans of pain.

In a few moments the pretty woman came back with the pennant, its gay blue, white and yellow folds neatly furled into a compact bundle. Very sweetly she gave it to him, refused all compensation, and sent him away with a few cordial words that vaguely comforted him.

"And you must let us know how Mrs. Ardsley fares," she said. "We are, of course, so rushed we hardly get time to eat and sleep, but we do want to hear about her if you will be so kind. I am sure the women of her district keep in touch with her, but we would like to do this, too, at headquarters. You know she is one of our stars."

The word stuck in his mind, and when he was admitted softly into the presence of a white-capped nurse who bent solicitously over a bed whereon the slender form of a young woman lay with a kind of rigidity, he stood for a moment thinking of her tenderly as "a fallen star." For she had dropped just as suddenly out of the heaven of their happy and busy life as he had seen a star fall from the firmament through the black curtains of the night.

"A little better to-day, Mr. Ardsley," said the nurse encouragingly, pitying the white tragedy of his face.

The patient stirred a little and opened a pair of large dark eyes that shone resplendent in a small worn face. She had never failed to give him a look and a smile save when actual unconsciousness blotted from her love as well as pain. He knew, too, at what a cost she often gave him his little bit of recognition, and he treasured each glance and each fleeting smile as he had never treasured even the sweetest of their love tokens in their short and blissful life together.

Now with heroic effort she smiled again and did more, reaching out to him a frail white hand. He took it gently and closed the fragile fingers around the pennant. Then,

seeing her little look of interest and of curiosity, he unfurled it, and held it up against the wall where she could see it.

"I'll get you some tacks, Mr. Ardsley," said the nurse with quick sympathy and left the room.

"It's the pennant the suffs will carry when they march," he explained in a low tone, and gave the little message from Headquarters. She seemed pleased, as he had known she would be if she were well enough to understand.

"This is the pennant that you will use," he added. "For you are going to march, too."

"Yes, I am going to march," she said slowly, and with great effort. "Even if the pain is very bad—now—it won't be long before I'll throw it off. And I have two weeks yet. When you've lived a thing—so long—you can't miss the big moments—no matter what happens."

She stopped, tired by her effort at conversation, the longest she had made since she had come, white and inert, from under the surgeon's knife. She sighed and closed her eyes and he knew that their interview was over for the day. Yet he lingered, holding her hand, knowing that she liked to have him near her even if she could not speak. So deep was his love and his yearning pity and anguish that for them both the room seemed full of the sweetness and the sympathy of his thoughts, all the more felt by them both because the ordinary avenues of communication were barred to them. When the nurse came back with some thumbtacks and put the pennant carefully up on the white wall, she said:

"I didn't know she was a suffragette, though I suppose I might have guessed, with all the flowers sent her being yellow. And I remember now there was a yellow button on her dress when she came in, but she was such a bad case then, I didn't notice it much. When she's better, she can do some good work here converting me—I'm supposed to



be an anti, but I'm not one really, just a bit indifferent." "But," she said, lowering her voice, "I think you had better go now. You know the understanding."

"Yes, yes," he said hastily. "I know I must not stay too long." He bent over the bed and kissed the white brow that was whiter than the immaculate pillow, and with a silent pressure of the inert hand he went out of the room. The nurse followed him into the hall.

"She is really better, isn't she?" he asked eagerly. "And there is no doubt of her recovery; we must just be patient and wait."

For the first time, the nurse avoided his eyes.

"Yes," she said slowly. "She seems better to-day. Come again soon. I can't leave her long."

She went back into the room with soft-gliding steps.

For a moment he stood rigidly still. His nerves were keyed so high that he sensed things with what seemed to be a new sense. There had been an odd inflection in her tone, and as he thought of it, she had only answered half of his question. A pang of anguish went thro' his heart. Down the hall was an office where Dr. Lang sometimes stayed for brief business conferences, and Dr. Lang would know. Heedless of an attendant or two who tried to stop his headlong progress he rushed to the door, opened it without knocking and went in. Dr. Lang was there talking to a nurse. One look at Ardsley's face, and the doctor dismissed the nurse.

"You are friend as well as physician," said Ardsley thickly. "And I must know the truth. Helen—"

The doctor rose and came up to him with a face full of sympathy and pity. He laid a kind and comforting hand on his shoulder. There was no need for words. For a moment or two, they stood in a tense silence. Then the doctor grasped his hand firmly.

"Science has conquered one thing," he said. "But it cannot conquer all. There is just a week or two. You must help her live them through. The pain will go shortly, the rest will not be so hard. And you must be her heart and soul. You must not fail her."

Ardasley tried to speak, but no words came. The doctor studied him a moment, and a great pity shone in his eyes.

"You will be alone here for fifteen minutes," he said gently, "Pull yourself together, John."

He went out softly and a deep silence seemed to fall upon the room. At the end of fifteen minutes, a man passed out the door, but whereas an obviously young man had entered it, an old man went falteringly forth. This is what agony of mind can sometimes accomplish.

When the pretty woman at headquarters saw him again, she felt a change in him that she could not at first understand. He seemed more cheerful than before, and yet it was a cheerfulness so far above the ordinary as to daunt her. She knew that her white hair and her motherliness attracted him, representing as she did the interest and the companionship of the elderly that he, as a motherless son and as a stranger in a big city, missed. And since her heart went out to him, she encouraged his visits. He knew her now as Mrs. Amy Spencer. It was understood that he would report regularly about Helen.

"She says she is going to march in the parade," he said on his third visit, "and that I must get her ready. I took her the pennant and now I am going to take her these. You know what silly things women usually wear, even emancipated women—"

He opened a bundle that he carried and set forth on the desk before her a shining pair of new shoes. Stout serviceable shoes they were, with sensible heels and toes a happy

medium between broad and pointed. They were small shoes for feet that must be fairylike in their proportions.

"Her walking shoes," he said tenderly. "Do you think she will like them?"

Mrs. Spencer was warm in their praise.

"I will help you plan the rest," she said with cordial interest, "You see she must wear white, and a yellow rosette on her hat, and the hats are to be all alike; the uniformity makes a better effect. I could give you a hat now, we have so many here."

"One thing at a time," he said. "It will be better to make it all last for a week or two. Every time a new garment to look at, every time something to anticipate. The hat next time, Mrs. Spencer, please."

"All right," acquiesced Mrs. Spencer. "It will give me great pleasure to get it ready for her."

His hands trembled so that he could not wrap up the shoes neatly, so, secretly wondering, she took them from him and tied them up in shipshape fashion.

When he had gone, she thought about him with some uneasiness.

"She must be better, if she's going to march; he seems more cheerful, and yet—"

She remembered the trembling hands.

The hat that Mrs. Spencer made was conceded to have the jauntiest effect and the prettiest cockade possible. This was the opinion of the working staff at headquarters, whose members began to take a discreet interest in the "Little Husband." That this could not be expressed openly incited three or four to get together and compose a pretty message to Mrs. Ardsley which they hid cleverly in the lining at the last moment, trusting to its "crinkliness" to lead to its discovery by the recipient.

When John Ardsley called this time, Mrs. Spencer with a motherly pang noted the drawn and haggard look his face had in repose. Yet he was lively, even jocular.

"The shoes are on a table near her bedside," he reported, "where she can see them every minute. And she says they are outrageously sensible, look exactly as if they had been bought by a man. She has no pain now, so that she can enter into things better. And she takes a great interest. So I—I—go on with it. To-day the hat will get a warm reception."

He went away with it smiling, yet for some reason Mrs. Spencer felt depressed. In her thoughts she reproved herself.

"Just when everything is going so well, how silly to be sad," she meditated. "Thank God, this little story will have a happy ending."

A day or two later he brought her some white clothes from "home," manlike picking out the most inappropriate things.

"Too lacey," criticised Mrs. Spencer severely. "This is a march, not a ball. You want something more crisp, more tailor made."

"You must know," he said humbly. "You did so well with the hat. She says she wants soon to meet her milliner. And nothing would do but she must try it on, and get the nurse to hold the hand mirror up to see the effect. Of course, she is white and thin, and— and—weak—but it looked well and she was pleased. That is what I want to do now, please her. The time is so short—to—to please her."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Spencer absently, thinking of the clothes. "I will come to your home this evening and look through her things, if you don't mind. And if there is nothing really appropriate, we shall have time to buy something. I really feel like an adopted aunt, now, so you must let me help all that I can."

He was pathetically glad to have this done, and when she did call, he made her stay longer than she had intended. The little apartment seemed even to her empty and silent.

"I hope that you don't spend your evenings here habitually," she said. "It is too lonely for you, and everything must remind you of her. Now that she is getting better, you must go out to the theater, or to entertainments. You owe it to yourself."

He answered in a choking voice,

"I am better here—alone."

"You must not be morbid," admonished Mrs. Spencer kindly.

They found a white suit that would do, with a few accessories, and Mrs. Spencer remembering the burden of hospital expenses that he carried, tactfully arranged that from her own large store of dainty things enough should be provided to make the costume complete.

"We'll have to do this, because I am so rushed, I don't have time to shop," she explained. "And I'd hate to trust a man."

They spent a companionable evening together. He showed her Helen's picture and flushed happily at her warm praise of the pretty face that showed character as well as beauty. He showed her newspaper clippings that lauded his wife's achievements in the role of orator, with a pride and love that endeared him to Mrs. Spencer. He told her their simple story, and she got a clear picture of their aloneness, not only in the big city, but also in life. She went away secretly touched and warmed by her contact with youthful emotions and ambitions.

One by one they doled out the clothes to make the pleasure a long-drawn one. First, the suit pressed into neatness, then a pretty waist, then gloves, and stockings, a filmy

scarf, a veil, a tiny purse, a broad yellow satin sash, until he reported the hospital room gay with what the nurse called "a suffragette trousseau." They were clever at thinking up little trifles, a suffragette handkerchief, a belt, yellow buttons with embroidered tops, a petticoat that was "a dream" and "almost converted the nurse to suffrage," a suffrage rose to be worn smartly on the coat lapel, even yellow hairpins, and a shining yellow comb.

Through all this, John Ardsley and Mrs. Spencer were brought closer and closer together in thought and feeling. This might not have been the case were it not for the fact that she had no immediate family and was dependent on friends for companionship and affection. Accepting her kindly invitation to call, he came to see her at the smart hotel where she had a suite. There they both did the suffrage work with which she was overwhelmed, as she acted as chairman of one of the parade committees. There was clerical work of all kinds to be done, and he helped silently, but efficiently. She found him, however, afflicted with a curious restlessness. He would work a while, then get up and pace the room, work again and then abruptly bid her good-night and depart. If they had been alone this would have been very noticeable, but she had no uninterrupted moments and could only speak to him a few seconds in private before one of her numerous assistants made her appearance.

She found time, however, to send delicacies and messages to the invalid, whom she pictured slowly regaining her strength and her spirits. To her surprise, she found him seemingly averse to her visiting the hospital. This puzzled her somewhat, but she was too busy to reflect upon it long. His appearance, too, worried her at times, and his manner that once or twice struck her as full of a kind of feverish

bravado. But as his reports were invariably good, his spirits constantly cheerful, she wondered whether financial matters did not worry him and planned to adroitly help him out after the parade. During her few moments of rest and leisure, her thoughts dwelt tenderly on the "little romance" that she had stumbled upon at headquarters, and that had charmed her with its youthful sweetness.

The evening before the parade was a dreadful one for Mrs. Spencer, for then all the last-moment, the forgotten and the neglected details had to be settled, wild-eyed people assailed her for their own derelictions, others tried to re-arrange all her carefully laid plans, while demands were made that left her worn and weary. She spent the evening hours at headquarters, and left for home at a late hour, dropping with fatigue. Headquarters had been noisy and bustling, crowded and hot. She found her own rooms at the hotel, as she slipped in, delightfully still and cool. She loathed the sound of a telephone, the click of a typewriter, having heard both incessantly through many fatiguing hours.

But scarcely had she removed her outer wraps, when her own telephone bell jangled. Mrs. Spencer was tempted not to answer it but didn't quite dare. What last-minute flurry was this?

When she took up the receiver she was informed that a gentleman wished to see her, a "Mr. Ardsley".

"Show him up," directed Mrs. Spencer, and with a sinking of the heart she hurried to the open door.

A wild-looking man entered and looked at her mutely, two burning eyes shining from a ghastly face.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Spencer breathlessly. "Is it bad news?"

"I have been walking the streets for hours," he said incoherently. "For hours. Is it only hours since she died?"

"Died?" questioned Mrs. Spencer, "not—not Helen?"

"Yes—Helen," he said brokenly.

Mrs. Spencer went forward and put her arms about his shoulders, pushing him into a chair. She put his head on her shoulder as a mother would do and pressed his hands in silent sympathy for some moments. She was thinking what a dastardly blow fate had struck, filling him so full of hope, only to destroy all at the end. She felt dazed. All their little planning, all the innocent finery they had sent, all the gay little messages—how dreadful they must seem to him now.

She tried to think of something to say, but what can one say in pale, ineffectual words in the face of heartbreaking sorrow and human tragedy. At last it was he who spoke.

"They march to-morrow," he said. "But she will not march. They're all there in the room, the little shoes, the white things, the bright yellow ribbons. Do you know the nurse laid the pennant across her breast. It lay there so very still. And she put the rose in her hair. I did the best I could. I kept up. It hurt—the constant smiling—the cheerfulness—the sureness she would come through. I never failed her. But I knew—days ago—and sometimes I longed to tell, that we might have one last talk together, soul to soul, before she went. But it seemed best to make believe, to keep her courage up. You see she thought she would get well. I couldn't give her a blow like that. But, God, how I longed for the last words we could have spoken."

There was more of this talk, for it seemed to relieve him, and Mrs. Spencer, silently weeping, encouraged him to pour out his heart. For hours they sat thus, broken confidences following long silences, sat until the pale light of the great marching day broke. She would not let him go and made him lie upon one of her couches at length, where he fell into the dead slumber of utter exhaustion.



After a short rest, Mrs. Spencer slipped away to the hospital. She wanted to see if anything was needed and to spare him all she could. The nurse led her in and let her look at the silent figure and the pure young face of the sleeper.

"She was a wonder," said the nurse with genuine grief in her voice. "She knew all along she was going, but she kept up that marching thing to please him. It seemed to please him a lot to get her things. He believed she was going to get well. Sometimes I think she longed to stop making believe and to talk to him at last as you do when you're going to die. But she hated to hurt him. And she went with a smile on her lips, bright and brave to the end."

"Oh," said Mrs. Spencer, surprise and consternation in her tone. "He never knew and you must never tell him."

Mrs. Spencer had promised to stay at headquarters during the march as an emergency aid, but she did not appear. Some uncomplimentary things were said about her by another woman hastily mustered into service. But at the hotel Mrs. Spencer, oblivious to all else, was trying to keep the sounds of the marching from her guest who had come out of the blessed oblivion of sleep into wakeful wretchedness. But the hotel was on the line of march and strains of music and the sounds of cheering voices penetrated even into the inner room where she had taken him.

"They're marching," he said. "You wanted to spare me. But do you think anything matters now? Come, we must see them. Helen would want me to. She would say that they are marching for her, taking up the work that has dropped from her lifeless hands. It is hard to realize that it will all go on without her. But she would be glad that there are so many thousands of marching feet."

Together they went to the window and looked out with tearful eyes upon the long lines of women surging past,

in mighty companies under a swirl of fluttering flags, floating streamers and eddying banners. And to Mrs. Spencer, as to the man at her side, the thought of one little suffrage worker, lying pale and quiet far from this "great moment" of the cause, sanctified the spectacle so that the marchers seemed to go forward in a vast and solemn procession to the strains of deep and noble music.

## THE GREATEST THING

The leaders of Manhattan crowded into the Borough Chairman's room and sat down close together on creaking camp chairs. It was the usual Borough meeting and they exchanged low-toned remarks about the reports they must give on the work in their assembly districts. A good-natured rivalry was shown in their remarks:

"How many members have you now?"

"Most of my canvassing is done. We are on the last lap."

"Don't tell me you are 100 per cent captained?"

"Had six hundred at my last public meeting. Can you say as much?"

"Does Manhattan still lead the Boroughs. Brooklyn is working overtime."

The Borough Chairman, Mrs. John L. Leeds, tall and dark, unconsciously made a pretty picture as she sat at her desk. She was a bit of autumn with all its tints present in the dark brown of her luxuriant hair, in the red of her cheeks, in the leaf brownness of her eyes that seemed at times deep pools with the sparkle of sunshine on them. The brown dress she wore with its touch of crimson carried out the autumnal color scheme and set off her beauty in an effective way.

Usually brimming with vivacious life, to-day she seemed strangely subdued and a little distraught. Rather absently she greeted each newcomer with a word and a smile and nervously sorted and arranged the numerous papers on her desk. From time to time, the Borough Secretary, seated beside her, looked at her wonderingly. She did not know

that the Borough Chairman was secretly thrashing out a problem. She did not know that a letter just received and held folded in the Chairman's hand was bothering her, and that its phrases kept floating before her inner vision in a detached fashion.

"Your great ability—time you served in a higher capacity—greater opportunities in the national field—relinquish your present duties—urge your acceptance—talents especially fit you for our work—find your successor."

Especially did "find your successor" stick in Hesper Leeds's mind. She looked about the room, appraising each of the leaders silently. Many had great ability, but they lacked either the leisure, the gift of speech needed by a Borough Chairman, or the financial backing required by one who had many demands made upon her pocketbook as well as upon her time, strength and talents. The Borough Officers, too, seemed to yield no goodly candidate. The vice chairman was all that could be desired mentally, but she was physically weak. And when it came to this item, Hesper Leeds was forced to admit that none had her own radiant health. With a kind of wonder, since it was the first time she had really considered the question, she realized that on all counts she seemed made for her present position. She had always vaguely supposed that the selection of herself as Chairman had "just happened". Now she saw its fitness, now that she was about to give it up. For of course, she would give it up. It was a great honor that was offered her, a chance to be a national figure, to assist in the making of suffrage plans and policies for the whole country, to leave the hard and grilling local activities and to travel from state to state and get a deeper knowledge and a wider understanding of the beloved cause and its thousands of adherents. She thrilled a little at the thought and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"I envy Mrs. Leeds her splendid vitality," whispered the leader of the second district to the leader of the sixth. "She spoke at six meetings last night, rushing around all over the city to keep her appointments, and she looks as fresh as a rose to-day. I'd be all in after three meetings if I expended the enthusiasm she puts in every speech."

"What topic are we to discuss after the reports?" asked Mrs. Leeds in a low tone of her secretary.

"What is the Greatest Thing in the Suffrage Cause?" answered the secretary smiling. "The sixth tried it out in a district meeting and it brought out some interesting points. It might be illuminating to find out what the leaders place first and then we'd know on what they would concentrate most strongly."

"Good enough," returned Mrs. Leeds. "It's time to begin."

She took up the gavel, called the meeting to order and proceeded with the usual routine. During the reading of the minutes, the treasurer's report, the reports of the districts on their work, and the speeches of various chairmen of standing committees and of organizers fresh from their labors, a kind of gentle melancholy stole over her, as she realized that this was her last borough meeting. The call to go higher must be accepted promptly. She began to think out a farewell speech. She would tell them the news just before the close of the session, and would express her appreciation of their loyal support, of their unfailing willingness to work, of their unselfish devotion. A lump rose in the Borough Chairman's throat and a mist came across her eyes. Of course, it would be fine to be high up in the councils of the organization, but would she not miss the contact with those bearing the heat and the burden of the campaign? As she looked about on the twenty-three familiar faces of the leaders, they had never seemed so pleasant and so dear.

It came time to broach the subject of raising a fund for a special purpose, and the Borough Chairman took it up with some reluctance. For all of a sudden, she realized how often the demand for money was presented to women who with one or two exceptions were themselves only comfortably placed financially, and represented women in their districts who could contribute largely to no movement. Yet when she made her request, they responded with cheerful alacrity.

"It means another card party for us," said one leader cheerfully. "And I still ache from the last one."

"I'll start my district's quota with a contribution, and that will set a good example," cried another.

"But Mrs. Stevens, you have already done so much," said the Borough Chairman involuntarily, as the modesty of the Stevens income came to her mind.

"Oh, she'll give up the dress she was going to buy. I know her. It's the third one and she's used to it," explained a fellow leader. "It's to be hoped she won't get too shabby to preside at meetings."

"Well, I gave up my maid yesterday," said Mrs. Martin joyously. "She was certain of another place, and I'm going to do my own work, and give all the perfectly good dollars I used to hand out to Norah to the Cause. It's a great idea."

"I had it long ago," laughed little Miss Larcom. "So you're not a bit original."

"When we get this money it means starting a new line of work and it just occurs to me that some of you won't be here," said Mrs. Leeds. "There's Mrs. Penting, going to her country home soon, only to come in occasionally, and there's Miss Marlow who's planned a vacation and—"

"No," cried Mrs. Penting and Miss Marlow together in eager dissent.

"Don't you know?" asked another leader quickly. "Mrs. Penting has sent the family and the servants on to her country place and she's camping out all alone in her apartment. Couldn't keep a maid here in this sizzling weather, but stays herself."

"Oh, but that's different," explained Mrs. Penting. "It's easy for me because I'm doing it for the Cause."

"And you, Miss Marlow," gasped Mrs. Leeds, quite aghast at the idea of the elegant Mrs. Penting for the first time in her life eschewing the country, to which she was devoted, and attending to her own wants in solitary state.

"Oh," said Miss Marlow shyly. "I just changed my mind."

"She couldn't have a vacation and give what she wanted to suffrage, so she's cut out the vacation," said Miss Stanley.

"Well," stammered Miss Marlow, "so many of the women in my district are giving up every luxury and many a necessity in order to help, I felt like a criminal to think of a vacation."

"After saving for this particular one for two years," added Miss Stanley.

"But, of course, one is glad to sacrifice anything for the Cause," said two or three voices earnestly.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Leeds, and all of a sudden behind the roomful of women she seemed to see the hovering figure of an angel of self-sacrifice and self-denial, and she spoke softly as though in a sacred presence.

"Now that the business part of our program is completed, we shall pass on to the entertaining part and discuss the subject, What is the Greatest Thing in the Suffrage Cause".

There was a little ripple of interest and then Miss Stevens sprang to her feet and declared that it was the canvassing, bolstering up her statement by many convincing arguments. At the end, Mrs. Penting cried:

"I don't agree with you. It's the Speakers." And she in turn gave some snappy reasons for her belief.

"What are speakers to Leaflets?" asked Mrs. Mervin with scorn. "The voice of a speaker reaches at best the ears and minds of a few hundred people, the leaflets go to thousands and work for us silently and effectively."

And Mrs. Mervin provoked great applause by her enthusiastic defense of her contention.

"Speakers and leaflets and canvassing,—what are they in comparison with the Press?" asked Mrs. Benson. "People who don't go to meetings to hear the speakers, who throw the leaflets in the waste-paper basket, and avoid the canvasser, get suffrage thrust at them regularly from their daily paper. It's the editors who are the greatest thing, God bless them, like a long line of Suffrage Knights extending clear across the country."

And Mrs. Benson made one of the hits of the day by her lucid and vivid presentation of her subject.

She was followed by one of the organizers who vaunted the Organization itself, with its power of thousands of people bound together by the ties of a struggling sisterhood, working in marvelous harmony for a common object, presenting to the world and hostile forces the strength of a united and impressive front. "This is the greatest thing we have," contended the speaker.

But she was not left in undisputed possession of the field, for another woman lifted her voice and eulogized the Great Leaders of the movement, "throwing the light of progress and justice across the stormy sea of the world, our lighthouses that warn our suffrage barks from the dangerous places, from the hidden rocks and the narrow channels and the drifting fog-banks." This, too, met with enthusiastic approval.



Through the speeches that went on for some time, Mrs. Leeds sat in a musing silence, oblivious to the voices and the arguments. Face after face before her took on a new aspect. The pallor of Dr. Halsey was no longer pallor, but a beauty that she had acquired working long hours by day among her suffering patients in the tenements and devoting her evenings to suffrage street-meetings and work. The lines in the face of Alice Stevens—what were they but lovely things engraved there by the weariness that comes from working ceaselessly for high ideals? The toil-worn hands of Mrs. Jacobs, of an eastside district spoke eloquently of the extra work that Mrs. Jacobs did, after her duties for a large family were over, and she sat up half the night sewing garments to sell for the cause. Mrs. Brent, with her haggard features—the Borough Chairman remembered how Mrs. Brent cooked and sold preserves to contribute to the Party treasury. And Miss Stirwell's cane that supported her in her lameness, and that Mrs. Leeds knew had gone tapping its way on long journeys in Queens, out to the quiet places of small meetings where waiting for trains often meant weary waits on deserted platforms at night, and even when an automobile was provided, brought long and fatiguing rides through sleeping villages and down dark country roads. While this was varied by lively city meetings, Mrs. Leeds knew that Miss Stirwell, editor as she was of the weekly suffrage paper that sparkled with her wit and pungent comments, never refused a call to speak for the cause, be the inconvenience of dragging about a "game leg", as she valiantly called it, ever so great. Brooding over these things, Mrs. Leeds wondered whether there was not a suffrage halo waiting in some higher region to crown Miss Stirwell's white head. One by one, she studied the women before her and thought of others, toiling, drudging, with no hope of honor and advancement, with no promise

of reward, content to be all and give all to what they felt was a righteous and a worthy movement.

And as she looked and pondered, with a feeling of scorn and disgust she wiped out of her mind the farewell speech. To leave them now, having guided them halfway up the rugged pathway of the campaign—what would that be but a crime of desertion, like a captain leaving his troops in a narrow pass, like a mother fleeing from her children. A deep feeling of love and loyalty to those she led swept over the Borough Chairman like an invisible tidal wave.

"There is no greater honor than to stay with these, to guide them and to help them," she said to herself with earnest conviction, and she crushed ruthlessly the letter whose siren words had tempted her for a moment.

She was brought back to the meeting by a voice that said:

"And what does our Borough Chairman think is the greatest thing we have and that the suffrage movement has evolved?"

And a chorus cried:

"Oh yes, Mrs. Leeds, tell us your views?"

Mrs. Leeds rose to her feet with her usual vivacity and vigor.

"While you've been arguing," she said. "I've been wondering how you could all be so blind as not to see what the greatest thing is. What I think may best be preceded by a story, one of the right-behind-the-scenes tales that every movement has. Most of you know of Prudence Harrow, of the second order of pioneers, a woman of strong personality, of a burning oratory and of great devotion to the Cause in the day when in this city one was accounted a freak to advocate suffrage. When the Suffrage Party was formed Prudence had a fine record for converts made, meetings addressed, clubs organized, speeches delivered, and everybody thought

her the logical candidate for the position of chairman of her borough. She herself believed she would be selected, and was alive with interest, hope, and happiness, her mind full of plans of what she would do, and of dreams of the honor of joining the inner circle of which Charlotte Chester Cleaves was the center.

But while she was fresh from the congratulations of admiring friends, the organizing committee sent for her, assured her she was fitted for the office and would succeed if she ran, but asked her to stand aside in the interest of the cause, and allow a new and untried woman, who had the prestige, the position, and the influence that Prudence Harrow lacked, to take the office. No one knows what a bitter blow this was, for to her it seemed dealt by those who were unjust, unappreciative and ungrateful. It is a long story of how she struggled with her problem, urged by friends to fight for her just due, by others to capitulate, a struggle that went on for weeks and wore down her spirit and her body. For Prudence Harrow was not an angel, just a very human person, feeling that she had won only humiliation for long and honorable service. But finally her problem was settled. And how do you think?"

"How?" queried the leaders with vivid interest.

"Very simply. It happened she was guided, as we sometimes are. She went to a hotel meeting, fell asleep after it in an alcove, and remaining undiscovered, was roused at length by the voices of a number of antis holding a conference, reviling the Cause, berating its leaders, and making comprehensive plans for a campaign to oppose them in her own city. And then Prudence Harrow felt as a mother does who sees her child lifted on a spear, as a general does who sees his troops massacred, and all at once, the narrow ambition that had consumed her fell from her like a wornout garment.

And first she telephoned Mrs. Cleeves and then she went directly to the woman of whom she had been jealous, asked her to run for the office she had desired, and pledged to her a support and help that was later found invaluable. And when somebody, knowing the story, asked her how she felt, she gave an odd answer. 'Like a suffrage banner,' she said. And when her puzzled questioner asked why, she replied 'Like the big banner that hangs on the wall at Headquarters,' And when her bewildered questioner again asked why, she replied: 'The one that reads:

'In deeds of daring rectitude,

In scorn of miserable aims that end in self.' "

The leaders looked at each other in a wondering way. Mrs. Leeds read their unasked question.

"What has this to do with the greatest thing in the suffrage movement? It illustrates it. For the greatest thing is you, dear leaders, you and thousands like you, the devoted, self-sacrificing, hard-working, undaunted and undefeated women that we develop and attract, the women who, like Prudence Harrow, rise above self and selfish things. This is our supreme achievement."

And to the great surprise of the leaders, Mrs. Leeds went round the room and kissed them all with a fervor they could not understand. But the only person to whom she explained the matter was her husband, John L. Leeds, who came from the Men's League for Suffrage to take her home.

"It was my way of thanking them for showing me a great truth which I shall never forget."

## THE POSTER

IN the big central hall and reception room of the headquarters of the National Suffrage Association, there was a subdued excitement. Figures flitted about, voices consulted in low tones, and there was much fluttering of white papers and placing of great squares of white cardboard. "The National" was setting out its poster display. At three o'clock that afternoon, four eminent artists constituting a Committee of Criticism were to act as judges to select the poster that was to win the three hundred dollar prize offered for the best work.

"The Press Department will certainly rejoice at the close of this contest," said Miss Rose Rudd the capable editor and publicity woman, as she hovered about helping to arrange the exhibit. "It is not the height of felicity to write surrounded by the wild efforts of art students. Most of these figures are so pallid and anemic, that I have more than once fancied myself in the sorrowful company of the survivors of shipwrecks or other catastrophes on sea and land. How much more cheerful it will be when most of these are shipped back to their fond originators."

"As I look at them, I wonder I had the audacity to pick out eminent artists for judges," confessed Mrs. Earle Seeley Torrens, Chairman of the Art Committee. "Evidently three hundred dollars tempts only the crayon kindergarten."

As she spoke she surveyed with an amused eye the poster that she held. This was labeled "Raising the Standard"

and depicted a lady in a voluminous wrapper or teagown, who lifted on high by an unnecessarily muscular arm a small sign reading, "Suffrage."

"The standard ought to be raised in more senses than one," she said, and tucked the artistic triumph in an out-of-the-way corner.

Ella Main, Miss Rudd's stenographer, standing by and handing the posters silently to her two superiors, listened to their jests with a sinking heart. Were the drawings really so bad? Gingerly she handed Mrs. Torrens one of the many specimens of "Justice", which in this case portrayed a husky figure of the feminine gender handing with a grand air a ballot to a rather ineffectual youth and a pert maiden neither of whom looked old enough to be permitted by law to use the practical symbol of their enfranchisement. It could not be possible, thought Ella Main, that all the drawings were bad, that Paul's drawing was bad, and would be so considered by those competent to judge. For had she not for days lived in the hope that Paul would take the prize? She recalled how she had day after day examined it by stealth, looking upon it with the devoted eyes of love, admiring each line and curve, and the bold script on the corner that proclaimed to the world that this masterpiece was the work of one Paul Lawrence. No poster had been so carefully guarded, none protected so well from wrinkles or defacements. Time and time again, finding it relegated to an obscure corner, Ella Main had brought it forward into a good light and a good place, hoping that its beauties would win it friends in the office. It was unthinkable that others would be blind to its merits.

Worried by her thoughts, Ella Main's hand shook as she handed Mrs. Torrens a huge poster which in black letters asked the beholder, "Why Can't We All Help?" and pre-

sented as types of efficient helpers a row of frail babies whose pale and infantile countenances were adorned with slightly distorted smiles. For a moment Ella wondered whether it would not be a good idea to settle the doubt that had now arisen in her mind and save herself the pain of suspense by bringing forward her cherished poster to seek an opinion as to its chances of winning. But though she started to take it from the wall, her heart failed her. To have cold words uttered about a matter of such great moment to herself was more than she could bear. She, therefore, steeled herself to a self-control that made her go on with her immediate task in a blind and mechanical way.

There was not much more to do. A half dozen really good drawings were hung to advantage with accompanying words of praise, while there was added to the "scrap heap", as Mrs. Torrens dubbed a dark corner, several others, to wit: one drawing entitled "Why not Grant it Uncle Sam?" which depicted a fragile female in a star-bedecked gown with a book entitled "Equal Suffrage", hugged to her breast, while her eyes stared into space, possibly seeking Uncle Sam, who was not present; another drawing called "He Has the Vote, She Hasn't," showing an inebriated gentleman leaning joyously against a post, while at a short distance, a young woman acted as school teacher to a number of emaciated children whose appearance possibly accounted for the exceeding sadness of her face; and a last poster, unlabeled, and somewhat of a puzzle, presenting a mother holding her child and reading, while a man bearing a strong resemblance to a butler fed an eagle at one side.

"There, we have done our best," said Mrs. Torrens. "I am going to lunch and will be back at three to meet my eminent gentlemen. I hope, Miss Rudd, that you will support me in the ordeal."

"Most assuredly," said Miss Rudd. "Miss Main and I will be on hand to take down the reasons why the selection is made, this being of interest to the waiting world. We can drag suffrage opinions out of the artists as well as art criticisms, if we are clever."

Dismissed for the time, Ella Main went back to the room where her typewriter and a pile of work awaited her. Most of the stenographers had already gone to lunch, but Ella, shrinking from the thought of a noisy and crowded restaurant, enjoyed her aloneness in the big, sunny workroom and decided not to go out until later.

She sat down at her desk and let her thoughts rove unchecked. Ella Main had that gift of gifts, imagination. Through it she lived a secret life of glowing color, of winged hopes, of entrancing possibilities. Through it, she enjoyed and suffered much more than the average human being not blessed with this transforming power. Out of her business life Ella Main got many secret pleasures unknown to her associates. She loved the spacious, sunny and handsomely furnished rooms of "The National," the quiet and dignity characteristic of its general tone, the wide scope of its activities. Often she visualized the great spread of states reaching from ocean to ocean, across which the National stretched its influence through a chain of state organizations. She enjoyed the letters that she often had to answer, letters received from women all over the big American continent, women filled with the holy zeal of crusaders, fighting against great odds, against the apathy and indifference of the average human, against humanity's dread of change, against entrenched political powers and customs hoary with time and defended by wily and alert individuals. Ella Main often thrilled to the battle cry in some woman's letter, to the faith and optimism and courage that came to her through ordinary



suffrage communications. As for the cause itself, early after her entrance into the busy life of the National it had won her, heart and soul. Secretly she followed "The Chief" in those long journeys she took from state to state and even from country to country, everywhere holding aloft the suffrage torch, and by the earnestness and depth of her belief, compelling attention. Secretly she prayed for the success of what she felt was the biggest movement of the age.

For a long time, she had longed to do something for this cause besides tamely answering letters written by someone else, and passively copying the articles and editorials that flowed from Miss Rudd's prolific pen. The poster contest had seemed her opportunity. She had given Paul the idea for the poster, an idea that had long smoldered in her mind. She had called it "The Roll Call of the States", and she had meant to convey the idea that as they answered to the trumpet voice of democracy each should say "bond" or "free" according to the political status of its women.

It had not occurred to her that this was a subject requiring a big canvas and a master hand, and that it would suffer from the touch of an amateur. Knowing nothing of art, but with sublime faith in the boy she loved, she had felt that he would transfer to the picture all the magic with which she had imbued the subject. For days before the poster had been sent to headquarters, Ella Main and Paul Lawrence had watched it grow into being, had made changes and improvements, had thought about it and dreamed about it. To be sure all the states could not be represented, but Paul had managed to get in a group of the western equal suffrage states following the first, Wyoming, and holding aloft pennants labeled "free", and beside these one or two of the bond states, all with shackled hands following a drooping and abject

New York. High in space Democracy, a colossal figure dimly shown, with hands holding a scroll, called the roll.

There was much drawing in this artistic creation. Had Paul been equal to it? Had he shown the joyous freedom of the west, the sad slavery of the east? Ella Main slipped out of the quiet workroom and went out to the picture gallery in the hall. There it was in a good light, well hung. The States were rather ethereal to be sure, but they were symbolic and ought to be, thought Ella. New York had a somewhat criminal air, and was it or was it not true that the joyousness of the enfranchised was shown in a kind of petrified smile on faces strangely wooden? Were the draperies so scanty as to suggest something frivolous instead of the dignity that was meant? Ella Main, affected by what she had heard Mrs. Torrens and Miss Rudd say, could not make up her mind on these points. She was standing in miserable indecision, when Alice Stryker came along

"Mooning over the freaks?" asked Alice breezily, and Ella answering non-committally, strolled away and straightway went out to lunch.

At fifteen minutes after three, a distinguished looking gentleman, in raiment of exceeding fineness, stepped from the elevator and was greeted effusively by Mrs. Torrens. He was followed some moments later by two of his brother artists, who came together in a somewhat jocular mood, while a fourth came sauntering in when the judging was half over. It did not take long for the committee to get to work. Removing their overcoats, they went systematically around the room, accompanied by Mrs. Torrens and Miss Rudd, with whom they exchanged humorous remarks. Ella, waiting in a corner, studied the men eagerly. Three were young and clever-looking but to her their faces seemed somewhat hard. The fourth, with his gray hair and fatherly

manner, expressed a benevolence that made her feel drawn to him. Moreover, she had heard of him, since Paul through long hours had praised his ability and longed for his eminence.

"There must be three or four honorable mentions," said Mrs. Torrens inexorably, while a chorus of wails rose from the judges. "I know it's hard, but it's not really impossible. Miss Main, will you come and take the names?"

Ella came forward with her notebook and pencil, trying to look as business-like and as indifferent as possible.

"Bushfield, I guess we've all decided on the prize winner," said one of the younger artists. "So we only have to fix up the honorables. Come on, Cooper, circulate again, all around the mulberry bush."

Ella Main edged up closer to Mr. Bushfield, to whose seniority and greater reputation all deferred.

"And what is the name of the winner?" she asked in a low tone.

Bushfield led her to a large poster whose superiority to all the others was manifest even to Ella Main's untrained eye.

"The Woman's Hour Has Struck," he said. "Here's the chap's name. Drawing is first-class, rather set composition, but good colors, good idea."

"Isn't he lucky?" said Ella and sighed. There was something in the sigh that made Bushfield look at her for the first time. Ella Main had a pair of large black eyes to which sadness gave a depth and softness most appealing. Set in a small white face overshadowed by cloudy black hair, she was a picture not to be despised by even a great artist. If she had been thin, angular, and disagreeable to look upon, Mr. Bushfield's artistic sense would have been repelled and his kindness might not have come readily to the surface. But now he spoke to her gently.

"Are you interested then in some of the drawings?"

This was almost too good to be true. Ella Main decided to get an opinion. She led the way at once to where "The Roll Call of the States" hung in neglected majesty.

"This is by—a—a friend of mine," confided Ella looking up into the friendly face. "What do you think of it—please?"

Edmund Bushfield carefully repressed a smile and put on his most discriminating look. He passed over the defects and pointed out here and there a good point.

An arm was well drawn here, a drapery hung well there, the general idea was excellent, though rather ambitious for a small picture. Tactfully and sympathetically, Bushfield drew out the brief and uneventful history of the artist, and a breathless and glowing account of his ambitions and aspirations. To please the small narrator and to answer the imploring look in her eyes, Bushfield ordered her to take down some suggestions in her notebook for the future guidance of her artist and a masterly summary of the poster's good and bad points. He was careful to use plenty of technical terms to make the criticism impressive. Yet before he was halfway through, his genuine interest in art became the paramount impulse, and he gave to his little talk to an obscure and inexperienced artist the full benefit of his wonderful insight into the relation of art to life, his great knowledge of the use of color and the play of line, in short, he did his best, and all unknowingly produced a small masterpiece in the line of art criticism. He was well repaid for his efforts when at his final judgment, "Your work is promising," he met the gratitude and tearful admiration that shone upon him through Ella Main's eyes.

"Good Heavens," said Cooper the artist, "Bushfield is doing all the deciding himself and orating to the stenog. Come on, fellows, let's get in on this."

"Miss Main seems to be getting an interview all by herself," said Miss Rudd wonderingly, and there was a concerted move toward Bushfield and his companion which effectually ended their conversation. Carefully and conscientiously, Ella took down the names of the "honorables", and the opinions of each artist in turn as to why the selections were made. This was followed by interviews featuring their opinions on suffrage. As she typed them all neatly to be laid on Miss Rudd's desk, to be added to her poster story, which was to go at once to the newspapers, Ella subconsciously suffered the pangs of an acute disappointment. She had been grateful for the small crumbs of commendation dropped by the great man, but these could not compensate for the fact that Paul had won neither the prize nor an honorable mention.

In a lull in her work, while she waited for Miss Rudd's story, she telephoned him.

"Come up about five o'clock and get your poster," she said. "The Committee want to get them all returned as soon as possible. And this will give you a chance to see the others too, the prize winner, and those honorably mentioned."

Her voice faltered as she said the last words. It was a good way, she thought, to break the bad news to him indirectly.

But Paul answered cheerfully enough, "All right," and promised to take her out to dinner.

At ten minutes to five, Ella Main laid the typewritten copies of the poster story on Miss Rudd's desk, and after the latter's inspection of it, gave round the copies to the newspaper women who dropped in from the leading morning dailies. These newspaper women were always interesting, always full of good stories about their experiences in going their daily rounds through the great city and as a rule Ella loved to listen to them. But to-day she was dreading Paul's

arrival and trying to think up comforting things to say to him. She composed small sentences and discarded them for others she thought more full of the right feeling.

Paul was late, and the headquarters of the National was practically deserted when he came. In his tall blondness, he seemed to Ella particularly worthy of the gifts of the gods instead of the blow he had received. But there was no evidence at first that he was suffering unduly.

He studied "The Woman's Hour Has Struck" with careful attention. He praised it unstintingly and warmly. He went over the honorables with composure, and then he said,

"Of course, Ella, I didn't expect to be in on this thing, so don't imagine my heart is broken. I haven't had enough training yet to even know how bad I am."

"Mr. Bushfield didn't seem to think so very poorly of you," said Ella. "You can see what he said about you."

"Edmund Bushfield said about me," said Paul with a dramatic rise of the voice and wide-eyed astonishment. "Ella you must be crazy. He wouldn't deign to even glance in my general direction."

For answer, Ella laid before him on a desk the criticism she had typed. Paul bent forward and read it hurriedly. He gulped, and read it again. He said "Ye Gods" with a kind of dazed fervor, and read it again. Then he sat forward in a dead silence and put his head in his hands, thinking.

"You musn't mind," said Ella with maternal solicitude.

"Mind!" said Paul. "Mind! If somebody came and put a nugget of gold in your hand unexpectedly, or a case of diamonds, and said they're yours without any price, wouldn't you mind? Ella Main it's a miracle. I've always said—every fellow that's struggling always says and longs for it—if I could get the real criticism of a master, of one who

knows, why, I'd be made, why, life would never be the same again, why, it would be my real starting point, it would either make or break me. If I had a chance to get such a thing for myself, I would shrink from it and run from it, it might be so unfavorable. And if it was without praise I couldn't go on. But here I've got it, and oh, Ella, it isn't all unfavorable, there's hope for me, something of which you see I wasn't sure. Of course, I'm mostly faults, but he thinks I have it in me, and if he sees it, it's there. Ella Main, what do I care for the reward or the mentions. I've got the greatest prize of all, the greatest. Whew, it goes to my head like wine."

And to relieve his feelings, Paul whirled Ella in a hasty two step about the dignified precincts of the National. His eyes were shining with excitement, and his cheeks were flushed. He began to wrap up his poster with loving care.

Surprised and pleased, Ella looked at him with wonder. Then she went to put on her outdoor wraps.

"I know now what the suffs mean when they say lots of defeats are victories," she soliloquized. "There was that woman in Maine who said an attack was the best thing for the cause that could happen. I thought she was crazy, but it made friends, converted the indifferent, aroused the lukewarm. Paul has won something better than a little newspaper praise, better than a little money, something that will endure. And I, oh, I shall have lots of time yet to do something big for the suffrage cause."

And Ella Main, emerging all smiles and happiness from the depression of the day, went joyously forth with Paul to dinner.

## THE SLOGAN

At the door of the hotel assembly room where the State Suffrage Party was in session, Miss Bertha Black and Mrs. Stanley Leighton stood hesitating. Leader after leader passed them going into the room, officer after officer hurried by, and as the door opened and shut they caught glimpses of a crowded interior and saw the eager posture of the women as they strained forward in their seats, the better to see and hear.

Miss Bertha Black, known in her home town as the newly elected president of the State Suffrage Association, had received an invitation weeks before to attend the present conference with a friend, "since you may enjoy seeing our women in the midst of their activities and perhaps get some inspiration to take home." Thus the invitation had read. At the time she had received it, Miss Black had felt quite a thrill of pleasure at the prospect of seeing New York women and of getting a first-hand knowledge of their methods, known in suffrage circles as unsurpassed. She had rushed at once to the home of her secretary, Mrs. Leighton, and had called her and her daughter Alice into a conference.

"We'll all go," Miss Black had decided, and she remembered even now the look of joy that had flashed into Alice Leighton's face.

But much had happened since then. There had come a series of defeats; a state legislature had refused to pass a suffrage resolution providing for a referendum to the people; a prominent man had scored the movement; a body of



influential women had defeated a suffrage motion at a National convention, with consequent wide publicity; Congress, after several misleading moves, had refused to advance the interests of the Federal Suffrage Amendment; and on top of it all, like an avalanche of misfortune, four states, with New York among them, had gone down to defeat, in spite of wonderful campaigns conducted by thousands of workers, in spite of the distribution of tons of literature, the use of much advertising and hundreds of meetings, and in spite of the staunch support of innumerable newspapers. Beside this, there had come a crushing private blow, for winsome Alice Leighton, the life of the state organization, had sickened suddenly and had cheerfully passed on to where the love of mother and friends could not follow her. Miss Black and Mrs. Leighton had hoped to meet New York women in the thrilling hour of success; they were instead to meet them in the hour of failure. They had hoped to visit them with a young champion glowing with health and enthusiasm at their side. They came instead in lonely, middle-aged fashion, bearing only a memory.

"Goodness knows," thought Miss Black, "with suffrage just creeping along in my own state, I can't bear to see these women, crushed and broken as they must feel just ten days after their defeat. Most of them look woefully white and tired. They're worn to a frazzle. I may be a coward, I know I am, but I feel like a mourner at a funeral and I want to run away."

"Shall we go in?" asked Mrs. Leighton gently.

"You're sure it won't be too much for you?" asked Miss Black anxiously, looking at the sweet face of her companion, rendered all the more white and pathetic by her black garb.

"Why, no, it was in the darkest hour that Alice wanted to help," explained Mrs. Leighton patiently. "She said:

'Mother, go to any group of them anywhere, when they are most heartsick and defeated. And give them my little message. I think it is good. I think it will help. Anyway it is all I can leave, and if you will promise, it will make me feel less of a deserter to die before the cause is won.' "

Miss Black had heard this little speech many times, but it never failed to affect her. Now she suddenly conquered her feeling of hesitation, and led the way into the big assembly room and to front seats where all that went on could be plainly seen and heard. She counted herself fortunate to get next to a worker "who knew them all" and could tell her about the many women on the platform.

There was first the presiding officer, slender, pale and tired-looking to be sure, but, as Miss Black said to herself, "as lovely as a picture book," with a dauntless enthusiasm dominating her girlish-looking body, flashing from a pair of dark Southern eyes that were famed for their beauty and illuminating faultless features and a wax-white complexion. "Now that I see Veta Borton Whiting," said Miss Black with emphasis, "I believe that story about her gathering a group of women at midnight in a public square election night and starting the new campaign almost before the old had breathed its last. There's spunk for you. And I'll wager the one next her, with brown hair and eyes, and leaf-brown dress and red cheeks and a sparkle in her manner like sunlight on a brook, was with her. And that one beyond, with the gray hair and the pleasant voice and the smart way, was there too. My, don't they just seem to give out sparks?"

"You mean Mrs. John L. Leeds and Mrs. Rayon Broun," explained the worker laughing. "Yes, they were all there."

It was not until her curiosity was fully satisfied about the officers and speakers that Miss Black settled down to a quiet attention.

"We will now have the reports from the districts through the state," she heard Mrs. Whiting say. "The secretary will call the roll and each leader will respond."

Thus began the worst feature of the conference, in Miss Black's estimation, for what could the poor things say—nothing that was other than depressing. She sat back in her seat, got out her pocket handkerchief to wipe away furtive tears, took a firm grip on her emotions, and tried to harden her heart. Then a young and ringing voice smote upon her senses and sent a little electric shock through her body.

"Of course, we are not defeated," said the voice in clarion tones. "We couldn't lose what we never had, and we never had the majority of the men with us. But we've gained half a million voters. Why, I looked it up and I find that suffrage polled a larger vote in this state than Taft or Roosevelt in the presidential campaign of 1914, and that our 514, 198 yea votes constitute the opinions of a number of men five times that which makes up the U. S. army. It's just inspiring to make comparisons. It shows us what a wonderful thing we've done and how thankful we ought to be."

"Well, I declare," said Miss Black, and she was so startled she said it out loud. But she soon ran out of exclamations, for, without exception, the district leaders breathed forth a dauntless optimism, a fresh and courageous desire to press forward without time for rest or recreation to the victory they saw beyond.

From all over the room came catchy little phrases.

"It's just delayed, not mislaid, success." "It's not defeat, but postponed victory." "As I tell my workers, it's a challenge, not a calamity." "We got 43 per cent of the voters in the state; it will be easy to win the rest." "We ought to feel strong and courageous, like generals leading regiments

of troops. For while before, our supporters were an unknown quantity, now we have an army that we have mustered in." "With less troops, mighty battles have been won." "Our minds are tired, our bodies are tired, but our spirits are as fresh as when we started." "We have risen to the crest of a wave and have fallen down into the trough, but we shall mount higher than ever on the crest of the next wave, which will sweep us into port." "If we could raise a mighty shout that would be heard across the continent, we would say that our setback has been good for us, since it will make us stronger and more determined." "We have made enormous gains in workers, in experience, in friends, and in wisdom. With undiminished energy and courage we are again in the field."

Miss Black attempted to memorize some of these sayings, but they came so fast, one swept the other out of her mind. And as for the stories, she borrowed a pencil and made notes on some of them.

"A Republican politician said to me after the returns were all in. 'I hope you're satisfied Mrs. Brent. It was all wasted energy, and you're all fagged out. What are you going to do now?' 'Begin again, this very minute', I told him, 'and keep everlastingly at it until we win.'"

"A Democrat met me on the street and laughed, saying,— 'Votes for women, hey? It had better be boats for women, to keep 'em from drowning in the flood of disapproval for their cause.' 'Boats,' I answered, 'no, we don't need them, we've all got life preservers, our hopes, and they will buoy us up. Next time we're bound to win.'"

"An anti wrote me, 'Well your cause has been stunned by a blow this time.' And I wrote her back, 'It's stunned but not dead. Already it is beginning to gain consciousness, and when it does, it will be as lively as ever.'"

"A committee from my church waited upon me the next day after election. They came into my house with hushed voices and solemn faces. And they said I gave them quite a turn, for when the door was opened they heard me singing at the top of my lungs, 'We won't give up the ship lads, we'll never give up the ship!' They came prepared to weep and instead they all stayed to laugh."

"I made an elderly anti in my town very angry, because right after the returns I redecorated the window at headquarters, hired a band and had a rousing meeting that just filled us all full of enthusiasm. 'You're just like a drop of oil on a hot stove,' he said irascibly. 'Just when we think you've evaporated—there you are bubbling away.'"

"'You suffs are the biggest fools I know,' " a man said to me. 'You haven't the slightest idea when you're beaten. Go off in a corner, woman, and meditate on the fact that you're licked. It irritates me to see you so cheerful.'"

"'The grand play "Snitching the Ballot from the Male" didn't come off as planned,' a man twitted me. 'The last act got balled up.' 'That was only a rehearsal,' I answered. 'We've decided next time to have a happy ending.'"

And so the tale went on and on, while the convention laughed, applauded, interrupted with cheers, burst into song and worked itself up into a fine frenzy of enthusiasm and joy. Miss Black, listening, felt her cheeks flush, her heart quicken its beating, her hands frequently meet in spontaneous clapping, and even her feet beat a lively tattoo on the floor. There was nothing very saddening about the aftermath of a suffrage defeat. When the convention passed on to a series of motions through which their friends were thanked, Miss Black did indeed feel a lump come into her throat as there came before her imagination the picture of thousands of loyal helpers.

"A vote of thanks and three loud cheers for the Editors, our gallant Knights of the Pen," rang out a lively voice and others followed the example with "Thanks for the theaters who let us talk to their audiences, to the churches who gave us a chance to reach their congregations, to the school principals and teachers who carried the word, to the general public who let us paste our posters and banners in their windows", until at length the long list was completed and what the chairman called "ammunition hour" arrived.

"To continue the fight, something more is needed than enthusiasm, than hope, than ceaseless work, than optimism, than constant agitation and education. It is money, the ammunition we must have with which to fight."

For a while Miss Black listened as woman after woman rose and pledged herself or her group to fill the empty coffers; then her attention wandered to Mrs. Leighton. Surreptitiously watching, Miss Black had noticed that she remained calm and silent during the most exciting moments, that her pale cheeks remained colorless, that her hands were kept quietly folded in her lap and that over her and around her the convention raged like a storm which she neither heeded nor heard.

"At least, she will see that they are not discouraged nor depressed, and that this is not the time to keep her promise to Alice," thought Miss Black, and a wave of relief swept over her. For she dreaded the thought of Mrs. Leighton's rising among the sophisticated and the practical and exhibiting to their cold commonsense the bit of idealism that would be sacred to the friends of Alice Leighton but might well seem foolish to strangers. "It is better she should make her speech, if she feels she must, to our own home people, who will understand," thought Miss Black, and felt, mixed with her admiration, great gratitude to New Yorkers for their boisterous optimism.

On and on went the voices giving money, \$500 here, \$5 there, \$20 from a district, "\$100 if five more give the same amount," until thousands were raised, and the future seemed assured. Toward the last a voice cried, "Two hundred dollars in memory of Mary Allen, one of the best suffrage workers in Lexington County, gone to her rest two months ago."

"They're giving legacies," Mrs. Leighton whispered to Miss Black, and seemed to come out of her trance.

"A fine idea," said Miss Black, and in a moment regretted the praise, for as soon as the necessary funds were declared raised, Mrs. Leighton rose to her feet, and turning, faced the convention.

"Friends," she said, and her voice rang out clear and distinct with a thrilling quality in it that caught the attention. "You have received some legacies just now from those who have gone before into another world, and I, too, bring you a legacy from the dead. Not one of money, not one of great price or of high estate, and yet one brimful of the love one worker had for the cause. I speak for Alice Leighton of Arkansas, who laid down her young life during the summer that is past, and who said to me 'Mother go to a group of them anywhere at any time, when they are heartsick and defeated and give them my little message. I think it is good. I think it will help. Anyway it is all that I can leave, and if you will promise, it will make me feel less of a deserter to die before the cause is won.'" There came a poignant note into the clear voice. "And though you are brave and courageous beyond belief, yet I am moved to give her message here, to you who did not know her and perhaps could never feel what she was, yet who will catch some of her spirit, and may perhaps pass it on. Her legacy was just a few simple words, yet pregnant with meaning. She was always

good at catchy phrases and rhythmic lines, and in our campaigns her signs and signals blazed their way across the state. And so I give you the slogan she left you, to use in your new campaign, to ring out like a battle cry, to stir you to new deeds and high emprise."

And then, after a telling pause, came a phrase so touched with the fire of genius that, one after another, voices took up the words and repeated them, until at last with a mighty cry the whole assemblage rose and shouted them with a great waving of flags and fluttering handkerchiefs.

Pallid and worn, Mrs. Leighton sat down, but she had delivered her words with so deep-felt a conviction of their worth, with so sweet and solemn an emphasis, with so devout an air, that those about her looked at her with a kind of awe. Miss Black felt a thrill of thankfulness, the women she had feared had understood, the strangers,—why there were no strangers in the suffrage cause.

"There is no need," said Mrs. Whiting, "to say what we think of Alice Leighton's legacy. The convention has spoken in an unmistakable fashion. Her slogan we take thankfully and gratefully for our own. And now I ask you all to give a full minute of perfect silence, in memory of her sweetness, of her work, of her thought of us."

And never in all her life had Miss Black seen a more impressive spectacle than the hundreds of motionless figures, bowed heads and tear-filled eyes, that paid tribute to Alice Leighton.

"She has been here just as much as though she came with us," whispered Miss Black to Mrs. Leighton, and softly pressed her hand.

And, in fact, though great leaders of the suffrage movement spoke at an evening session, though important men and women supported it by their presence and their Godspeed,



though much important business was transacted, it was primarily Alice Leighton's convention and her moment the greatest one of all. And from it went the slogan she had made like a creature of life and fire. From lip to lip it was caught up, from pen to pen it went over the city, through the state, over the country, even across the sea to hearten alien women in their fight for freedom. It was blazoned on countless leaflets, flashed its message from thousands of yellow-rimmed sheets, thrilled the heart of many a suffrage sympathizer, roused the discouraged to a new fight, rang in many a song and speech, gave everywhere life, and enthusiasm and strength. And thus Alice Leighton, moved by only a modest desire to help, won for herself a kind of suffrage immortality and gave to the cause she loved an inspiration that was greater than she dreamed.

## METHODS

STEPHEN ARBUCKLE, watching his mother descend the stairs a few minutes before the dinner hour, emitted a low whistle of astonishment and wonder. For instead of the sober-clad figure he was accustomed to look upon and which he associated with such color schemes as black and silver, gray and blue, brown or purple, all of a subdued if rich shade, he beheld a vision in the sheerest of pale yellow costumes, with one large yellow flower pinned artistically to a breast from which floated delicate streamers of fluttering blue and white chiffon. That the effect was decidedly pleasing, Stephen acknowledged subconsciously, for the dress enhanced the blackness of Mrs. Arbuckle's eyes and hair, and cast a golden glow over her white skin. But young Arbuckle was not impressed so much with the physical and aesthetic results as he was with the mental processes that had led to them.

"Gee, the mater's getting giddy," he whispered to himself incredulously. "Think of it, the mater!"

To him "the mater" had always run true to type, true to form. She expressed herself personally through quiet colors, a softly modulated voice that could rise mellow and rich to the full tones necessary for a public speech, through thoughts that were logical, conservative, carefully evolved, and firmly though modestly expressed. She was solid and dependable, a woman to be admired and respected. It was quite in line with her character that as a housewife she should preside with perfect skill over a large old-fashioned mansion, where

the richness of the furniture and the draperies were unobtrusive and did not detract from the home atmosphere, and where the modern tendency to a profusion of pictures and ornaments was rigidly repressed. Of Quaker origin, Mrs. Arbuckle knew the value and the restfulness of deep chairs, wide, cool spaces, neutral tints and quiet. On her public side, she had exhibited an executive ability, a sense of leadership and a resourcefulness that had quickly raised her during the suffrage struggle in her city to the position of a Borough Chairman of the Suffrage Party, whose cause she espoused with a tenacious earnestness.

It was no wonder, then, that her present appearance woke a kind of alarm in her son's breast. He was about to communicate some of his aroused feelings to his father and several gentlemen who were with the latter in the library, when his sister appeared upon the staircase and administered another shock to his sensibilities.

For Eloise Arbuckle, although not one to confine herself to sober colors, ran usually to plain effects and pastel shades, being of the "tailor made" rather than of the fluffy order of femininity. But to-night, Eloise had endeavored to turn herself into a rainbow, and had combined in one costume the hues of yellow, white and purple with striking effect. Stephen was about to throw a glibing remark in her direction when his aunt called to the girl from the head of the stairs and directed attention to herself, an attention that she held.

She was a comparatively young aunt, belonging on Mr. Arbuckle's side to the "tail end of the large family", as her brother was wont to explain it, and "fair, fat and forty", was still a few years ahead for her. To-night, she looked startlingly girlish in a pink gown profusely trimmed with pink roses. With this she wore a huge ostrich feather fan which she waved from time to time with languid grace.

"Ye gods," ejaculated Stephen as he backed out of sight. "All this for a family dinner, and a quiet evening at home. They never did this before, not for just us who are in the Arbuckle fold or who, like Jim, are going to enter it. My word, I believe they're up to something. Women usually are. I wish I knew what the dodge was. Whew! it's only fair to warn my own sex."

He therefore burst in on the library circle and handed on his news in lurid language.

"Rainbow hues, hey?" commented Uncle Benjamin Stires calmly. "Oh, it's nothing, just whims."

"Eloise and Aunt Essie whims, sure," returned Stephen. "But not mother. When did she ever give way to a whim?"

"That's right, Steve," said his father in a puzzled tone. "If a whim ever floated her way, it would get drowned in her commonsense."

"Perhaps it's all done to give us a sartorial treat," drawled James Lesley.

"Wait until you see your lady love, Eloise," said Stephen scornfully. "She looks as though she'd taken a trip through the paint pots."

"Well, with suffrage and all kinds of things running through the feminine brain to-day, what can you get but unexpected shocks occasionally," ventured Cousin Philip Arbuckle, with ancient dignity that went rather strangely with his young face.

And then Stephen let out a whoop and danced about the library rug with much vigor and some glee.

"Oh, you Sherlock Holmes," he shouted and hugged himself in affectionate approval. "I have it. Suffrage. The very thing."

With some alarm, the men about him gazed upon his sparkling countenance.

"Of course it's Steve," said Uncle Ben sotto voce. "But even for Steve the dementia seems extreme."

"It's as plain as a drop of ink in a pan of snow," cried Stephen, unheeding. "Suffrage. It's the colors. Mother, yellow, white and blue, the conservative wing; siss, yellow white and purple, the militants; Aunt, pink with roses, the antis. There you have it."

On every masculine face the light of conviction broke.

"But why?" queried Mr. Arbuckle faintly. "Why suffrage this evening? Philanthropy was to have full sway. It was quite understood, the discussion. Uncle Edward's money. Why?"

And mystified, yet on guard, the male portion of the dinner party made haste to join the ladies in the drawing room, every brain registering the futile question, "Why?"

But hints and jests, and compliments, and even bold queries did little to unravel the mystery. Suffrage as a topic of conversation was not mentioned by either fair adherent or fair opponent, who evidently found family matters, domestic news, society gleanings, allusions to the drama and events in the world of art and music sufficiently interesting to exclude all other topics. To be sure there was a subtle atmosphere of electric tension to be felt, a premonition that something was about to happen that made the dinner party far from that of the proverbial dull family type. James Lesley found Eloise ready to "flourish her verbal war axe" on the slightest provocation; Uncle Benjamin with some trepidation found Aunt Essie more than willing to practice her allurements upon him, although his familiar presence and bald head usually saved him from romantic advances; while Mr. Arbuckle, trying to converse with his wife from time to time, got a queer feeling that she was practicing upon him for an occasion when logic and carefully phrased

persuasion would be needed for some important purpose. All in all, as Stephen phrased it, "the eternal feminine had got the infernal masculine guessing."

At the conclusion of an excellent dinner, faultlessly served, the Arbuckles and their kin-to-be adjourned to the library, where a spirit of formality fell upon them as they seated themselves in a circle facing Mr. Arbuckle. The latter felt this so strongly that he was moved to rise when he began to speak.

"As you know," he said gravely, "according to the directions contained in Uncle Edward's will, we all constitute a family committee to decide what shall be done with the one hundred thousand dollars which he left as his estate. He felt that none of his relatives needed any part of it, he had no near family, and thought it too much trouble for a recluse like himself to decide what to do with it. That duty he left to us. He mentioned each of us by name and said some complimentary things about our diverse characters, judgments and tastes. I only hope that we shall justify his good opinion of us. As he stipulated that the money should not be disposed of until two years after his death, we have all had time to think of what ought to be done with the fortune, which, though not extremely large, is ample enough to float some worthy object. I am sure that we all have splendid ideas, and that the only hard thing will be to select the best from a wealth of good ones. Of course, you remember that while you all may make suggestions, the final choice rests with Uncle Benjamin and myself, whom Edward wished to assume this duty. Courtesy demands that the ladies be heard from first, and so I am going to begin with them. I suggest that each one merely state the object briefly at first, give us a chance to consider it, and then at the end have discussion pro and con. Mother you're first. How shall we dispose of this \$100,000?"

Mrs. Arbuckle was ready for the question and answered in her most musical and most oratorical tones:

"Naturally my first thought is that the money ought to be used to advance the cause of woman suffrage in this state, a matter of the highest importance, being a part of the democratic movement of the world. But I know that such an object would have been distasteful to Edward, so that I am reluctantly obliged to ignore it.

"But there are, of course, other great movements. One now in its infancy needs sorely the support that it does not get. I refer to Eugenics, the science that will teach the race how to bring into the world children that are well born, fitted to cope with disease, adversity and world conditions. This lies at the very foundation of living. I therefore suggest the Edward Arbuckle Fund for Eugenic Education."

Mrs. Arbuckle paused for breath.

"It certainly would be a good one on Uncle Ed," said Stephen with chuckling enjoyment. "He always called the kids brats, and avoided them like he would the itch. To use his money to give them stronger lungs to yell with and better brains to think up mischief with, is going it a bit thick, mother."

"Stephen," said Mr. Arbuckle sternly, "this is not a matter for levity. We will all think over your idea, Mrs. Arbuckle. Esther, have you any suggestions?"

Miss Esther Arbuckle waved her fan with indolent grace.

"Children," she drawled, "are all perfect darlings, of course, and quite worthy of everything, but don't you know there is a lot being done for them. They are being born, I believe, and being fed everywhere, and being clothed and schooled on every hand."

"But dogs, now, there's something different. Shouldn't one's heart go out to them? I'm sure mine does to Toodles. I don't know what he'd do if I wasn't devoted to him. And although I'm only a woman and my opinion is not as valuable as yours, dear men, I would just love to have you start the Edward Arbuckle Dog Farm Fund for disabled—"

Stephen suppressed a shout of laughter, then looked with suspicion at Uncle Benjamin, who succumbed to a protracted fit of coughing.

Then he whispered sardonically to James Lesley:

"Bow-wow, can't you see those canines with their poor toothless fangs lolling on velvet cushions in Uncle Ed's Dog Retreat? Good idea, what? Kinder owe it to the puppies to make up for the number of times the old gentleman kicked them forth in life."

But Mr. Arbuckle was intent on his program.

"Eloise, it's your turn," he said.

Fiery and impetuous, Eloise rushed into words:

"It's time the women of this world were helped. I'm for establishing the Edward Arbuckle Struggling Artists' Fund for Women and Girls. Of course, it goes without saying that mother and I would like to have the money used for suffrage. Of course, while mother would have mistakenly put it into leaflets and postage, I would place more pickets about the White House and carry on a live campaign with aggressive methods. But I remember Uncle Ed said once that we should 'never extort one cent of his money for suffrage.' So the next best thing would be to help women gain success in the artistic, musical, and literary fields, instead of having them starved and exploited and discouraged and thwarted, ignored and browbeaten."

"Eloise," protested Mr. Arbuckle feebly. "Merely the suggestion now."



Eloise subsided abruptly but ungraciously.

"Use the money for the military training of boys, establish an Edward Arbuckle Training Camp with all the latest improvements," broke in Benjamin Stires decisively.

"Use it for a home for disabled journalists," broke in Philip Arbuckle feelingly, he having lately joined the "press".

"I rather favor establishing a scholarship at Yale where Edward was educated. It would be an easy thing to do, bear his name and help struggling youth," commented Mr. Arbuckle.

No one asked Stephen his views, as he was present not as a member of the committee but only on family sufferance. Courtesy, however, prompted the seeking of a suggestion from James Lesley, who, although not officially entitled to be heard, was thought mature enough to be of help. His rather vague idea of "boosting inventors" struck a responsive chord in Stephen's breast and brought forth muffled words of approval.

"Now we shall let each person develop his ideas further," announced Mr. Arbuckle, and sat down prepared to listen patiently and exhaustively.

"Most people," said Mrs. Arbuckle, "are influenced by reason and commonsense, and can be brought to a conclusion by the patient insistence on good points, presented calmly pleasantly and continuously. I know this to be true since it is this very method my suffrage organization is using with admirable results."

Here she looked at her daughter, who shook her head in vigorous dissent, while Miss Esther waved her fan coquettishly at Uncle Benjamin and whispered, "Not men in dealings with women."

"I am, therefore, going to use with you two gentlemen whom I wish to influence the same tactics that women in this

city and state are using with men in general to make them vote 'yes' on the suffrage amendment," went on Mrs. Arbuckle, and straightway launched into a clear and forcible presentation of her reasons for advancing the Eugenic movement, showing what it really was, the methods she would use, and the results that would be obtained.

And she ended with the words:

"This money will start the education and the agitation that is the beginning of every movement for the betterment of the world. And we need only educate, since there is within the soul of mankind that which makes the race ever struggle toward progress and the higher good."

"Not without being pushed, and pushed mighty hard," broke in Eloise, with youthful disdain. "There are lots of people who will take care of the children part of life, but who will look out for women? As artists what chance do they get? Mighty little. Most opportunities are denied them, most incentives held from them. Men in general feel as little interest in their welfare as Dad and Uncle do right now. It will be a shame if this money is not used to help them. In fact it will be such a shame that I feel I ought to go right out and organize these struggling geniuses and have them besiege the guardians of this fund night and day to apply it to their needs."

Here alarm was registered on two elderly masculine faces.

"But perhaps that will not be necessary, since publicity of another character may be effective, the publicity that comes from letting a wide circle know that aid is being withheld this worthy purpose, that those who seem kindhearted and philanthropic are really hard, that the idea was scorned by this committee—"

"Eloise," gasped Mr. Arbuckle, "threats, a family matter, surely such a thing is kept decently secret."

"Not necessarily one like this," returned Eloise defiantly. "This is not all family; it concerns the public too, and those who work with me in the progressive part of the suffrage movement realize that there is nothing like publicity and coercion to make people see the justice of things."

"Like the gentlemen present, I cannot agree with you," said Aunt Esther in a cooing voice. "My dear masculine members of the family, while you will think with your wiser brains and greater abilities of a thousand better reasons for your opinions than I can as a feeble woman, still I want to urge the dog farm. Isn't it sad when one sits in the twilight and thinks of all the lonely, forlorn dogs running about the streets, or sitting in fields and other grassy places, or er—getting their dinners late—or not being allowed to bark? Thin, without tails as some of them are, hungry, forsaken, abused, abandoned, despised."

Here Aunt Essie faltered, and stammered, and concluded her remarks by bursting into tears, leaning against Uncle Benjamin's broad shoulder for comfort, to his obvious embarrassment.

With astonishment struggling with a faint indignation, Mr. Arbuckle had a happy thought.

"This committee meeting will be adjourned," he said, "to another evening when the rest of the suggestions will be considered."

And he rose decisively and led the male contingent into another room.

"It wasn't Uncle Ed's will, it was all something else with those women," said Uncle Ben subsiding thankfully into an easy chair and wiping a perspiring brow. "Though for the life of me I can't get the hang of it. Can you Will?"

He addressed Mr. Arbuckle hopefully.

"Only glimmerings," confessed Mr. Arbuckle frankly. "But I mean to know it, now at once, and I've thought of a sure way."

"How?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Grandma," said Mr. Arbuckle triumphantly. "The one spectator we have in this house, one who lets nothing escape her observation, who stores everything in her shrewd mind. You can be sure Grandma's on."

"Lead us to her," said Benjamin Stires with feeling.

Mrs. Sarah Arbuckle looked placidly up from her knitting as the men trooped into her dainty sitting-room.

"There have been mystery and undercurrents in this house all the evening," explained her son. "Female ones. So we've come to you for the explanation that will not be forthcoming from the rest of the sex."

"So this was the time," said the old lady musingly. "Well, so it was, and I planned to be present to witness the play, but ah, me, my treacherous memory. I forgot."

"But first why the dresses?" asked Stephen eagerly. "Such a change, such colors."

"Symbols," said Grandma gently. "The actor dresses for his part and each plotter wore the colors of her organization."

"Just as I said," cried Stephen proudly. "Made to order for the occasion."

"Not quite," corrected Grandma, "made for fetes, suffrage ones, two of them, which stirred up the anti to a similar exhibit."

"But what in the name of lucidity was it all about?" demanded Philip Arbuckle.

"It came from a discussion of methods, a hot and tempestuous discussion. One said men were influenced by reason and argument pleasantly administered—"

"That would be mother."

"Another said only by force, coercion, threats and demonstrations."

"That would be sis."

"And the third would cast them all in the discard for flattery, sentiment and tears."

"That would be Aunt."

"And they tried it all on us," shouted the men.

"Yes, and the way you decide the use of the fund is to settle the argument," said Grandma, and looked pityingly at Mr. Arbuckle and Uncle Benjamin. There followed heavy groans.

"And we have to live with them," said Mr. Arbuckle sadly. "So whichever way we decide, there will be two dissatisfied women."

"Well, men in general have to live with women in general," said Grandma gently and wisely. "And just at present during the suffrage struggle the three methods are being tried. It is all like a play to me as I stay in the backwaters of life, but I know how much it means to the women, and yes, to the men. It is vital really. Not only suffrage is to be decided, but also the methods that must obtain between men and women. Will they decide for reason, and the pleasantness of equality, or for threats and force, or for the tears and the foolish sentimentality? Who knows?"

"But you hope?" asked Mr. Arbuckle humoring her fancy.

Grandma hesitated a moment, looking about her with musing eyes. Then she said softly, in her voice the kindest inflections.

"You know, William, I have always admired your wife."

## SISSIES

MARCUS McCANN standing staunchly on the curb through long hours of the suffrage parade, shifting vainly from one foot to the other, shoving back now and then the too clamorous public, exchanging slangy New Yorkisms with the ever-present cop and the surrounding populace, had ventured now and then to offer a sophisticated comment to his most conspicuous neighbor. This was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with slightly gray hair, a ruddy, out-of-doors face, handsome features, keen eyes and a mouth with a humorous twist. Beside this "regular feller" as McCann rather grudgingly dubbed him, Marcus himself looked anemic, and, in spite of his up-to-date clothes and the "side" that he thought made him impressive, rather cheap and inferior. McCann himself did not realize this and with all the aplomb of a twenty-five year old New Yorker who has clerked on 14th Street for eight years and who has assiduously read the *New York Argus*, he did not hesitate to advance his views, sure of their power to favorably impress his big neighbor, who was obviously an out-of-towner.

"Plenty of these dames," he remarked breezily, as hundreds of women from all walks of life went surging by hour after hour. "But they must have left their looks at home, most of 'em. It's only a bunch now and then that size up to the ads on the coal calendars."

"Then why stay for hours at a stretch watching them?" asked his neighbor. "They're the average run of women I take it, the kind you meet on the streets, in the cars, in the

stores, at their homes every day in the week. I suppose they don't look any different marching in the middle of the street than they do walking on the sidewalks. If it hurts you to look at them, Son, why don't you run along?"

Marcus was a bit taken back. He had not intended to be taken literally.

"Oh well, I guess I can stand it if you can," he said condescendingly.

"I not only can stand it, but I enjoy it," returned the man firmly. "You see, young man, they're good-looking to me, every one of them. Have you ever heard of beauty of spirit? Probably not. Well to some people it's just as real as a peaches and cream complexion and rosebud lips."

"Well give me the last every time," said Marcus McCann, trying to maintain his facetious attitude.

The big man relapsed into an attentive silence. Squad after squad of the women came on, regiment after regiment passed, division after division swept up Fifth Avenue in regal state with flying banners, loud-sounding bands, with yellow streamers fluttering and yellow breast ribbons flashing. Now a company all in white from jaunty shoes to cocky felt hats added a note of beauty to the ensemble, now a group of nurses or college women in white aprons or caps and gowns broke up the monotony by introducing the change made by their professional costumes. When the delegations from the schools, five thousand strong were marching past in what seemed a never-ending flood of femininity, McCann could not forbear a remark.

"Whew, all the school ma'ams in creation," he said. "Aint got enough to do teaching the kids, want to go pushing round the polls."

"Maybe they think, that as long as they have to give instruction in citizenship and the duties of voters, they

might as well get some practical experience. If they're capable of teaching voters, why are they not capable of being voters?"

"Mebbe they are," returned McCann dubiously. "Though all they gotter do to get wise is to ask us men 'bout things."

"Do you think you could learn to swim as well by asking questions as by trying it out in the water?" asked the big man.

"Nope, I spose not, but I'd git some idee, good enough to hand on to kids."

"The best knowledge is none too good for the kids," said the man shortly, and again he fell silent.

For a long time McCann watched and waited. Many times he was tempted to depart, especially during the rests when there was neither music, motion nor novelty to grip his attention. But each time he thought better of it. It would be something, a great deal in his estimation, to boast at the store the following Monday:

"I saw the whole shooting match from start to finish. Some dames in that parade, believe me. Several million Grandmas, five regiments of Aunt Susy, thirteen billion editions of Mother and now and then to kinda ease the eyes a couple of thousands of Daughters and Granddaughters. Didn't know they was so many females in the universe. How I'm ever going to select a Missus from all those swarms of skirts beats me."

And he heard in imagination the giggles that would come from the girls of Helm's Hardware Department as a tribute to his wit, he who was forced to expend his exceptional powers for a paltry weekly stipend helping New Yorkers select their nails and hammers.

This was his first sight of a suffrage parade and it was the biggest parade on record; hence it tested his endurance



rather severely. Yet murmuring to himself his cheap philosophy, "I'll try anything once", he stoutly stuck to his position on the curb. The afternoon light was beginning to wane, when a novel spectacle came into his range of vision. For a moment, he could not believe his eyes, but opened his mouth and gaped at the sight. It was a company of men marching behind a big banner on which were inscribed the words, "Men's League for Woman Suffrage."

This was too much for Marcus McCann.

"Three cheers for the Sissies," he yelled derisively, and emitted one or two thin hisses. But no more. For a big hand fell promptly and heavily upon his mouth, effectually muffling whatever sounds he was minded to make. For a few minutes McCann struggled to get free, but all in vain. His neighbor there and then gave evidence of a physical prowess and a mental determination that kept Marcus McCann both mute and helpless. More than that, the audience about him, quick to see the humor of the situation, began to mock him.

"Sissy yourself. Why don't you git away from Jess Willard?"

"Who'd you say was Sissies? Are they walking or standing?"

Pure unadulterated rage took possession of the heart of Marcus McCann. Several of his previous sallies had brought both laughter and applause from the masses about him and it was insufferable that those who had a short time before hailed him as "a smart one" should witness his ignominy. Yet not until the last of the marching men had passed was the big hand removed from his mouth and the arm that had gripped him round the body pinioning his arms, taken away.

"Who d'ya think you are?" snarled McCann. "Who made you a special cop fur the protection of male sissies

marching in a female parade 'cause they was nagged into it by the women? Why d'ya want to stand so strong for those that aint got the gumption to say no to a bunch of cranks? Maybe you're one of them got mislaid in the shuffle. Anyway this is a free country and you aint got no right to pick on me."

Very firmly the big man took Marcus McCann by the elbow, piloted him out of the crowd, and protesting and abusive though he was, pushed him into the lobby of a hotel whose name would in McCann's more lucid moments have abashed him with its repute. From the lobby the two entered an elevator, rose to great heights, and finally walked down a corridor to a small and luxuriously furnished room that seemed to be the first of a long and sumptuous suite.

It was not until the door closed upon them that the big man relaxed his grasp, after depositing McCann in a chair and leaving him to recover from the shock of his propulsion. Then the captor addressed the captive quietly and soberly.

"I don't know that you're worth a minute's thought or attention, you poor cheap Alick. And I wouldn't bother with you if it weren't for the fact that you're a Type."

McCann who had been called many names in his time but never this one, was surprised into silence. The scorn and contempt compressed into the word "type" convinced him that it was the lowest of epithets and made his face grow red with sullen anger.

"You're a type, the cheap, ignorant type that scoffs at everything it doesn't understand. Perhaps you're not as bad as the more educated type which blindly sets itself against progress, change and new ideas. But you're bad enough, the Lord knows. I wonder whether you have enough gray matter to take in an explanation I'm minded to give you."

McCann, who thus heard impugned an intellect vastly admired by the girls of the hardware department, almost passed into a frenzy.

"I'll have you know," he said, "I've risen in life from nothing through my own work and by means of my own head."

"That accounts for your not having risen very far," commented the big man mercilessly. "I take it you're no president of a bank as yet nor yet head of a big corporation. Still you seem to think well of yourself. Why?"

McCann began a sputtering remark which he was unable to finish. Under the withering influence of his companion, his many virtues and vanities which buoyed him up in ordinary life seemed to shrivel.

"To-day you called a nationally known poet, a noted philanthropist, a well-known editor, some bankers, brokers, ministers, authors and reputable though less-known business men, sissies," accused the big man. "Sissies because they dared to show their public approval of a cause whose rock-bottom principle is justice, not so much to women as to American citizens. It's like a shrimp shrimping, or whatever they do, at whales."

The "shrimp" who had begun to fervently wish that curiosity had never prompted him to want to see some thousands of women walk in the middle of the asphalt instead of on the sidewalks, could not know that the last remark showed that his big acquaintance was beginning to see the humorous side of the situation.

"How'd I know who them guys were?" he asked defensively. "Blue serge suits is the same fur bankers and brokers as fur low brows. They didn't have no label that struck my optics. They looked to me like plain, undiluted husbands afraid of their missuses."

The keen eyes that had glared at him a few minutes before twinkled now.

"Well, come, you Sliver of a New Yorker, and let's thrash the question out. Who do you think is more of a man, the one who's afraid of anything, blows, bullets, abuse, ridicule, or the one who's not afraid of anything? I ask you as man to man."

This touched the McCann feelings.

"Well, of course," he said largely, "the one that aint afraid is more of a regular feller You said it."

"Then where's the sissiness of standing up for woman suffrage? It strikes me the Sissies were on the sidewalk, not daring to avow themselves, although they might secretly approve."

"Well," said McCann apologetically, "if it was the ideer they was boosting, mebbe it was all right. If they was afraid of the girls, there are henpecked men aint there that can't stand up against the women?"

"So there are, as there are husband-ridden women, though the vast majority of our population don't belong to either class, I fancy. And now answer me this—where do you find the biggest and strongest men of the country, the men of brawn and brain?"

"I dunno," returned McCann warily, "though I spose it's where you come from."

"Exactly right, in the West," replied the big man. "And what do you think of the fact that it's in the West woman suffrage has made the most headway? It's the big, virile men, the descendents of those who conquered the vast stretches of the western plains, descendants of those who had the hardy pioneer spirit, that are most in favor of giving women a chance. It's the men with red blood in their veins and the spark of adventure in their souls, the men who left the East to its old set ways, that are the most generous and

progressive. It's the fighters, workers, with hard-sinewed bodies and quick, keen brains that whoop up all kinds of liberty, women's as well as men's. And I ask you, Friend-Picked-Out-of-the-Gutter, why is it? Why?"

"Why?" echoed McCann falteringly. "Why?"

"Because it's the big strong men that are not afraid to give others a chance for fear they will themselves be downed. They are not afraid to give women a little power lest women rise and dominate them. Smaller men, who secretly know their own weakness, hope to remain powerful by suppressing others. But those of dauntless hearts, of strong minds, of giant breed, what have they to fear?"

"Nothing," returned McCann faintly. "They are it."

At that moment the door was opened with some ceremony and a voice said,

"The Governor, sir."

"The Governor is welcome," replied the Big Man as he strode forward to greet the tallest of the three other big men. "I salute you, oh Chief Executive of fair Wyoming. You are late, but such is the privilege of greatness. There is a suite awaiting you beyond, a dinner has been ordered for your excellency, there will be a delegation of leading lights to escort you to the hall, and the meeting will, of course, wait on your pleasure."

"The same old boy, Ben," said the man addressed, with a laugh and a hearty handshake. "Full of your parson's facility of speech. But I ought not to rail at it. It gave me a boost up the ladder of state when I most needed it. But how do you find the East after being a five year exile from it? How does it compare with your adopted land of the West?"

"Poorly," said McCann's captor. "I miss the big spaces, and the cordiality, and the breeziness. Here it's all tight and constricted, places and souls alike."

"I told you you would notice it. But we must compare notes on it later. Are you engaged?"

And the Governor's gaze swept over the rather cringing figure of Marcus McCann of the hardware department.

"This is a Type I caught cluttering up the streets, and typing at the wrong moments. We are discussing that species of the male sex known as the Sissy. By the way, in the opinion of my friend, you are one of the most pronounced variety, though hardly to be blamed perhaps with ancestors before you with similar attributes and tendencies."

The Governor laughed delightedly.

"That is the one name the politicians have neglected to hurl at me," he said. "But you speak in riddles, Ben, and I am not good at solving them."

"To-night you are to be the principal speaker at the suffrage mass meeting at Carnegie Hall, the climax of the suffrage parade. 'Thirty Years of Suffrage,' isn't that your topic? And as Governor of the state where women have voted for that length of time, you'll defend the idea of giving the vote to women. It is pitiful to see you so afraid of the female sex of your state as not to dare to play the manly part and denounce the whole thing. But was it not one of your ancestors who rose in Congress years ago when told that Wyoming might enter the union of states if she abandoned her newly granted privilege of suffrage for women and who said the noted words; 'We'll come in with our women or stay out with them.' Sissy talk, sissy action in the opinion of this captured New Yorker."

Not knowing how gubernatorial rage manifests itself, McCann shivered and shook.

"I never mentioned no governors," he muttered virtuously.

But the august personage seemed to take it all in good part, and, seating himself in quite an ordinary human way in the

easiest chair in the room, he entered into the spirit of the occasion.

"Well, if William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Philips, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen Douglas and a few others I could mention were sissies, I'm proud to be among the number. But maybe we of the West feel differently about women because they fought and conquered with us, went with us on our long journeys over unbroken trails, lived with us in lonely and dangerous places, fought the Indians with us, and fire and drought, and cold and disease, suffered, and comforted, slaved and sorrowed with us, ushering civilization into the wilds, helping to enrich the world, enlarging the bounds of a country, widening the confines of a continent. And the memory of all this lingers with us yet. We haven't had time to forget, we can do little to repay the granddaughters for the sacrifices of the grandmothers, we cannot give adequate tribute to the staunch spirit, the brave and uncomplaining heroism of the pioneer women. But we do what we can. Even sissies could do no less."

"But mebbe you'd feel diffrent if you see the wimmen here." McCann made bold to make a point. "The only trails they strike is them to the department stores, and the only cold and heat they suffer is wearing furs in summer and peek-a-boos in winter."

"But that is only what a few of them are on the surface," said the Governor in high good humor. "You have to dig down beneath the surface to get at the real vein of the rock. Take that thought with you, brother. Under all the superficialities of women you'll find the motherliness and the true feminine qualities. And even under the sissiness of men, maybe if you dig down you'll find the strongest and the highest things you have the eyes to see."

"Bravo, Your Highness, you are in great trim for a speech," said McCann's acquaintance admiringly. "But time passes, and methinks the captive should be set free. But not unless, Young Scoffer, you are convinced that you were wrong in your surmises."

"I guess I made a mistake about them parading guys," acknowledged McCann, gulping and speaking with desperate speed. "But maybe I aint to blame, with no women pioneers round to show me a thing or two, and nobody like governors to put me wise to his'try and geography like Wyoming. But I'm on now. When I blow off steam, it'll be of a different color. And I'll pass the word along which'll help some. So if the show's over, maybe I better beat it. I thank His Nibs, the Governor, kindly and all present for putting ideers into my bean. I never knew Sissies could be as big as you gents, but as you say, you aint them and there are none. Good day and again thanks to all."

And before there could be any rejoinders, McCann left the room ere the hearty laughter of the Governor of Wyoming fell upon his ears.

Without, in the streets, the women were still marching by, lines and lines of them, with loud-ringing bands and wide-fluttering banners.

"No more of that for Yours Truly," said Marcus McCann. "Somebody might want to explain another point to me sudden like, and I guess I aint equal to more'n one point of this here sufferage business to a day."

And soberly and wearily, Marcus McCann went home.



## SWITCHBOARD SUFFRAGE

COME RIGHT IN, Annie Lee. How'd you dodge your job so early in the day? Haven't any at present, so thought you'd drop in and haul me out to lunch? Lunch, hey? In the midst of a suff campaign, worse than in the midst, along toward the tail end? Lunch? Sounds pretty if strange. Hello. Yes. Woman Suffrage Party. Miss Hale? Just a minute. Say, Eva, see whether Miss Hale's in or out. She's in, but I think she's out to this peach, you know it's the crank who's got an A 1, rubber-tired plan to clinch the politicians and ballywhack them in line for suffrage. Hello. Yes. Stuyvesant 2678? Miss Martin in? Miss Stevens of the City Party calling. Miss Stevens, here's your number. Hello. Yes. Woman Suffrage Party. No we don't send out any literature to voters, only ten tons a week. Heard from the antis and not from us? Well, you'll hear from us fast enough. We're doing things more thoroughly than they and it takes longer. If you'll gimme your name I'll send you "Do You Know", "Ballots Versus Bullets" and "Western Women in the Political Arena", our best sellers at present. George W. Strand, 1450 East 99th Street. You see you're toward the end of the alphabet and it takes time to get to you. All right, Mr. Strand. Thank you for calling us up. Goodbye. Wouldn't George give you a pain. If he wants to read about suffrage why can't he give the once over to the daily news—it's chuck full of us and our doings and the arguments are all in the magazines.

Lunch did you say, Annie Lee? Yesterday I ate a sandwich with half my face and telephoned with the other half.

Hello, hello. Mrs. Ruddell? Yes, she's in. Mrs. Ruddell, here's Mr. Daly, the printer, wants to know whether it was 60,000 circulars or 600,000.

Hello, hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Want a speaker? Soap box or hall? Wait, I'll give you our Speakers' Bureau. Miss Greeley, here's a call for you.

Lunch did you say Annie Lee? They slide in things from the suff restaurant here, you know we've got one. I get the remnants. Have to use my mouth so much for calls I'm thinking of going on a liquid diet. If things get worse I'll get a tube stuck in somewheres and take the eats in without jaw action.

Hello, hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Howd'ya join the Party? Let me know your assembly district or your assembly district leader and we'll put you in communication with her. Don't know either and didn't know there were such things? Twenty-three assembly districts in Manhattan, madam, and twenty-three suffrage leaders also. Let me have your name and address and we'll place you. Mrs. Cameron here has charge of this work. She'll look you up on the district map. Yes, I'll connect you. Mrs. Cameron, here's a party for you.

Say, Annie Lee, they're rolling in like Jordan's tide. Coming in at the last so's they'll get some of the credit if we win. Most of 'em like to be on the bandwagon, but isn't it sickening to think they'll go about blowing how WE WON, and here's the real workers worn to a frazzle and won't have enough strength left to brag. Some of our street speakers, why they can only yell in a whisper now.

Hello, hello. Woman Suffrage Party. The New York Work calling? Want to interview Miss Hale? Want to know

what she thinks about women drinking cocktails, and won't voting, by giving them more liberty, make 'em drink more? Here I'll connect you with our Press and Publicity Department. Mrs. Harmon, the New York Work on the wire.'

He'll get his interview, I think not. We've got some dignity in this joint, I should hope. Miss Hale should worry about women and cocktails. Honest, there isn't a subject 'known to mortal man or immortal mud Miss Hale hasn't been asked to tackle offhand. Now it's suspender buttons are going out for men—what effect will women's voting have on this?' Voting once a year will keep women from sewing on buttons all the rest of the 365 days, of course. Now it is a woman scrubbed the floor in an election booth out West and four men voted illegally. Doesn't this show the demoralizing influence of women in politics? Now it is scientists predict the human race in the future won't have either hair or teeth? Will this be the result of political quarrels of husband and wife? Howd'ya like to reel off snap-shot opinions on such things as those, Annie Lee, to say nothing of time exposures on "Compare All the Governments of the Civilized World and Tell Which Is the Best and Why and What Women Can Do to Improve Them;" or "Give a Brief Sketch of All the Celebrated Ginks in History and Tell Why Some Woman Hasn't Swiped All the Fame from Them with Her Deeds, Since She Hasn't, Doesn't This Show the Inferiority of the Sex and that Women Shouldn't Vote?" Whew, I wouldn't be a suff leader for a fortune. You've got to be A Guide to Action and an Encyclopedia on all Past, Present and Future Events. Have to have a quick delivery system for the work and a cold storage brain for the newspapers.

Hello, hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Want to speak to Mrs. Bullmount.? This isn't her organization. You want the Pickets, the National Woman's Party. No, we don't

picket. It takes all our time to soothe the feelings of those who are offended by such antics, I mean tactics, that is, the general public. Yes, I'll give you the number—Murray Hill 7852. You're welcome.'

Whew! maybe I don't get tired of that bunch. Every time they give a demonstration somebody calls up and gives me the dickens.

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. What is it? You want a berth? A what? No, this isn't the New York Central

Got an order for a coffin the other day, wrong number for an undertaking establishment.

Do I like to work for women? Just a minute, Annie Lee—

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Want an appointment to see Miss Hale? Just a second, I'll give you her secretary, Mrs. Ruddell, she knows about her engagements.

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Who is it? Miss Pointer? Can't bugle to-night in the Bronx at the outdoor meetings, got a fever and chills? Wait, you'd better tell Miss Greeley. Miss Greeley some chills and fever on the wire.

Do I like to work for women, Annie Lee? Well, you can just bet I do. Not that suffs are just women, they're something more if you know what I mean, kind of lost all their smallnesses and meannesses a-thinking morning, noon and night of something big. Not that they're all angels, only Miss Hale. She ought to have a halo, you can just bet. It would be becoming, too, go fine with her white hair and pearly complexion. My we're all jealous of that complexion. But take it from me, Annie Lee, women are all right. Of course, occasional we have a fireworks temper go off, spizzing and spuzzing. One of our best officers, well she fizzes up if her chauffeur gets here an hour or two late. But then, there's the other kind, Miss Leighton, for instance. I was in her office the other day and she was dictating. Right in the midst

someone called up and she got a message and then she says: "Well, the landlord says I can't have the apartment after all and three of my sisters are on their way from Spokane, Washington, and I can't head them off. And all the furniture is on the way from Boston. And I have invitations out for a dinner in two weeks. And I have sent the address all over the country as my permanent one for the next year. I will have to give the matter a little attention. Where was I, Miss Case? Oh yes. And if you will organize this county—etc." Some calmness that, Annie Lee. No, women aren't all alike, they're all different. That's what people can't sense. Men they know are unlike, but they think women are made of one piece of dough. It's interesting to study the different kinds that drift in here, old and young, lively and languid, stupid and smart, well it's just like a play, watching 'em perform, that's why I don't get tired."

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. All the tickets for the mass meeting are gone. I'm sorry. Yes we have a Governor, a Senator, a minister and an editor on the program. As you say, times have changed. The men are all willing to speak for us now. There may be some boxes left. Wait, I'll put you on Miss Elliott's wire. She is our ticket manager.

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. You want some leaflets sent as you are going to take part in a debate in your church on woman suffrage? Very well, what is your name and address? Sarah Penly, 415 Oxford Place. You're welcome.

Yes, Miss Stevens, you want a free wire for a half hour. Shall I call up the numbers? Oh you're going to call up ministers and get them to preach suffrage sermons? A good stunt all right. I'd be glad to help, Miss Stevens. You don't need me. All right. Here's your wire.

Hello, I'm to ring up all the leaders and call them to a conference here tomorrow afternoon? Tell them it's very

important? All right, Mrs. Tiltney. I'll get at it as soon as I can.'

She's our B. C., Annie Lee, and she's a duck. B. C. means Borough Chairman, of Manhattan, of course, we've got one for every Borough. Why only one? Well I guess maybe the Boroughs can't stand any more. The B.C's are the commanding officers you know. They boss the leaders and the leaders boss the captains. Do they all stand for being bossed? I should say. It's all like an army and that's why we're getting there, no time wasted in nonsense, everybody on the job.'

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Do I know a good place to buy thoroughbred dogs? No Ma'am we don't run a dog department. Sorry. Good-bye. Wouldn't that jar you? We're asked about everything in the City of N. Y. Anything that a woman wants to know about, from baby colic to boarding houses, from the divorce laws to tennis rules, she calls up the Suffrage Party.

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. You want to know what laws the women voters of the West have championed? I'll give you Mrs. Strayer, our information department. She will be glad to help you.

Lunch did you say? Oh, Annie Lee, don't say that word. Would you wave a frankfurter before a starving Hottentot?

Oh here's the postman. Some mail. You need a truck, don't you? Everybody in the city writes to Miss Hale. Glad I don't have to wade through those letters. Here, Eva, you feel strong to-day, totter upstairs with these billet doux. We sent out five thousand letters ourselves last night so the postoffice can't get ahead of us.

Good morning, Miss Wilson. The committee meeting is in the Borough Chairman's room. Yes, they're all here. You're the last.

Hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Yes, Miss Miller, the Speakers' Class will be held here to-night, 8 p. m. You're to be told what not to say as well as what to say. All right. Good-bye.

Good idea, Annie Lee, to let 'em know what subjects to avoid so's not to hurt the male feelings of N. Y. Say I gave a speech myself last night. There was a street meeting round the corner and I dragged my brother there. "For heavens sakes," he says "don't you get enough of this blooming thing daytimes but you've got to swallow it in chunks nights?" But after all he got interested. All of us corrupt our families, Annie. Jim directs envelopes and mails things and goes errands and helps me, but he'd die rather than let on. Well, all went well at the meeting until an anti got up and did some heckling. He got most of his facts on cross-eyed and when he finished I couldn't stand it, so I got up and showed him up. Last week we sent out 100,000 pamphlets, "Facts Versus Theories." I did enough folding and directing and mailing to sink a ship and I did some studying too. So I was all primed up and I just nailed him. My brother just gasped. "Whew," he said, "you're a regular orator, You could give Chauncey M. Depew a point or two," and my family have been kinder respectful ever since.

Hello, hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Yes. You think only a minority of the women want the vote. We've got the names and addresses of one million women in the state who have signed up saying they want to vote. One million, Sir. Yes, you can come here and look at them. Take a week off any time and come right along. We'll take turns showing the pages, we have a large and flourishing staff, and the police are friendly and could probably send us a platoon or two to help out. Suffs are unsexed? I'd be care-

ful how I reviled a million women, maybe your mother or your wife signed up. They wouldn't? Well, you can't always tell what a woman's thinking these days. Yes, some of them think even if their husbands don't. Yes, all right, good-bye.

It was a terrible disappointment to Mr. Hot-in-the-Collar to find we had so many signatures.

Do I believe in Woman Suffrage? Why, Annie Lee, of course I do. We all do from Minnie, the scrubwoman, up. The time has passed for women to be doormats for politicians. As our speakers say, aren't we taxed, and legislated for and against, don't we suffer from bad laws and bad conditions, and haven't we a stake in the government the same as men? Sure we have.

But some of us would rather have a steak in the interior regions than a stake in the government? Don't mention food, Annie Lee, though Ethel maybe would take the switchboard a while and let me run out with you. Hello, Ethel, have you had lunch? You have? Could you help me out for a while. Yes? Oh aint it the grand and glorious feeling to head for a real lunch counter. Just a minute, Annie Lee, I'll be with you.

Hello, hello. Woman Suffrage Party. Yes. How do the suffrage leaders feel about winning the fight? Why, we're bound to win, absolutely sure. Here, I'll give you our Press and Publicity Department. Mrs. Harmon, the *Evening Bugle*.

Now come, Annie Lee, let's beat it quick. Good-bye Ethel, be good to the antis, the reporters, the lunatics, the inquirers, the grand old General Public always storming the suffrage headquarters. Farewell, until we meet again, sweet-heart. Now for LUNCH.



## THE HEART OF A CHIEF

FOR SEVERAL months, Alair Dumain had studied a wonderful woman. She had first seen her on a public platform, standing tall and beautiful against a neutral background, looking in her black velvet gown with its suggestion of pale blue at throat and bodice like a person just stepped from a painting, a figure to which a master artist had given the graceful fullness that makes for majesty and the slight touch of hauteur symbolic of the great lady. From her dark gown her head rose like a flower, its brown hair flecked with gray, and as she spoke, a delicate rose flush flooded the clear pallor of her cheeks and made her seem vivid and vital. Alair, who had timidly gone up and shaken her hand after the logical and thoughtful lecture that had been delivered in a rich and vibrant voice, was irresistibly attracted by the changing expressions on the face she watched. For as the eminent speaker talked with people it showed now an overpowering sweetness, now a smiling whimsicality, now a satirical shadow, now a little fleeting coldness, and now a glimpse of force and fire. Alair herself, murmuring a few words of praise, was a bit daunted by the "grand air" that by the time she reached the great lady was in the ascendant. Behind the blue-grey eyes and smooth white brow lay a keen mind that even idealistic tendencies could not keep from understanding and analyzing whatever came before it. Alair went away afraid of that mind that the man who had introduced the orator had characterized as "one worthy of a statesman."

But since her future lay under the firm white hand of Charlotte Chester Cleeves, Alair Dumain returned again and again to her study of the woman leader. It was not hard to follow her from lecture place to lecture place, from suffrage school to suffrage tea, from mass meeting to suffrage parade where under the flare of a huge gold and white banner she marched to music, a stately white figure leading vast cohorts of women. In her dreams it was this picture that haunted Alair, that of the wonder woman, leading, leading, on and on across the world.

Alair had come like a friendless waif to the big city across miles of country from the west, using precious dollars out of a slim surplus to accomplish the journey. Behind her lay the simple, wholesome life of a village girl, the graves of all those nearest and dearest, and the remembrance of a romance and a married love that had been as sweet, as passionate and as fleeting as music. Like strains of melting melody it would always haunt her, and many a night her pillow was wet with her hopeless tears. But she was young and life could not be laid down at will. It must be carried like a burden on shrinking shoulders. One slender thread bound her to Charlotte Chester Cleeves, a thread as fine as hair and it seemed to her as fragile.

"She and my father were playmates," Martin Dumain had said during one of his last talks with his wife. "You have no future here. The few friends we have are so poor. But perhaps if you take your talent to her, she will help you. It is hard to reach the prominent people of this world. Don't send letters, Alair. They only reach secretaries and waste paper baskets. You must somehow see her yourself. This will not be easy, for she travels unceasingly up and down the country, helping the fight for the Federal Amendment."

Later he had mapped out a little plan for her. She was to go to the city, join the organization of which Charlotte Chester Cleeves was the exalted head, study her, learn about her, and finally appeal to her in the way that would be most efficacious for one of her type.

"People are so different," Martin had said anxiously in his weak voice. "Some of these women who rise get cold and hard. I don't know what she is. You must find out."

Very carefully Alair had copied down in a note book the recollections of Martin Dumain, Senior, as told to her from time to time by his dying son. Places and people and incidents—it would be better to have them all exactly right to make an impression.

"Her childhood may mean nothing to her now, may be like a dream," Martin had said, "but she was friendly to father even when she had graduated from college. She will surely remember him, and the great kindness he did her, that at the time she seemed to appreciate. You haven't much with which to make your connection, but it is something."

Martin had in his last talks banked much on her "gift". This was that of dramatic expression, for Alair was a dramatic reader of great natural power and a fairly good training. No entertainment in her home town or in surrounding towns had been complete without her name on the program, and she had even been featured once or twice at entertainments given by a large charitable society in a nearby city.

"You ought to make a suffrage speaker," Martin had told her. "And before you go to Her you must know all the arguments. That must be part of your preparation."

Alair had faithfully obeyed his directions, all but his admonition, to "be strong and courageous." That she could not compass, all alone in a huge city whose noises stunned her,

whose perpetual and complicated activities confused her, whose millions of people made her feel infinitesimally small and insignificant.

Her first visit to a suffrage headquarters (there were three big ones to choose from, those of the city organization, the state and the national) was productive of good results. She came back to her small and dingy hall bedroom with her arms full of suffrage literature and with the address of a nearby district leader's name written carefully down. For days she studied the points that she gathered from the leaflets and then she devoted her evenings to meetings. At first, the question was for her simply material she must master in order to get into a field where she could earn a very necessary living. But gradually she learned the true meaning of the underlying principles, gradually her spirit became enkindled, until at length she caught from Charlotte Chester Cleeves some of the passionate devotion, the steady determination, the flaming vision of justice that made her all at once one with the army of workers in the city and akin to their leader in a deep and vital sense. With this insight into the real significance of the suffrage movement came an added humility. Who was she, an unsophisticated village girl, to hope to carry a message to people so much better informed and far more experienced than herself? For she did not realize that the multiplicity of interests that attracted New York women made many indifferent to the greatest matters and ignorant of principles and values.

In the district organization, where Alair made a timid entrance as a member, she heard from time to time, mention of the woman who held the center of the stage in her thoughts.

"Senator Greeve said last night that Mrs. Cleeves was the one woman in America who in his opinion had the mind of

a man, and a great man at that," Mrs. Borman, the leader, had said one evening.

"For logicity, reasonableness, depth, a comprehensive grasp of world matters, for vision and for intellectual power, she is without a feminine peer," quoted Margaret Merl. "That's the latest magazine verdict."

"Not a bit too strong," commented Mrs. Payne calmly. "Elizabeth Wheet always says Mrs. Cleeves is her star in the Emersonian sense."

"Some day we must read that sketch of Mrs. Cleeves where her wonderful experience in Bohemia is described. We'll have it at the next meeting, maybe," said Mrs. Borman, "if we can get some person with a decent voice to give it. I don't want it spoiled, and most of our speakers are on the streets or in halls with neither time nor strength to help at a district meeting."

Alair Dumain felt a little thrill as she said modestly, "I might help you, Mrs. Borman. You see, I'm a dramatic reader."

"No, really?" asked Mrs. Borman with interest. "Well, come and see me if you can Tuesday night at my home and we'll go over the thing and see how it sounds. Mrs. Cleeves's birthday is this month and it would be nice to notice it."

Alair, who realized that Mrs. Borman wanted to test the powers of the newcomer before presenting her to the public, smiled, but promised to call at the desired hour. She felt that she had made a little step up from her lowly position as addresser of envelopes and leaflet folder, in which roles she had assiduously helped the district organization upon various occasions.

The things she had heard about Charlotte Chester Cleeves, however, depressed her. "Intellectuality, keenness, analytical power"—these were all well enough for the grappling of big

problems, but how would they help in considering a small human matter where the heart must speak and the feelings induce sympathetic action? Alair felt hopeless in the face of such mental superiority. This hopelessness increased the next time she heard the woman leader eulogized.

"Mrs. Cleeves thinks nationally, if I may use the expression," said a prominent man as he added his oration in favor of suffrage to that of many others at a mass meeting. "I may even say, she thinks internationally. That there are such women in the world refutes to my mind the theory that women are members of an inferior sex and that they will never develop into anything greater or wiser than they are now."

A national and international thinker wasting time on a small town subject! Alair Dumain, try as she would, could not believe this a possible or a probable thing. She felt that she was sinking in deep waters, she a friendless and moneyless adventurer in a monster city whose coldness and heedlessness she felt every day. Homesickness engulfed her, and longing drew her thoughts back to Haddon, where all was peaceful, familiar, homely and dear.

But small things held her to the city. There was first the engagement with Mrs. Borman. Promptly to the minute, Alair reached the lady's house on the evening designated, and found her leader waiting for her with a printed newspaper clipping.

"Here is the article I told you about. I've just read it and it's pretty good. I believe the writer, a newspaper woman, is a great admirer of Mrs. Cleeves. First I thought I'd have just the last part read, but the first tells all about Mrs. Cleeves's activities and it's interesting too. If you don't mind, Mrs. Dumain, we'll get right down to business. During a campaign I never have an uninterrupted evening, and someone is sure to come in and bother us."

"Why, certainly," said Alair, and took the clipping, standing up where the light from a large piano lamp fell across the printed words. If she could have watched Mrs. Borman's face and read at the same time, she would have been encouraged from what she saw there. For, beginning with a slight skepticism, a little doubt, Mrs. Borman rapidly passed from surprise to approval, thence to admiration, enjoyment and enthusiastic pleasure. All these things were registered in her facial expressions. The sweet, rich voice that had a ringing quality, the intelligent interpretation of the thought, the sympathetic modulation of tone that brought out the meaning and the shades of feeling—all these made Alair's rendition "good, really too good for a district meeting," as Mrs. Borman put it. "I really had no idea of your talent," she added. "I hope you will come right in and help us with it."

In a slight way, Alair was pleased with her little rehearsal. She left Mrs. Borman's house pledged to make a public appearance, and with the interest and good will of the leader enlisted in her behalf. While the reading would not show that she was a speaker, it would lead naturally to her speaking later on. She would get some experience and go to Charlotte Chester Cleeves not as a novice but as one tried and tested. That would have its weight.

She would go to Charlotte Chester Cleeves. She repeated the words out loud in an effort to strengthen her sinking courage. For she had been much affected by the account she had read and which had brought the importance of the woman as a world figure prominently before her mind. It was doubtless this secret feeling that made her performance on the evening of the district meeting quite a feature of the program. For, after she had made her audience gasp by recounting what Mrs. Cleeves had done for "the cause,"

travelling over 100,000 miles for it, answering on an average 10,000 letters annually, speaking before the legislatures of many states, campaigning in every state in the Union, visiting all the civilized countries of the world to study the status of woman, running capably the big organizations of the national and international suffrage societies, and writing innumerable articles and delivering innumerable speeches, she gradually came to her climax, a story which related an incident that occurred when Mrs. Cleeves stumped Hungary and Bohemia for suffrage.

\*"In Prague she spoke in the great City Hall to a large audience who paid admission," Alair read to her auditors, "and there was a reception and a supper afterwards. When she issued from the door to go home, she found herself at the top of a flight of steps and at the foot, to her astonishment, beheld an enormous crowd of people, a mass of humanity.

"'Who are these?' she asked.

"'It is the populace gathered to see you,' was the reply.

"As she walked down the steps, the people stood perfectly silent, devouring with their eyes the strange woman from the land of which they had all heard, who had come to ask for votes for Bohemian women. At the foot of the steps stood an old peasant woman, stocky, shapeless, the typical burden-bearing woman of the older races. Her hair was short, a little peasant shawl covered her head, her rough toil-worn hands hung bare, her patient cow-like eyes were fixed on the strange woman from over seas. Mrs. Cleeves, tall and graceful, caught the look and stopping at the foot of the stairs shook hands with her. The vast crowd caught the significance of the act.

"'Eileen, Eileen,' they shouted, their Bohemian word for 'hurrah.'

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\* Incident taken from New Jersey newspaper, author unknown.



"Along her pathway through the crowd stretched a forest of hands to grasp her own, hats were waved, an uproar of 'Eileen' accompanied her progress and a thunder of cheers shook the air as she entered her carriage. It was an ovation suited to royalty which they gave to the Iowa farmer's daughter."

Visualizing the whole scene as she did, Alair made her audience see it vividly also, and made them feel the thrill and the excitement that was a part of the feelings of those faraway worshippers of their beloved and familiar leader. Tumultuous and prolonged applause followed her reading. In the midst of it, a young woman rose, and when order was restored, she said:

"I can match that story of 'The Chief,' as we call her, with another. When Mrs. Cleeves was in Budapest, an afternoon reception was given in a huge fort there. Mrs. Cleeves came to this escorted by the Mayor who had just given her the freedom of the city. She was dressed all in white and when she came into the courtyard of the fort where crowds had congregated and where a collation was to be served, she looked very beautiful in the afternoon sunshine, very stately and imposing. So much so in fact, that a sudden silence of awe and admiration fell over the entire assemblage, the most spontaneous and sincere tribute that could be given. And, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, a woman of the humbler classes rushed forward, fell on her knees and reverently kissed her hand. And a man beside me, who had witnessed the little scene, just expressed my own thoughts when he turned to me and said, with earnest but repressed fervor:

"'She looks like a queen, she acts like a queen, she is a queen.'"

"That is Mrs. Cleeves's secretary, Miss Hade," explained the woman beside her to Alair, and in spite of the many

pleasant comments and compliments tendered her, it was Miss Hade's words that rang the most persistently in Alair's ears.

And that night, lying in a rigid stillness in her narrow boarding house bed, she repeated their ending, soberly.

"One climbs up to a queen," she said. "And that takes time, a long time, and in the meanwhile I have to live."

As a result of that sleepless night, she was missing from headquarters for many days, weary days given to walking the streets and hunting for the work advertised in the big dailies. Finally she was successful in a humble way, but it was so humble that Alair would have grown faint with mortification if any one at Haddon had gained even an inkling of her fallen estate. The tasks she had to do to keep herself fed and lodged occupied her tiresomely during the day, but occasionally when she was not too tired she went to evening meetings.

Most of these were street meetings, where soap box orators made short, snappy but very earnest speeches, sometimes to a constantly shifting audience, sometimes to a stable one that listened in rapt attention for hours on a stretch. It was at one of these that Alair Dumain, urged by a frantic leader whose two speakers were late, made her maiden effort in the speech line. She began it in the simplest way, holding out a large copy of the suffrage map on which the states that had granted suffrage to women were depicted as of the most immaculate white, while those that still withheld it were of the deepest black, with partial suffrage shown here and there by dots and stripes and stars. As the light of day still lingered, Alair flourished her exhibit and explained it and having gained courage from hearing the sound of her own voice went on and made a very creditable appeal. Thereafter she was in demand and went from one street

corner to another throughout the city, learning to lift her oratory over all kinds of noises, to send it down dark byways and to make it a worthy rival of such counter attractions as movie houses, Salvation Army stands and socialistic tirades.

Many weeks passed in this fashion, but while Alair had not given up her idea of appealing to Mrs. Cleeves she had made many grand plans as to how it should be fittingly done. Often she dreamed that at a huge mass meeting where she had spoken from the floor, a great speech that had taken the audience by storm, Mrs. Cleeves sent for her and they met in state in a private room after the multitude had departed. Again she wrote a fine article and it was published and Mrs. Cleeves sent for her and they met in stately formality in the handsome offices of the National headquarters. Or, again, she originated a unique plan of work, or an original stunt, or engaged in a spectacular debate and thus brought herself to the favorable attention of Mrs. Cleeves. Alair had pictured their meeting as a wonderful affair with suffrage attendants duly impressed and her own entrance into the room strikingly effective.

And then there came a hot night in July when, for the first time, Alair hesitated about keeping an appointment she had made for a meeting on the lower East Side. It seemed hardly worth while to draw the breath of life on such a night, to say nothing of going forth and trying to pump enthusiasm into the breasts of the populace. But her own room at the boarding house was so oven-like that she ventured forth in the hope that a vagrant breeze might wander her way and cool her burning cheeks and brow. She arrived a little late at the street corner, and found a foreign-looking crowd and Miss Lavinia Dack, celebrated for her work among the foreigners, talking earnestly, while some of her helpers stood at attention holding the Irish, Turkish, French,

Armenian and other banners which Miss Dack's squad was accustomed to carry with them in their "Walking Talks" on the docks, in the markets and restaurants, on the ships and in the subway excavations where they found working-men of all kinds and races. In the front row, Alair Dumain noticed two intelligent-looking Chinamen and she was not surprised to note that Miss Dack was cleverly inserting in her speech a few remarks for their particular benefit.

"Suffragists are interested in all women," explained Miss Dack. "We want women all over the world to have their rights, not just American women. When we get our freedom we shall help the women of all races to develop. Why, when our great leader, a cultured and a rich woman, made her tour of the world to study the conditions of the women of all the countries and to bring to them thoughts of social and political freedom, whom do you suppose she studied most when she was in China? The rich and great? No, the lowliest of all, the women in the boats, those who live on boats all their lives. This shows her spirit and that of women interested in this movement."

It was with a gasp that Alair Dumain took in the full significance of this information. To attach it to her idea of the queen, the woman of dominant intellect, the thinker, the statesman, was almost impossible, upon so high a pedestal had she placed Mrs. Cleeves. Yet it finally did come home to her and when she came to speak she spoke with a zest and joy that she had thought impossible. For she felt that Charlotte Chester Cleeves through becoming more human had been brought closer to her, a fact that made the evening seem significant and important.

At the close of the speech, she slipped down among the crowd and on its outskirts her arm was grasped warmly by a tall woman in white, who said cordially:

"That was a good speech you made, little girl. Who are you?"

Alair looked at the questioner in astonishment, for the voice was that of a cultivated person. The light was poor, however, so that Alair moved near a bright store window unconsciously drawing her questioner with her. But when she was about to give her answer, she got a good look at the stranger and gaped in utter astonishment.

"Why Mrs. Cleeves," she said as soon as her lips would move.

"Yes, I know my own name, but I asked for yours," returned Mrs. Cleeves whimsically. In a kind of dream Alair Dumain answered. This was not the way she had expected to meet Charlotte Chester Cleeves, here in a hot and sordid street, beside a cheap shop, among foreign people and with the sound of passing cars, and the distant roar of an elevated train. But this was not the Mrs. Cleeves she had been wont to see, the stately leader, the dignified cynosure of all eyes. This was a Mrs. Cleeves whose expression reminded her of that of a small girl who has plucked the forbidden flower from the bush or stolen the rosy apple from the branch.

"I've run away," explained Mrs. Cleeves happily and with wicked satisfaction. "I've always wanted to do this, to go all through the city some evening and see my Soapbox Girls. I've wanted to hear them speak, to see the people, to shake hands, to get close to our outdoor movement. But I've a regular Bodyguard of Friends and Guardians. And they always balked me. Always they gave excuses. I was too tired. The weather was too hot. Everything was going all right. I'd get worn out. It was undignified. The reports were coming in nicely. Reports, mind you, just as if you can ever know anything from reports, just dry sheets of typed paper with all the humanness gone.

To-night they think I'm out of town. But I took an earlier train and I'm not to be met by a corps of anxious protectors until later. So I'm going round. I've spoken at two places, and I did pretty well; the people didn't seem to think I was so bad. Some of the leaders appeared about to get attacks of heart disease seeing me come suddenly upon the scene, but later they bore up well under the shock. Of course, the chauffeur disapproves, oh immensely, and that adds considerably to the enjoyment. In several places I helped distribute the literature just to hear the comments of the people, and one man said to me, 'You're not such a bad-looking dame. Why don't you get a home and stay in it?'

And Mrs. Cleeves laughed in genuine enjoyment. But Alair Dumain looked at her in shocked solemnity.

"It seems awful somehow," she confessed. "Like the President riding a merry-go-round at Coney Island."

"But why should one person be doomed to sit up aloft and miss all the warm human things going on down below?" asked Mrs. Cleeves. "I thought maybe I'd hand out the enrolment slips at this meeting and get the voters to sign them. I haven't done this yet."

"Oh no," said Alair hastily. "The woman who does that for us is very touchy and she wouldn't like it if you took it away from her."

"Very well," replied the great leader affably. "There are other places to go where there are no supersensitive people. Come, you shall go with me, and answer my questions on the way."

And full of a cordial enthusiasm, Mrs. Cleeves led Alair to the waiting car. As in a dream Alair entered it, braving the chauffeur's suspicious scrutiny, and started upon a round of the Suffrage Soapbox Circuit that seemed to her as wonderful as any of the fabled trips of royal folk wending their way

through the byways of old cities to study their subjects unaware. Many and striking were the pictures she added that night to her gallery of memory. For she saw under the flare of torches, Maggie Hickey, tall and vigorous, her strong, comely face and ruddy hair thrown into bright relief against the night, towering above a crowd of bare-armed workmen with their wives and children, pouring over them an eloquence that was electric in its intensity, ranging from solemnity to wit.

And she saw Rose Sylman, small and pale, but earnest and effective in speech, add her plea to that of Maggie's, and other women and girls from factories and shops lift up eager voices in behalf of the suffrage amendment. And she was impressed with a comment of Mrs. Cleeves spoken with a deep sincerity:

"More and more I realize that the workingwoman is the central figure in our movement. Beside her needs, all others are puny. She dominates us with her pale, picturesque and appealing personality. Whenever the way seems too hard to tread, I think of her, and the thought acts like a lash and drives me on."

And after that picture, came others. Broadway and night and a well-dressed throng, and a slender woman in an automobile drawn to the curb. "A golden voice out of the golden west," and Florence Coleman of Arkansas throwing an eloquent spell over sophisticated New Yorkers. And then across innumerable streets, another meeting, with Alice Burt in her yellow car and with her yellow hair caressed by the night wind, throwing her pungent thoughts out to a delighted crowd. And in a bystreet, Lou Rutgers, with her artist cap awry and her painter's smock awhirl, dashing off her street cartoons and to tossing them into uplifted hands while she drove home her suffrage points. And, one after

another, lively and picturesque meetings enlivened by the notes of a bugle played by Rose Bresser, who had left her ranch in South Dakota to give her musical aid to the campaigns of many states. And, side by side, manly and womanly illustrations of the harmony that may exist between husband and wife inspired by the same spirit of justice, Hesper Leeds and John L. Leeds, speaking from automobile and curb simply and convincingly for the right. And beside ringing words in English, many a speech in a foreign tongue delivered with a passion that thrilled through the strange, incomprehensible phrases.

Clear voices, deep voices, vibrant voices, their notes rang in Alair's ears for many a day. Ere they had finished their journey, eager hands had decorated their car with suffrage emblems, so that they whirled through the streets with yellow streamers floating from either side and a great silken banner eddying out behind. And it seemed a fitting tribute to these that, in a quiet place where they turned a corner, three men, walking home through the deserted streets, suddenly snatched off their hats as the car came into view and stood at military attention until it had passed.

To Alair, the companionship with Charlotte Chester Cleeves, expressed through laughter, a genial discussion of methods and arguments, a proud appreciation of good effects and telling oratory, was a wonderful experience. And she echoed as her own sentiments Mrs. Cleeves's final verdict:

"I'm glad I went round. I have enjoyed it thoroughly and I have learned much. I am proud of my girls, their splendid speeches and their splendid spirit. One of the disadvantages of having a big organization is that you can't know everybody, and I'd like to know everybody. For instance, you. Where did you get your good voice and the training that it shows? Come, we have done all that we



can to-night. Let us have something to eat and go home. And while we eat you shall tell me about yourself."

It did not take long to find a modest restaurant, and in a short time Alair Dumain was telling in simple and spontaneous fashion her own biography, not in the oft-rehearsed, stilted, dramatic style she had intended to use to make it impressive, but in the earnest and sincere way that one relates intimate matters to a close friend. For, as she listened, Charlotte Chester Cleaves seemed, in her sympathy and silent understanding, very near and very dear. -

"And so you were afraid to come to me," she commented when Alair had finished her story. "That seems strange. For the one feeling of which I am the most conscious as I travel up and down the highways and the byways of the world is my love for women. The more I see of them, struggling, working, suffering, aspiring, the greater grows that love. They follow me, I think, not because of any power or influence I may have gained, but because they sense the love I have for them to which they respond freely and touchingly. With that love in one's heart, one can go to any woman, Turkish, Chinese, Armenian, Arabian, Russian, the highest and the lowest alike, and there will come a sympathy and an understanding that overcomes the barriers of strange languages and the iron bounds of old customs, a feeling that makes one meet another on the common ground of sex, sweeping away all the artificial things that society builds up. You need not have feared me, little girl, Without your husband's story, you had the magic key to my heart; you are a woman."

And to Alair Dumain, who had heard many fine speeches fall from the lips of the woman before her, speeches preceded by strains of music and followed by thunderous applause, that simple statement made amid the rattle of dishes in a modest restaurant always seemed the most beautiful of all.

They went their separate ways then, Alair fortified by promises of help that cast a golden glamor over the future. And the next night when Alair, packed into a crowded gallery, looked down upon a stage, amid whose towering palms and flag-decked walls, a tall woman in filmy blue was the central figure, she looked at her with discerning eyes and an understanding heart. For though the rich voice held a vast audience spellbound, and though the orator seemed now the old-time reformer with the burning heart and now the new-time woman of the trained mind, to Alair's young imagination Charlotte Chester Cleeves had lost her semblance to a colossal figure towering cold and powerful above the world of women with the stern crown of intellectuality on her brow. Rather she seemed a majestical figure thrown across the screen of the world, bearing the necessary shield and buckler of the fighter for ideals, but warm and palpitating with the love and compassion that draw humanity by an irresistible force and hold it by an unbreakable power.

## FOUR GENERATIONS

WHEN Miss Ina Blake rose to call her Publicity Committee to order, two women who were merely invited guests and who were seated in rear seats cozily tucked in a little angle of the wall discussed her in discreet whispers.

"She has the most picturesque part of the campaign in charge," said one. "And is therefore to be envied."

"Yes," said the other, "being a Stunt Lady is really romantic. Think of helping to plan the Yellow Rallies and the Lantern Parade and to watch them come into being, the first, long lines of white-clad women marching under the soft glow of yellow lanterns, the second, thousands of women marching to music and holding aloft orange lanterns so that Fifth Avenue as you remember was described as filled with 'a river of fire running on and on as far as the eye could reach'."

"And the interurban Council Fires, great bonfires flaring up to the sky on high hills, in some places reflected in the water, and the flower fetes, and the pageants and the Flying Squads from the Bronx to the Battery, and the Interstate Meets, and outdoor demonstrations for Bank Day, and Barber Day and all the other days that were dedicated to different classes of men voters. Think of the Walking Talks along the docks, on the piers, in the excavations of the subways to carry to the workmen of all nationalities the banners of the Old Countries and literature that will especially appeal to them. All these things keep one in an atmosphere of romance, quite different from what we have who are at-

tached to the canvassing end of the work or the office drudgery. Miss Blake and this committee are only called upon to give wings to their imaginations, and that strikes me as a pretty pleasant duty."

"She comes of good suffrage stock," added the first speaker with approval. "Her grandmother, you've read of her I guess, Mrs. Phoebe Caldwell, a great speaker for the cause in her day and much abused in the papers of her time, and her mother Mrs. Blake, well she's been with us for years, and here's the third generation and filled with a great passion for the cause, so I hear."

And before the meeting was over, both women agreed that in this instance rumor had reported the matter correctly, for there was an earnestness, sincerity and emotion in the presiding officer that swept all before her, and filled the committee with a zeal that made them work and plan with a kind of holy fervor. The two visitors were much struck with Ina Blake's spirit.

"We must win," she said, "this time, not in another campaign. Of course we cannot help but win in the long run, but I am not content with that, I want the victory *now*, and we must work at white heat to get it."

This was at the last, when all the planning for big displays on billboards throughout the city had been finished and the hour for adjournment came.

"The impatience of youth," said Visitor No. 1 smilingly as she and her friend went down in the elevator. And Visitor No. 2 agreed with her. She might not, however, if she had seen the Stunt Lady an hour later enter a pleasant room in her own home, and had beheld her greet an old lady who, very fragile and very elegant in black silk and old lace, sat in an invalid's chair near a flower-filled window. It would in fact have astonished a large number of people to know

that here was the reason for Ina Blake's impetuous, determined, impassioned work for the Cause, here was the reason why she felt she could not wait. For the sands of life were running fast in Phoebe Caldwell's hour glass, and Ina who loved her with a depth and a tenderness born of their complete understanding of each other, their similarity of natures, of ideas and of tastes, was determined that the great hour for women should come while this fine pioneer soul was still able to enjoy it.

"To have slaved, to have suffered, to have agonized over the cause in the old days when it took real courage, real strength of character to fight for suffrage, and to die just before the final victory—I cannot bear the thought that this should happen to her." Ina had time and again made this cry to her mother.

To-day she took the wrinkled old hand into her firm warm grasp and asked gently:

"How goes it Granny?"

"Pretty well," answered Phoebe Caldwell. "The tide's ebbing, Child, but slowly, slowly. I'm telling myself over and over, I can't go until the victory comes."

"More than that," said Ina sturdily. "You can't go until you have really voted. Granny, you will, you must hang on, tooth and nail; for me you must do it. I'm out in the thick of it, pushing and straining and fighting for you. Promise me, promise me you will do your part."

"Yes, yes, I promise," said the old lady gently. "As long as the spirit can keep the flame going. But sit down now and tell the news."

And for a half hour Ina poured out the budget of events to an auditor whose interest was intense, whose attention never faltered, whose quavering voice made frequent and happy comments. At the end, the old voice said:

"Ah, if my mother only knew these things. Of late I have been thinking much of her. As a child she made a great impression on me. I so often found her crying. She had a hard life, Ina. You see the law gave all her fortune to my father upon her marriage, and he squandered it; it was a common story at the time. What was a woman? Nothing but a chattel of man's, but mother was a thinker, she saw the wrong, the injustice, she rebelled, she suffered keenly, for how she wanted the money for her children's sakes. And I was the eldest child and I went with her through her sorrow. Huddled close to each other in her small bedroom, time and again, we asked each other why should the man be all and the woman nothing, why should an unworthy father have the power to take the bread out of his children's mouths when a worthy mother could have provided for them, why did the scriptures counsel the woman "to obey," always obey, no matter how worthless the one to be obeyed, why should the woman be forced to keep silent everywhere, in the churches, in society, in the home, to take submissively whatever men might hand out to them, WHY—WHY—WHY? Many of the answers have come to these questions, Ina. Through the years, I've watched women gain big things, education, a legal status, the right to work, and now they will win political power. It's many years, and in some ways my mother has grown dim and shadowy to me, but I can still hear her stifled sobs and her trembling voice with its eternal WHY. And when I went out to work for suffrage, many a time it braced me up to think of her."

"Yes, Granny," said Ina Blake softly. "I know, you've made her real to me too. And now I know I'm not only working for my contemporaries and for the future, but for four generations of women. The first I think of as The

Sufferers, the Silent Sufferers; the second as The First Voices, the Voices in the Wilderness; the third as The Workers, daring to launch a movement; and the fourth as The Conquerors, the ones who will win. But now you know, since I've made you Custodian of the Clippings, you have work to do. Behold quite a bunch to-day."

She laid a bulky envelope upon Phoebe Caldwell's lap. The old face brightened up visibly. This was all the labor of which the frail hands were capable, but Phoebe Caldwell was very proud of the book into which she had pasted the old-time clippings about herself and into which she had proudly put notices of her daughter's suffrage activities and now those of her granddaughter which bade fair to more than balance all the rest. Here, too, she lovingly added little items that showed the progress of the cause that was to her the greatest thing in life.

From her little talk in the pleasant room, Ina Blake sought her mother's apartment, and found her maternal ancestor busily sealing bulky packages of leaflets for which a long-suffering chauffeur was waiting in the hall below. Adding herself to the working force, Ina said as her busy hands flew:

"Granny is my inspiration, Mother. I've just come from her. The way she makes those old-time ghosts of women haunt me is terrifying. The other night she told me about Aunt Sarah. You remember her husband made no will and she was turned out of the old homestead, an elderly woman with tenacious affections for her old furniture and the old home. I could see her for days, with her trembling hands, and her piteous eyes. Those cruel, cruel laws; that beast of a husband who failed to provide for her and left her to the cold charity of relatives; those fiendish relations of his who took it all away from her, the chairs and tables she used to dust and polish, the dishes she bought piece by piece and never allowed careless hands to wash. The poor

old creature. And there was great-grandmother—sometimes I wake up at night and hear her sobbing in her stuffy old bedroom under the eaves, she who had been brought up in plenty by an indulgent father. Yes, they haunt me but they make me work. And Granny; Mother, she shall not die until she has cast her first vote. Life owes her that much. Doesn't it make your blood boil to read those clippings about her: "Unsexed monster—the Wild Woman of the West," "The Advocate of Free Love and License," "The Breaker of Homes," "The Destroyer of Society," "The Foe of Motherhood, Wifehood and Childhood," "The Despiser of Man," "The Unholy Bringer of Bad Tidings," "She Who Advocates Freedom for Woman and Fetters for Men." It seems to me I can remember all the phrases they used, those narrow old-time editors, all the quotations from the sermons thundered against her from the pulpits by those old-time preachers absolutely devoid of the openmindedness and the spiritual insight that religious leaders of the people ought to have. She's never had much thanks for what she did at great self-sacrifice, only abuse and ridicule, and I am determined that she shall have a reward before she dies, that she shall go to the polls a freeborn, American citizen, able to cast a vote, able to feel that she has a voice in the government."

Mrs. Blake looked at her impetuous daughter and sighed a little.

"I used to feel as you do, Ina," she said. "But the delays have been so many, the defeats have come, progress has been made, but oh so slowly, and mother's vitality is slipping away. I see it go day by day. Sometimes I fear, that before we reach the goal she will be where all these tempests of life seem of little account."

"No—no," cried the Chairman of the Publicity Committee in the voice well known to her co-workers. "That



shall not be. I will not have it. We can win, we shall win—and soon.”

And in a few moments she was off to her room, there to toil at work for the cause until the wee small hours of the next morning.

Meanwhile, Phoebe Caldwell bending over her clippings on a convenient desk devoted to such tasks, read them slowly with frequent wiping of her glasses, before she pasted them with neat precision into her suffrage scrap book. Over the anti speech of a Southern senator she sadly shook her head, marveling at the fulsome flatteries of women and the subtle insults to womanhood it contained; over the flaming oratory of a militant leader she gasped in deep concern, and she turned to the strong, sane and thoughtful utterances of the national leader of the conservative suffragists with relief and joyous approval.

In a small pile of scheduled events, she found that her granddaughter was to take part in a great “Pageant of Protest” to be given at the largest opera house available. Fascinated by the bits of description that promised wonderful spectacular effects, an historical sequence of interest and a grand finale with a celebrated opera singer to stand draped in the American flag and to sing in a voice of magnificence and power the national anthem, Phoebe Caldwell was conscious all at once of a strong desire to attend. She crushed this down at first, knowing full well that in her enfeebled state of health, such a strain on her physical powers as sitting for hours in a crowded and stifling theater until late at night, subject to unwonted excitement, would result in a temporary prostration that would be decidedly dangerous. But she was tired of her monotonous existence, of her carefully guarded days, of her occasional short outings in her daughter’s car, of her great distance from “The dash-

ings and splashings of the suffrage sea," as she called the campaign activities, and when she took her enforced rest on her couch, she found it impossible to settle down to her daily nap, because her brain devoted itself to planning how she could arrange to attend the function that fascinated her, provided she should yield to temptation. For a while she told herself it was amusing to make these plans, that they helped to pass away the time, that they were merely day dreams not to be taken seriously, but that there was no harm in going over them again and again, perfecting details, dilating on the pleasurable thrills of anticipated accomplishment and imagining what the evening would be like under the influence of light, color, beautiful acting and spirited music.

"Ah," sighed Phoebe Caldwell, "what is the use of just reading about such things; why not once in a while go?"

She never knew just when she made the decision, casting aside all pretense and hypocrisy. She only knew that she found herself sitting up at length with glowing cheeks and clenched hands, saying in a fierce whisper, "I'm going."

It was no use to think of family help. An appeal to the loving guardians who kept her like a hothouse flower under glass, nursing her faint flame of life with affectionate care, would only raise a tempest and might result in the procurement of a white-capped nurse to keep down the wayward inclinations of eighty-six.

"Eighty-six," she said to herself contemptuously; "old enough to go somewhere I should hope."

No, family help was barred out. What then or who then would assist? Friend after friend came to mind only to be cast aside as of the Order of Age Protectors, as Phoebe dubbed them. Finally, the inspiration came. There was the Lady of the Yellow Auto, the little car that had raced

across the country from ocean to ocean bearing a suffrage message from the great campaign state of the East to all the states where suffrage workers or campaigners came out to greet the traveller. Phoebe Caldwell had followed through the press this story, as it unfolded from day to day, and it was with bated breath, even yet, that she remembered it.

"She has the spirit of adventure," she said to herself with conviction. "She will not want me to crouch down behind old age customs. She will help me to launch forth."

Very astutely she worded her letter to the Lady of the Yellow Car. She told of her pioneering days, and that because of them she wanted to see the historical pageant that would take her back to old times; she spoke of too rigid care on the part of her family; emphasized her entire fitness to attend theatrical affairs; threw in emotion and common-sense and appeal. And with great acumen, too, she kept the letter locked in her drawer.

"It must be a last hour appeal," she said shrewdly, "with no time for her to talk things over with biassed relatives. She must act on impulse, wholly. Of course, it may be she cannot come. But I must chance that. She is my only hope."

The thought of the hidden letter acted like a tonic on her for days, although in the presence of daughter or granddaughter she felt like the veriest criminal.

"Granny, you are bracing up, you're a wonder," commented Ina happily, and went forth, much encouraged, to the fray.

Through a crowded calendar she pushed her way, now supervising the erection of huge bill boards that smote upon the public eyesight through the medium of flaring black letters which brazenly announced suffrage truths; now holding outdoor concerts where intermissions between

orchestral and vocal selections were devoted to the propaganda of arguments; now planning street fetes and now introducing unique features into street meetings—the exhibition of lantern slides, the feats of an artist who illustrated her talks with hastily drawn pictures, and the use of the lively bugle and the summoning drum. In between larger duties she sandwiched rehearsals for the pageant, and innocently entertained Phoebe Caldwell with accounts of these latter as being far less exciting than larger and more stirring events. That they were not, a more discerning eye would have noted, since they left their auditor with flushed cheeks, eyes overbright, a heart that fluttered wildly and a brain that schemed to the accompaniment of emotions alternately full of exultation or of guilty shame.

On the night of the pageant, Ina Blake showed herself to “Granny” in all the glory of her Greek draperies before she started at an early hour for the opera house. Mrs. Blake, also, assigned to a minor role, exhibited herself and kissed her mother fondly good-bye, admonishing her to retire at an early hour. Neither mother nor daughter noticed grandmother’s unwonted splendor of attire, discreetly covered by a voluminous shawl, nor dreamed that she had spent the entire day making her trembling hands bit by bit perform the various duties of her toilette. The general effect, however, repaid her for her heroic efforts. From the piles and puffs of snowy hair to the discreet touches of real lace and the shimmer of black satin, Phoebe Caldwell was a picture well worth seeing.

“A young woman may call upon me later,” she told the upstairs maid with dignity. “Show her at once to my room if she comes.”

The waiting was mercifully short, since the constant reiteration in her brain of the questions, Will she come?

Won't she come? would have excited her to a kind of nervous hysteria if it had gone on too long. However, within a half hour of the departure of the family, Phoebe Caldwell stationed at the window saw the little yellow car of her dreams whirl up to the curb. In a few minutes, her door opened, and a smiling face, framed in blond hair, looked into hers.

"Where is the pioneer I'm to run away with? Is it you? You are sure it is all right? I acted on impulse and came; your letter touched me. But I'm in the pageant and time is precious. I must get back. Took a friend to the opera house first, then ran over here for you. You are sure you are equal to the occasion, not going to faint or get overtired?"

"Never fainted in my life," declared Phoebe Caldwell sturdily. "Don't know how it feels. I'm all ready now, might take a fan, never felt stronger. When you come to think of it, eighty-six isn't so very old."

"Not with some people," agreed the Lady of the Yellow Car, and then, like two conspirators, they made a quiet exit from the house, the maid, in the belief that the visitor would stay during the evening, having gone down to the kitchen to talk with her fellows.

To Phoebe Caldwell, there never was a more exhilarating ride than that through the city streets in the yellow car that had crossed a continent; there never was a more thrilling moment than the one when she entered a box in state and was placed by her escort in the best seat, with the words to the other occupants:

"Girls, here's a real live pioneer. Treat her well."

And she was treated well. While the house was filling, she was petted and asked questions, and the reminiscences that immediately began to flow from her lips were listened to with respectful and gratifying interest. She spoke of "Susan" and "Elizabeth" with tender familiarity as befits

one who had campaigned with Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton in the days when audiences were not above hissing and catcalls, or the throwing of pepper on country school-house stoves, the turning out of lights, or even the careless manipulation of eggs. "I was one of them, though much younger," she said proudly. "And I got my share of the abuse."

They brought then many of the order of "Veterans" to meet her, those who came after the pioneers but who worked against heavy odds before the cause became popular. Harriet May Moores related for her benefit little incidents when she went as field organizer up and down the state, starting little clubs and fanning the faint flames of their existence in town after town and village after village. Everywhere ridiculed by the press, she knew a little of what her forerunners had endured. Mrs. Belle Demira and Mrs. Frank Lathing and many others came forward to clasp her hand as only veterans can clasp the hands of pioneers. And just before the curtain went up on the pageant, they turned to praise of the modern workers, speaking of their tiresome canvassing, "400,000 men visited in one city in just one campaign," of the tons of literature they gave out, and of their countless demonstrations. Yet though their praise was genuine, at the end they whispered to Phoebe Caldwell:

"They will win the victory without doubt. But they have lost a great thing, the feeling that only pioneers and veterans can have, those who suffered for the cause in the days of unpopularity and persecution. That feeling, that experience are for us alone a blessed and sacred memory."

Through the pageant, Phoebe Caldwell lived the past over again, she caught the full force of the modern spirit of the campaigning suffragist, she was lifted up to the promise

of the final victory and to what it would mean to women. With tense nerves, with parted lips, with nervous hands that clutched the arms of those nearest her at critical moments, she went through scene after scene of the beautiful story told in living figures. Pleasure she felt that was so sharp it was a kind of pain, ecstasy that was a bit of agony. After the abnormal quiet of her life for many months, she felt like one out in the scorching heat of the midday sun and amid the crash of whirling worlds. Dimly she realized that she had risen to the crest of a great wave of emotion and thought on whose top she felt helpless, and that she must go crashing down at length into the slough.

To her the pageant went off without a hitch. But on the stage those directing behind the scenes had their troubles. Some of the stars were late, some of the costumes were not delivered, there was nervousness, and delay, and finally as the last scene came on, a woman about whom was to be posed a most picturesque group had not arrived.

"What can be the matter with Mrs. Glade?" asked the stage manager in a distracted tone, going from group to group. "As the center of the pioneer group she is indispensable. Where can she be?"

No one knew. At length a reassuring voice cried:

"If you want a pioneer, there's one in the audience."

"But Mrs. Glade's white hair was wonderful, and she's used to public appearances and has rehearsed."

"White hair," scoffed the voice. "This pioneer has oceans of it. I'll get her. And she's used to public life, too."

And so it came to pass that the Lady of the Yellow Car brought Phoebe Caldwell, palpitating and protesting, to the stage. But her protests were drowned in a delighted chorus when they all saw how perfectly she looked the part. Deft hands draped her in white cheesecloth, she was rehearsed

hastily in a corner and responded to suggestions and orders like a veteran, and when at length the curtain rose no one posed more proudly and impressively than she. This feeling took her through all her scenes with a superb aplomb, which was all the more commendable since in one she gazed into the amazed and horrified face of her grandchild and in the other into the astounded and frightened countenance of her daughter, who had supposed her to be sleeping the quiet and gentle sleep of the well-behaved aged. So uplifted was her spirit, however, that at the time the expressions she saw seemed unreal, as though seen in a dream.

When she had retired from the stage and stood in the wings to see and hear the grand finale, during which the magnificent voice of the world-famed prima donna sang the national anthem with dramatic fervor, while the singer posed tall and statuesque and beautiful against the silken folds of the American flag, it came to Phoebe Caldwell that there must be unpleasant consequences of her escapade. In imagination, she could hear the family voices:

"Granny, Granny, how could you?"

"Mother, Mother, how wild."

"You will be sick."

"You will be fagged out."

"At your age—"

"It is terrible—"

"I'll put it off as long as I can," thought Phoebe Caldwell, and began to edge toward the back of the stage. She would find the Lady of the Yellow Car, beg to be taken home, and receive her voluble and protesting family in state in the safe and familiar precincts of her own room.

As she passed by the rows of white robed amateur actresses crowded together in the wings, one after another put out a hand to press hers, and whisper after whisper of praise and



admiration fell upon her ears. She was making a triumphant exit, and she did it like any well-applauded thespian. At the very rear of the stage there were only a few workmen in overalls. She could not see the Lady of the Yellow Car, not at first; then she thought she saw her disappear down a dimly lit corridor. Unheeded, in dire haste, Phoebe Caldwell hurried after her apparition. On and on she went, the passage getting darker and darker, until finally it seemed to end abruptly, and her footing grew uncertain. Were there stairs? A sudden fear swept over her, and all at once she lurched, and fell down, down, down into black oblivion. After centuries, it seemed she floated back to hear as from vast distances voices and the sound of weeping. Even semi-consciousness was agony so that again she drifted out to a blessed blankness. It was night no longer when she finally came back to a sense of living. Slowly and by long degrees, she took in the fact that she was in bed, that a white-capped nurse was in attendance and that Ina, white-faced and haggard, often hung over her in an anxious scrutiny.

Unconsciousness and a pain-racked consciousness held possession of her alternately, for what seemed to her eons of time. Finally, as she drifted into sensibility one day, she heard a man's voice say softly but with decision:

"It won't be long now."

She knew at once what "it" meant. Her first reaction to it was a sense of relief. There would come an end then to this helplessness, the periods of agony, the overwhelming weakness. She was very tired, worn and spent; it was good to think of perfect quiet, of absence of sensation. But an uneasy feeling fought with that of relief. There was something, some reason why "it" could not be. What was it? What was it that haunted her, something that would keep her, something that held her captive?

One day she heard a sobbing voice and then she knew.

It was Ina, and she could not go because she had promised her to stay for the victory, to live until the great hour struck, until she a pioneer should receive her reward. In her lucid intervals she pondered over this. At last she was driven to prayer. God grant that she would not go until she explained, until she could say what gradually had come into her mind, until she could make it all right. The child must not feel deserted, must not take it as failure, as disappointment, must not suffer from pity all her life. No, the cause and its ultimate triumph must be a radiant thing, unclouded, glorious.

There came a day when her prayer was answered, when she awoke painless, with all her senses keen and alert, her mind as clear as a bell. To be sure there was incredible weakness, but the spirit would overcome that. It was quite a strong whisper that arrested Ina's attention.

"I'm going," it said. "Ina, child, the tide's ebbing out to sea."

"But Granny you promised me—the cause—how can you go without reward, without the hour of victory?"

Phoebe Caldwell rallied her sinking forces.

"I have had my reward already," she said, and this time she spoke out loud. "Do not feel sorry, Ina, that the pioneers cannot stay to the end. We blazed the trail. We did a glorious thing. To make possible the rest. That is our reward. The victory—I'll—I'll know it wherever I am—"

A wave of rushing waters seemed to sweep over her. She put out a frail and shaking hand. But she never felt the warm and living hand that grasped it, never heard the sobbing voice that called her. Suddenly and serenely, Phoebe Caldwell passed over into the invisible company of the women who through many years of earth life fought for that greatest of all blessings, freedom.

A few short weeks after she found her final resting-place, a night was ushered in of great excitement and elation for Ina and her kind, since over hundreds of telegraph wires flashed magic figures that showed how a great state had enfranchised its womenkind, not in niggardly fashion but with the overwhelming generosity of thousands of votes. Music, speeches, cheers, crowds, marked the celebration of the big victory at Headquarters. After the great leaders had spoken, the lesser lights were allowed their turn. But many were puzzled by Ina Blake's words:

"To-night I am happy for four generations of women," she said. "Both happy and sad, sad for our sakes that all who worked are not here to share our triumph, glad that they had the privilege of being the trail blazers for a great cause."

And though she sat through the evening with a face of white radiance, her eyes were wet with tears. For in the hour of victory, Ina Blake seemed to feel the pressure of frail, invisible hands.

## THE GREAT SHORT CUT

AS THE door of the little den at the end of Mrs. Penrose Halfert's spacious hall closed behind him, Governor Lenox sank into a capacious chair with an audible sigh of relief. Members of his staff and some of his aids, who had accompanied him, lined up behind him in solemn state.

"It's an infernal shame," declared Penrose Halfert, his host, in a booming bass. "To think of having to hustle the Chief Executive of this state out of a drawing room where he is the honored guest because two factions of fanatical women are possessed to interview him dramatically on a question of no importance. How in the deuce did they get in here? Funny my wife knew nothing about it. Or did she? It's getting so you don't trust your nearest and dearest. I can't make her out, she's so non-committal. But, anyway, Hortense and I owe you the deuce of an apology. Wouldn't have had this happen in my house for a fortune."

"That's all right, Halfert," returned the Governor soothingly. "It hasn't happened really. I've just had to make an escape. These be terrifying times for Governors anyway, what with Clesent of Vairmont prodded on all sides, but making a magnificent stand, and Helcom of Consecut, a prisoner in his own state, held there by a lieutenant-governor who vows he will act in the affirmative the minute Helcom leaves his domain. This will go down in history as the great Suffrage Siege."

The Governor paused for breath, and then asked in turn for his coat, his hat and his car, and that word be smuggled

to Mrs. Lenox, still in the crowded reception rooms, that his departure was imminent. Aids and staff members hastened to execute his orders, and he was left alone with Halfert, who again put into forcible expression his disapproval and chagrin.

"Never mind, never mind," counseled the Governor. "Of course, the order is not to see the women at all, but if it were not for the local organization of the d—d old Party, I'm not sure I wouldn't—"

He stopped abruptly and with a guilty air, as an elderly man, with white hair and a quiet, authoritative manner, came into the room.

"Favored sons backed by the Party are bound by Party purposes," the new comer said significantly. "You are going, Lenox?"

"Presently," returned the Governor, in a rebellious tone. "This elusive business wears me out. I'd rather face the music. Moreover, I doubt the wisdom of this stand. The whole thing is inevitable. We delay it by an infinitesimal moment. They lose nothing in the long run. We gain their ill-will, and when they vote, who knows what they will remember. But, of course, Flint, you want me to bow unquestioningly to Party mandates and to help keep up the farce—high-sounding resolutions in public, and evasion, delay and denial in private. This is the old way, hoary with custom. I'm not sure that the time is not ripe for a new way."

His voice grew bitter. Parker Flint gave him what was known among the highbrow initiated as "a State Chairman look," and among the low brows of the inner circles as "the Boss's scowl," a look that rarely failed to subdue those who temporarily, if punily, rebelled against his rulings. But it made little impression on John Lenox, who returned it un-

flinchingly. Halfert, watching and listening, privileged to do so because he was high in the Party's favor as one of its greatest campaign contributors, felt a thrill of excitement. Various rumors had reached him of a breach between the Old Boss and this man that he had made. He felt he was about to see the thing materialize. Perhaps Lenox was tired of being cartooned regularly in an opposition paper as "the Boss's Puppet"; perhaps he had gone over to Alec Baily, whose triumphs as a political manipulator had been made manifest at the last election.

But Flint was too wise to provoke an open quarrel.

"Of course, if you can make promises to the women that you can fulfill," he said evenly. "Otherwise it might be as well to hurry."

The Governor paused for a moment, hesitating and scowling. But the point had gone home. He was not prepared yet to fight alone. With a muttered exclamation, he strode to the door, and threw it open, stepping out so quickly that Halfert had to rush to follow him. In a second there came the sound of a feminine voice, oratorically impressive. At the first words uttered, Flint hastened to the doorway, where he could look out on the wide spaces and luxurious vistas of Mrs. Halfert's hall. He gazed upon a dramatic scene. For the Governor had stopped abruptly and stood at rigid attention, facing a solid phalanx of women drawn up before him, some bearing on their breasts the red roses of the antis, others the yellow flowers of the conservative suffragists, and others the varicolored ribbons of the militant workers.

"Caught," whispered Flint to himself, and discreetly withdrew into the little den, closing the door softly behind him. He decided to wait until the scene was over, since, when the story was flashed to the press across the country, it would never do to have the name of Parker Flint promi-

nently displayed as among those present. A sarcastic smile wreathed his lips and lightened his sardonic face as he thought of the women outside wasting their energies on a mere figurehead, while the man of power sat safely concealed within earshot of their impassioned appeals. None of them knew enough to come to him, none of them.

His attention caught the sound of a closing door and he looked up alertly. A woman in a gray dress, a tall, slender woman, whose face was shaded by a black hat, came into the room and stood before him, looking down silently at him as he leaned back in his big armchair.

"Mr. Flint," she said quietly. "I am Harriet Grayle of the Suffrage Emergency Corps, and I have come to ask you to permit the Governor of this state to call a special session of the Legislature to ratify the Suffrage Amendment."

Flint looked at her with approving interest. Here was someone with brains, not inclined to mince matters, simple, direct and forcible. While she waited for his reply, she took off her hat, threw it on a table, drew up a chair and sat down confronting him. The light in the little room, shining through rose-colored shades, was dim and it was not until she actually faced him that Flint got a good look at her features. Then he gave an audible gasp of astonishment. He leaned forward and stared at her eagerly, noting the big gray eyes that were now the eyes of the dreamer, the idealist, and now those of the executive, the doer of deeds, the auburn hair with a tawny fire in its rich luxuriance, and the tints of a skin that was a lure for the discerning eye. Across the room seemed to come the heavy odor of apple blossoms and he heard, mingled with the music of a stream, a girl's voice saying:

"It is ideals I love, principles. You could never understand, never sympathize. I want to give my life to some

great cause, I don't know what, but it will come. And you, you want to walk close to the earth and you will never soar. So there can never be love between us."

"Who are you?" he asked hoarsely of his visitor.

She smiled with engaging frankness.

"I hoped you would see the likeness. I am Harriet Dean's daughter. You knew her when she was young. Yes, this is her native state, and native town. Of course, you know she became celebrated, working for this cause. No native son has a greater reputation, they tell me. But now that she has gone"—her lip quivered—"I take up the work and do what I can. 'From failing hands we throw the torch,'" she quoted solemnly. "Because you knew my mother, I thought you might listen more kindly to me. So that is why I let the others do the grandstand play out in the hall, and I came direct to you to do the real work that counts. Mr. Flint, how about a special session? Won't you line up your own state on the side of progress? We need only a few more states now to make up our necessary thirty-six, and it would be a fine tribute to Harriet Dean Grayle for her state to put itself on the honor roll and help to enfranchise twenty-seven million American women."

He looked at her with sarcastic mirth. That she should come to him of all men—he who had suffered the humiliation of scorned love—and ask him in the name of the one who had dealt the blow to repudiate the habits of a lifetime and stand firmly, not for expediency, but for a principle, struck him as the height of irony. Almost he pitied her innocence.

"The Governor will do what he thinks best about the special session," he answered her warily. "If he wishes to defy his Party in this state, that is his privilege. As for me, what am I but a private citizen, high in the councils of the Party, but with no position of trust? I regret to have to



disappoint so fair a petitioner, but, young lady, I can do nothing."

Harriet Grayle sprang to her feet in indignation.

"Of course, you can refuse, Mr. Flint, but do not think you deceive me. We shall know where to place the responsibility for this."

She made a hasty movement and put on her hat. Flint rose with exaggerated respect, and was about to open the door for her, when someone else performed that office, and a tall man, strong and alert, in his early thirties, came in escorting the Governor. The interview in the hall had been surprisingly short. The Governor showed signs of mental perturbation.

"The time has come," said his companion firmly, "when the progressive element in the Party must make itself felt. You would do perfectly right to grant the special session, Lenox."

The speaker stopped, aware of the presence of two listeners.

"The special session is granted?" cried Harriet Grayle eagerly and happily.

"No." returned the first speaker. "But Governor Lenox will take the matter under special consideration, and will let the suffragists know definitely to-morrow."

"Oh come, Bailey, don't be in such a hurry," expostulated the Governor, and looked blankly from Bailey to Flint.

"I am sure, Mr. Lenox will have but one answer to make to the women," said Parker Flint evenly, and took up his hat to depart. There was a veiled threat in his voice. At the door, just as Harriet Grayle passed out, the two men, Flint and Bailey, met.

"There always comes a time, Mr. Flint, when progress and conservatism meet, and one goes down," said Alec Bailey significantly, and stood aside to let the elder man go by.

"That is true," returned Flint stubbornly." But every change does not spell progress."

In the hall, Harriet Grayle met Mr. Halfert, and he was talking excitedly to another man.

"By heavens, we are making political history in this house," she heard him say. "It will soon be 'Le roi est mort, Vive le roi'."

And she went away into the sunny streets, feeling that she had witnessed the first act of a play that would vie in interest with the scenes enacted by the many players on the suffrage stage.

Various engagements kept Parker Flint from much thinking during the remainder of the day, and he hoped when he arrived home that the customary lively company and affectionate attentions of his daughter Alice would put off the evil moment when he must sit down and face what he knew was a crisis in his own affairs. But Alice was not in, was reported as dining out with her grandmother, and he was forced to partake of his own meal in solitary state and to enter his library alone.

The library was a large room handsomely furnished, but there were many shadows and dim corners which the shaded lights did not reach, and its silence and peace accentuated his loneliness. He sat down in an easy chair, making unconsciously a striking picture with his white head thrown into relief against the dark leather of his chair, his face now off guard and relaxed, showing unmistakably the lines of old age, his long, powerful-looking hands clenched on his knees. There was no use of evading and dodging issues. He had heard the bell ring for the last curtain; he knew he must pass to the echoing back stage and let a new actor take his place. Bailey would usurp his power. During the many years of his regime, many had tried to do this, but

he had downed them easily and contemptuously. Some had been young, like Bailey, and seemingly strong. But there was something about Bailey that made him different, that gave him an air of invincibility. What was it? He put his keen mind to work on the problem. After a while he found his solution. It was not that Bailey was in himself so strong, but that behind him were the forces of a new era that he expressed. Yes, that was it. Slowly and reluctantly he admitted that times were changing, that he could not relinquish his old ideas and methods, that he would die with the order of things that had brought him into being.

The woman question was an example of this. For years he had refused to believe that women would be admitted into the political arena, for years he had stubbornly fought the issue in every way. But slowly, surely, inexorably, the movement had grown, and now it had gained a nation-wide prominence. With a sinking heart he had read the speeches pro and con when the question was fought out in Congress; with a sense of panic he had perused the screaming headlines that announced the passage of the hard-fought-for Federal Amendment, with fear and hate he had followed the trail of ratification from state to state. Nearly thirty state legislatures had succumbed, nearly thirty sniveling governors had played the coward. He had hoped to keep his own state haughtily aloof, he had hoped to keep his own governor armed with sword and buckler to the end. Some lines he had read drifted into his mind: "New conditions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth," and another, "Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key." Was he attempting just that, and would the key be dashed from his hand?

The thought of the new women voters oppressed him. In imagination, he thought he saw their millions of faces

drifting to him out of the gloom of his library spaces. New power they brought with them, unleashed, untried, uncertain, into the old paths, into the old sanctuaries. He saw them crowding about the polls, storming the parties, peering into shady places, impatient of old ideas, irreverent toward hoary precedents, with curiosity in their eyes and embarrassing questions on their lips. What would they do, what would they bring? The words of a woman speaker came back to him:

"For women look upon government and upon politics as social service, not as a game to be fought and won." Social service! He sneered at the idea. He had always found politics the Big Game, had played it royally and for high stakes. The love of power had been his strongest passion. That woman speaker represented her kind, the idiotic visionaries who followed idealistic will-o-the-wisps. What else had she said? Oh yes, he remembered:

"Women standing at the political portals will soon pass across the threshold, bearing in their hands a new thing, passionate love for human life, a realization of its awful cost, its sacredness. This is their essential contribution to the thought of the world, and under its influence politics will change, government become more humane, property, the god of men, will be cast down and a new era will dawn."

In his heart he believed this, he feared this, he hated it fiercely. He acknowledged now to himself that he had opposed the coming of the new host of voters because he felt instinctively that it would strike the death knell of those who gambled politically with human welfare, placing selfish personal interests and gains above the ultimate good of the people. For what did woman's devotion to human life mean in the long run? With the People elevated above Property, it meant nothing less than the end of the invisible government that he and his masters ran. Yes, he, The

Boss, had his masters, powerful interests holding in their hands the transportation, the food, the great natural resources of the state. He had served them well. It was unnatural, unbelievable, that the puny hands of women should thrust them from their high estate. Yet they feared this as well as he. He thought back over the achievements of his sex, of the thousands of ships ploughing the seas and carrying the rich cargoes of the world, of the stately cities with their humming factories, of the millions of miles of fields rich with harvests and cattle, of the money shrines and the intricate network of finance spread over all civilized countries. That woman should place above all this splendor of business, built up through the centuries painfully and with hard labor, the human lives that had been held cheap in comparison with its accomplishment, filled him with scorn and disgust. Yet man, barring her from his world through many ages, had made her all the more intense in doing the work assigned her, bearing and rearing the human race. Must now man pay a heavy price for limiting her? Real government of the people, a fact and not a pretty phrase for orators—what greater calamity for him and his kind could there be?

Goaded by his thoughts, he paced the library restlessly, and it was with a quickening of the heart that, at last, he heard a rustling of skirts, a faint drift of laughter, and Alice Flint came hurrying into his presence. If power was his first love, Alice was his second, the adored child of his old age, the vessel into which he poured an affection, a tenderness, a sympathy of which no one believed him capable.

"Dad," cried Alice, radiant, excited, voluble, "I hated to leave you alone, but I have had a simply wonderful afternoon and such an exciting dinner at Grandmother's. Of course, it wasn't dear old Granny, though you may be

sure Betsey Reed, Her Nibs, was just as witty and quaint as usual, sitting in state in her wheel chair and dominating everything and everybody. But there was a young woman there, a member of the Suffrage Emergency Corps—you know they travel from state to state working on the suffrage ratification matter. Her name was Harriet Grayle, and to me she was a revelation, a bit of history, a kind of feminine fire, a glorified saint, all rolled into one. For hours, I've just been spellbound looking at her and listening. Why, Dad, if you only knew it, I'm not the Alice Flint you knew this morning. I'm something quite different. For I've seen a new light."

He smiled at her half sadly, half sympathetically.

"And how did she accomplish this metamorphosis of my only daughter?" he asked with an attempt at lightness of manner.

"Just by giving me a series of pictures like those flashed on the screen. The first might be called The Return of the Young Crusader. For she came to see Grandmother (an old suffrage warhorse) like a young crusader returning to the old knight whose armor is rusting on the wall and whose sword is forever sheathed. And they talked like suffrage knights. of legislative tourneys, of royal jousts in the open with their enemies, of lonely vigils and long quests for the Cause, of self-sacrifice and devotion, and with tender reverence of those who have died in armor, the Susan B. Anthonys and the Anna Shaws whom they love.

"And the second picture was the Ladder of Emancipation. And she made me see the women climbing up, slowly, painfully, for over seventy years, now gaining the lowest rung, that of legal rights; now the next, that of education; then the next, that of industrial opportunities; and finally the last, that of political privileges and power. And I saw too,

the heavy burdens they carried,—bitter persecution, base misrepresentation, insult, invective, misunderstanding, hoary customs, prejudices, ignorances, the opposition of the powerful and the vicious, heart-breaking delays, evasions, betrayals and denials.

“The third picture was *The Last Fight*. And I saw the women again, patiently and dauntlessly gathering in conventions, issuing proclamations, pleading before legislatures, coming before the people year after year in striking fashion to drive home their arguments, laboriously winning state after state, the cost,—an incredible squandering of time, health, money, energy, thought and feeling in a grilling and bitter fight against many enemies.

“And the next picture was *The Great Short Cut*. And she made me see instead of the winding, tortuous ways of the state campaigns, a straight and broad road, born of a vision and that vision a country royally and with simple dignity conferring on its women the rights of a voting citizenship. And *The Great Short Cut*, she told me, is the Federal Amendment and its ratification.

“And then came the last picture, *The New Age*. And it is this that has thrilled me, Dad, thrilled me and inspired me and made me eager to be in it and of it. It is the age to which the *Great Short Cut* leads, a wonderful age when Woman the Passive Spectator will be no more and Woman the Creator will come, to be a powerful lever to control mighty forces.

“It will not be your age, Dad, but mine. Yes, mine. An age when men will not sorrow that their daughters are not sons, since both sexes will have equal opportunities, equal rights, equal incentives, equal hopes, ambitions and rewards.

“Because I see so clearly what a wonderful thing it will be in that age to be a woman, I want to hasten its coming.

And you too, you must do what you can to bring this golden era that means so much to woman and to the world. They tell me you can help in the last lap of the suffrage race, and I've come to you with heart aflame to ask you to do it. Oh, Dad, I want this great honor for you of putting your state in the forefront of progress, of giving willing service to twenty-seven million women, a mighty army. I want you to stand in the company of the men who will go down in history stretching in long, dim ranks behind the Great Suffrage Knight of the World whose voice was lifted in the austere circles of state councils in behalf of the womanhood of America, whose pen wove the suffrage themes into suffrage classics, who stood undaunted before the world, pledged to our cause, and who in his great vision of democracy saw woman an integral part. But most of all, Dad, I want to bind you to my children by this deed of helping, to be able to tell them in the New Age that you did your part to forge another link in the great suffrage chain of states that will at length make our country a real democracy where the voice of all the people will be heard."

She paused with a sob, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Much moved, he said:

"Why, Alice, I have never known you to be so eloquent and to feel a thing so much."

"It is just that I want My Age to come," she whispered, and kissing him, slipped from the room.

Left alone, the Old Boss sat trembling and shaken. He could feel his scepter slipping from his fingers. He could feel about him a fresh wind blowing from a new world. Great forces, mighty powers of the universe were at work. Women all over the world were rising to demand their rights. Nations all over the world were granting them. Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, Holland, Russia, Italy, Finland,



Germany—one might go on and encircle the globe. Who was he, a fading power, a falling star, to stand in the way? He remembered a phrase he had read, "There is one thing more powerful than kings and armies—an idea whose time has come to move." Fate was forcing the issue on him in the two strongest ways, through his love of Alice, through his love for power. If he did not champion the suffrage movement, Bailey would, and perhaps gain new luster from his stand. He, himself, was bound to go, but he might play for time. Before he went, he might strike one blow for the new age. He rose, went to his table, and wrote with an unsteady hand:

"Lenox: The special session seems advisable. I will whip our forces into line. Go ahead. Ratify. Flint."

And though he was moved to this action by many mixed motives, true to his type, when the die was cast, he stood resolutely by his decision. When his own state at length wrote its name on the honor roll of ratification, he turned with keen interest to watch the battles waged in other states. And Alice's eagerness was no greater than his own during the last thrilling days of the ratification fight, when Tennessee became the final battle ground where were massed for a last desperate stand the anti-suffrage forces of the country pitted against the suffrage workers, when forty-nine men in the Legislature held firm against the compelling force of moneyed interests and vicious powers, old-time conservatism, ancient Southern traditions, religious prejudices and race antipathies, and when at last, right and justice prevailed over the most powerful and evil opposition. It was a great day when the news of the Tennessee victory was flashed across the wires of the country.

But there came a greater day. For when, all on fire with enthusiasm and joy, Alice decided on the spur of the moment

to "run down to New York and meet the victors fresh from the fields of battle," he quietly signified his intention of going with her. And thus it was that Parker Flint became an interested spectator of the last suffrage parade in the big metropolis, a small parade of four hundred white-clad, yellow-sashed women, bearing huge flags and banners and radiant with a kind of exalted joy that frequently shone through tears. Patiently they waited for hours to give a clamorous welcome to their Chief, Charlotte Chester Cleeves, who modestly left the train that had borne her from Tennessee to be greeted royally by the Governor of the State and by strains of martial music. Joyously they marched through the streets where memory for them brought back the picture of many an old-time demonstration. And enthusiastically they gathered in the assembly room of a big hotel to hold a meeting which for hearty applause, tearful thankfulness, solemn joy and unrestrained fervor was unsurpassed by any he had ever attended.

But it was not the emotion, the heroine worship, the reverent thought of dead leaders shown through "moments of silence" for them, not the spectacular beauty of masses of flowers, of waving banners, of lifted faces, not the number and quality of the women that impressed Parker Flint. It was the last words that Mrs. Cleeves gave to her cohorts as she stood upon the platform, a queenly figure bedecked with flowers, her face bearing the worn look of one who had battled thirty years for justice for women, but lifting as ever a strong plea for the ideals she unfaltering followed:

"Now that you are no longer wards of the state but sovereigns let me urge you to remember one thing, to emblazon it on the shields you carry into the political field. Vote against every man, no matter what his party, if he does not represent the people. Vote against the invisible govern-

ment that works to-day against the interests of our citizens, the invisible government whose machinations became visible in Tennessee. Vote so that the people shall at last come into their own and rule the country that is theirs by human and divine right."

Her voice rang out in solemn richness to be followed by tumultuous applause. Alice, standing silent and rapt, beheld the speaker glorified and englamored, the personification of the womanhood of the New Age, standing strong, commanding and ennobled on its threshold. Parker Flint, looking at her with weary eyes, beheld in her a sinister figure casting a mighty shadow over that world in which he had once moved, girded with secret power.

Yet while the politician in him writhed in a mute despair, the father in him was able to turn with sympathy to Alice, and smiling at her happy face to say:

"It has been a great fight, as great a one as the world has ever seen. It will be a fine thing to look back upon."

But Alice with a thrill in her voice answered:

"I will leave the looking back to you, Dad. As for me, I am content to look ahead."

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